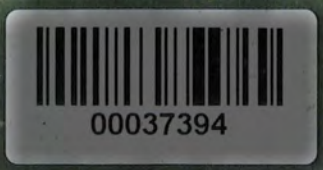
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THE 42ND REGT AT QUATRE BRAS, ATTACKED BY CUIRASSIERS & LANCERS.

London. R. Bentley, New Burlington St. 1839.

THE

VICTORIES

OF

THE BRITISH ARMIES;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MODERN WARFARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"STORIES OF WATERLOO," "CAPTAIN BLAKE," "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST," "THE BIVOUAC," &c.

"It is the memory which the soldier like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun. * * * When I think of death, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—*that* would be worth dying for; and more, it would be worth having lived for!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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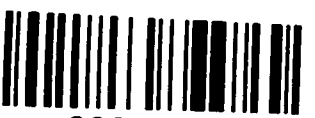

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THE

VICTORIES AND CONQUESTS

OF

THE BRITISH ARMY.

SALAMANCA.

Results of the battle.—Operations.—Surprise at Majalahonda.—Capture of the Retiro.—Occupation of Madrid.

SALAMANCA, whether considered with regard to its merits as a battle, or its results as a victory, stands foremost among the Peninsular contests. Many and peculiar traits distinguish it from every previous encounter. It was coolly and advisedly fought, by commanders confident in themselves, satisfied with the strength and *matériel* of their armies, jealous of each other's reputation—and stimulated, by every longing after military glory, to exhaust the resources of their genius and experience; to secure a successful issue. Nothing could surpass Marmont's beautiful manœuvring for consecutive days, while moving round the British flank, except the countervailing rapidity with which his talented opponent defeated

every effort to outflank him, and held the Marshal constantly in check. At two, on the 22nd, the French Marshal threatened an attack; at four, he was himself the assailed. The same mistake that lost Marengo, involved ruin and defeat at Salamanca. One false movement, that might have been easily corrected before a slower leader could see and seize the momentary advantage, brought on a crisis that clouded the French destinies in Spain, by removing the delusory belief that their arms should eventually prove invincible.

A conflict, close and desperate like that of Salamanca, conferred a sanguinary victory, while it involved a still bloodier defeat. The allied loss, in killed and wounded, exceeded five thousand men, and this, of course, fell chiefly on the British. The Portuguese, comparatively, suffered little—and the Spaniards, being entirely non-combatant, had very few casualties to record.* The only post intrusted—and most unhappily—to their charge, was the castle of Alba; and this was abandoned without a shot, leaving Clausel a safe retreat, while its vigorous occupation must have produced his total ruin.

The French loss was never correctly ascertained. Two eagles, eleven pieces of cannon, seven thousand prisoners, and as many dead soldiers left upon the field, were the admitted tro-

* "Details," &c.

phies of British victory. Among the commanding officers of both armies, the casualties were immense: of the British,* Le Marchant was killed; Beresford, Cole, Leith, Cotton, and Alten wounded. The French were equally unfortunate. The generals of brigade, Thomieres, Ferey, and Desgraviers were killed. Marmont, early in the day, mutilated by a shell;† Bonnet severely, and Clausel slightly, wounded.

The light division, when morning dawned, continued its advance, crossing the Tormes at Huerta; while the heavy Germans, under Bock, overtook the French rear-guard in position on the heights of La Serna, protected by some squadrons of hussars. These were dispersed by a charge of the 11th and 16th—while the heavy brigade rode directly at the squares, and broke them by a furious onset. Numbers were cut down—others saved themselves by throwing away their arms, hiding in the woods, and afterwards joining the retreating columns. In this spirited affair nearly one thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

As a cavalry exploit, that of La Serna has

* "Details," &c.

† It broke his right arm, wounded him in the side, and obliged him to be carried from the field in a litter, by relays of grenadiers, as any rougher method of conveyance was intolerable. After the marshal was removed, Clausel supplied his place with high credit to himself, both during the engagement, and in the retreat on Valladolid.

rarely been equalled, and never, in its brilliant results, surpassed. Bock's casualties were comparatively trifling, amounting in killed and wounded only to some seventy or eighty men.

Clausel, who commanded *en chef* after Marmont was disabled, retreated with great rapidity. Viewed from the summit of La Serna, the French exhibited a countless mass of all arms, confusedly intermingled. While the range permitted it, the horse artillery annoyed them with round-shot—but, by rapid marching, they gradually disappeared—while, opportunely, a strong corps of cavalry and a brigade of guns joined from the army of the north, and covered the retreat until they fell back upon their reserves.

Although Salamanca was in every respect a decisive battle, how much more fatal must it not have proved, had darkness not shut in and robbed the conquerors of half the fruits of victory? The total demolition of the French left was effected by six o'clock, and why should the right attack have not been equally successful? Had such been the case, in what a hopeless situation the broken army must have found itself! The Tormes behind, a reserve of three entire divisions, who during the contest had scarcely drawn a trigger, ready to assail in front—nothing could have averted total ruin—and to the French, Salamanca would have proved the bloodiest field on record. One great error stripped victory of its

results. Either the small force by which the Arapiles was defended had been undervalued, or incompetent means employed by Lord Wellington to carry it. Unfortunately a Portuguese brigade had been intrusted with that service. They were admirably led on — conquest was on the wing around them — everywhere the advance of the British was triumphant — their numerical force was five times greater than that of the defenders of the height; but the attack was feebly made, and, on the show of a determined resistance, as quickly abandoned. This unexpected reverse induced Bonnet's corps to rally — and by it, the fourth division was suddenly and unexpectedly assailed. A plunging fire from the Arapiles fell upon their flank and rear — the tide of battle turned — the fourth gave way — and, as yet untamed by British steel, the enemy cheered loudly and rushed on — and had not Clinton's division been promptly carried into action, it is hard to conjecture what serious results might have arisen from this singular repulse. Finally, the battle was restored and won — but an immense waste of blood and time supervened. The protracted struggle entailed on the victors a desperate loss, and secured the vanquished from total ruin. Favoured by the darkness, Marmont's routed columns removed themselves from the field, while guns and trophies* were secured by

* Mr. Southey, alluding to the eagles taken at Salamanca,

the retiring army, that, with one hour's light, must have fallen into the hands of the conquerors.

Still, and with all these mischances, Salamanca was a great and influential victory. Accidental circumstances permitted Clausel to withdraw a beaten army from the field, and a fortunate junction of those arms, which alone could cover his retreat, enabled him, with little loss, to outmarch his pursuers, preserve his communications, and fall back upon his reserves. But at Salamanca the delusory notion of French superiority was destroyed. The enemy discovered that they must measure strength with opponents in every point their equals. The confidence of wavering allies was confirmed; while the evacuation of Madrid, the abandonment of the siege

gravely observes. "It is said that more than *ten* were captured, but that there were men base enough to conceal them, and sell them to persons in Salamanca, who deemed it good policy, as well as a profitable speculation, to purchase them for the French."

Nothing can exceed the absurdity of this statement. The capture of so many trophies could not have been achieved without a correspondent notoriety—and those who were fortunate enough to win them, knew that the gallant deed would secure both honours and promotion. Is it probable, that the daring spirit who rushed into the deadly *mêlée* and seized the proud emblem of victory, would barter it, when won, for a paltry consideration? It is indeed a sweeping slander on British soldiers, to insinuate that out of *ten* brave and devoted men—for brave and devoted they must have been to do that deed—eight were the sordid wretches which Dr. Southey has depicted them.

of Cadiz, the deliverance of Andalusia and Castille from military occupation, and the impossibility of reinforcing Napoleon during his northern campaign, by sparing any troops from the corps in the Peninsula — all these great results were among the important consequences that arose from Marmont's defeat upon the Tormes.

The joy evinced by the inhabitants of Salamanca, at the total discomfiture of their French oppressors, was only equalled by the despair with which the regressive movement of Lord Wellington from the line of the Agueda had previously been witnessed. From all the high grounds about the city, the changes of the fight had been watched with painful anxiety; and when the struggle ended and the day was won, mules and cars loaded with refreshments were despatched from Salamanca to the field of battle, where they arrived before break of day. Hospitals were prepared for the reception of the wounded, and every exertion employed to assuage the sufferings of their gallant allies. High mass was celebrated in the cathedral,* and a wild display of popular exultation was everywhere visible in the streets. All had assumed the appearance of a carnival; and the guitar and castanet were heard at midnight in the same square that, a short period before, had started at "the beat to arms."

* "Details," &c.

Lord Wellington, who had been present while mass was celebrated for his victory,* without delay commenced his march southward, and moved as rapidly as he could, in the vain hope of overtaking the enemy's rear-guard. Clausel, intending to join the army of the north, fell back on Arivalo; but Joseph Buonaparte, on learning Marmont's defeat, had retreated himself—and thus Clausel was obliged to change his line for that of the Camino Real, in order to cross the Duero at Tudela. There, too, he failed in effecting his expected junction with the troops that had garrisoned Madrid; and abandoning his hospitals at Valladolid, he fell back at once on Burgos.

The British advance was unopposed. Everywhere the conquerors were received with *vivas;* while fruit, wine, and every refreshment they could command, were liberally supplied them by the Spanish peasantry. At Valladolid all hope of coming up with Clausel ended; and Lord Wellington halted on the 30th of July to enable the rear to close. Then turning at once, he quitted his previous route, and took the road to the capital.

* "I was much struck with the simplicity of the Duke of Wellington's attire, who wore a light grey pelisse coat, single-breasted, without a sash, and white neck-handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist, underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked hat under his arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms."—*Leith Hay.*

Nothing impeded the victor's march as he moved direct on Madrid. On the 6th of August, Wellington halted at Cuellar, leaving Clinton's division there, with the regiments that had suffered on the 21st most severely, to observe any movement that Marmont's corps might make. Next morning he moved upon the capital, while Hill's division marched on Zafra.

Nothing checked Lord Wellington's movement on Madrid. On the 7th of August he reached Segovia; and on the 9th, San Ildefonso,* the magnificent summer residence of the Spanish monarchs. There he halted to allow his right to come up; and among the exquisite groves and gardens that formed a favourite retreat to a kingly race for centuries, the conquerors of Salamanca rested. On the 11th, the march was resumed; and as the passes of the Guadarama were undefended, the allies entered New Castille without any opposition, and halted within a march of Madrid.

After a careful *reconnoissance* in company with his lieutenant, Marshal Jourdan, Joseph Buonaparte declared that the capital was untenable, and retreated on Aranguez, after leaving a garrison in the Retiro.†

On the evening of the 11th, the army of Lord Wellington was comfortably bivouacked three miles in the rear of Majalahonda. The Portu-

* "Details," &c. † "Details," &c.

guese cavalry, under D'Urban, forming the advanced guard, were pushed forward a mile beyond the village, in which two regiments of German dragoons, and Macdonald's brigade of horse-artillery, were posted to support them. Some trifling skirmishing had taken place during the day, between the Portuguese cavalry and the French lancers, who formed part of Joseph's Buonaparte's escort, but it led to no serious result. No hostile movement was apprehended—all foretold a quiet night—when suddenly the horse-artillery opened in front of the village, and announced that the outposts were attacked. In a few minutes it was ascertained that the Portuguese dragoons had given way. Their flight was most disgraceful; they rode off at speed, without crossing a sabre, leaving their brave supporters, the horse-artillery, surrounded by the enemy. Nor was theirs a momentary panic—the fugitives dashed through the village of Majalahonda, without an attempt to rally—while many of the startled horsemen were cut down before they could reach their saddles, and their colonel was killed in the act of dressing. But still, though surprised, the Germans maintained their well-won reputation; these gallant troopers charged as they best could; and in small bodies, sword in hand, met, checked, and at last fairly drove back the lancers. The cowardice of the Portuguese on this occasion was indefensible — they had scarcely a casualty to

show—while, of the brave men who fought so gallantly, half-armed and surprised, two hundred were put *hors de combat*, one hundred and twenty horses carried off, and three guns taken. The cannon were recovered—but, to use the words of an amusing writer, whose military descriptions are lively and characteristic*—"It was one of the most disgraceful and unlooked-for events that had taken place during the campaign. To be beaten at any time was bad enough; but to be beaten by a handful of lancers on the eve of our entering Madrid, almost in view of the city, was worse than all!" ...

Next day Wellington entered the capital, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of such of the inhabitants as remained. The Retiro was immediately invested—and after a show of resistance, surrendered on the morning of the 14th. Besides two thousand prisoners, one hundred and ninety pieces of cannon, nine hundred barrels of powder, twenty thousand stand of arms, two millions of musket cartridges, and the eagles of the 13th and 51st regiments, fell into the hands of the victors. A large supply of cables and cordage was fortunately discovered in the Casa del Campo; and with these materials the broken arch of the bridge at Alcantara was repaired by the Royal Staff corps.

* Mr. Grattan, author of "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

The occupation of Madrid carried out the effects produced by the victory of Salamanca. French domination received a death-blow—and the power of Napoleon a shock, from which it never afterwards recovered.

CAPTURE OF MADRID.

Reasons for abandoning Madrid.—Clausel driven back.—Siege of Burgos commenced.—Horn-work of San Michael stormed. —Second assault fails.—Continuation of the siege.—First line carried by assault.—French sally successful.—Fourth assault fails.—Siege raised.

The occupation of Madrid was among the most brilliant epochs of Peninsular history, and from circumstances it was also among the briefest. The conquest of the capital was certainly a splendid exploit. It told that Wellington held a position and possessed a power, that in England many doubted, and more denied; and those, whose evil auguries had predicted a retreat upon the shipping, and finally an abandonment of the country, were astounded to find the allied leader victorious in the centre of Seville, and dating his general orders from the palace of the Spanish kings. The desertion of his capital by the usurper, proclaimed the extent of Wellington's success; and proved that his victories were not, as had been falsely asserted at home, "conquests but in name."

Without entering into military history too extensively, it will be only necessary to observe,

that on many expected events which should have strengthened his means, and weakened those of his opponents, Lord Wellington was miserably disappointed. Maitland's diversion on Catalonia proved a failure.* Ballasteros exhibited the impotent assumption of free action, and refused obedience to the orders of the British General. Hill was obliged to leave Estremadura, to cover the three roads to Madrid. The Cortes, instead of straining their energies to meet the exigencies of the moment, wasted time in framing new constitutions, and in desultory and idle debates,—and Wellington, removed from his supplies—his military chest totally exhausted—his communications menaced, was imperatively obliged to open others, and secure assistance from the only place on which reliance could be reposed—the mother country.

It was, indeed, full time to move. The Spanish army were driven from Gallicia, and Clausel threatened to interrupt the communications of the allies with Portugal. Lord Wellington, therefore, decided on marching against the army he had beaten at Salamanca; and leaving Hill's division to cover the capital, he left Madrid on the 1st of September, and crossing the Douro on the 6th, moved on Burgos by Valencia.

That night Clausel abandoned Valladolid, and after crossing the Pisuerga, destroyed the bridge of Berecal. Anxious to unite with Castanos, Wellington waited for the Gallician army to come

* "Details," &c.

up—while Clausel leisurely retreated through the valleys of Alanzan and Pisuerga, as remarkable for their beauty and fertility, as the endless succession of strong posts which they afforded to a retiring army.

Clausel, after an able retreat, took a position at Cellada del Camino—and to cover Burgos, offered battle to the allied commander. The challenge was promptly accepted; but the French General, discovering that a junction of twelve thousand Spaniards had strongly reinforced his antagonist, prudently declined a combat, retired, and united his own to Souham's corps, which numbered above eight thousand men. This reserve had been organized by Napoleon's special orders—and was intended to remedy any discomfiture which might befal Marmont in the event of his being defeated by the allies.

The British entered the city of Burgos, from which the French had previously retired, after garrisoning the castle with two thousand five hundred men, under the command of General Dubreton. Twelve thousand allied troops, comprising the first and sixth British divisions, with two Portuguese brigades, sat down before the place—while the remainder of Lord Wellington's army, amounting to twenty-five thousand effective troops, formed the covering army of the siege.

The castle of Burgos was a weak fortress, on which French ingenuity had done wonders in

rendering it defensible at all. It stood on a bold and rocky height, and was surrounded by three distinct lines, each placed within the other, and variously defended. The lower and exterior line consisted of the ancient wall that embraced the bottom of the hill, which Caffarelli had strengthened, by adding to it a modern parapet, with salient* and re-entering flanks. The second was a field retrenchment, strongly palisaded. The third a work of like construction, having two elevated points, on one of which the ancient keep of the castle stood, and on the other, a well-intrenched building called the White Church; and being the most commanding point, it was provided with a casemated work, named in honour of Napoleon. This battery domineered all around, excepting on its northern face, where the hill of St. Michael rising nearly to a level with the fortress, was defended by an extensive horn-work,† having a sloping scarp and counter-scarp, the former twenty-five feet in height, the latter, ten. Although in an unfinished state, and merely palisaded, it was under the fire of the castle and the Napoleon battery. The guns,

* In fortification, the *salient* angle is that which turns from the centre of a place; while the *re-entering*, points directly towards it.

† *A horn-work*, is a work having a front and two branches. The front comprises a curtain and two half bastions. It is smaller than a *crown-work*, and generally employed for effecting similar purposes.

already mounted, comprised nine heavy cannon, eleven field-pieces, and six mortars and howitzers; and, as the reserve artillery and stores of the army of Portugal were deposited in the castle of Burgos, General Dubreton had the power of increasing his armament to any extent he thought fit.

Two days passed before the allies could cross the river. On the 19th the passage was effected, and the French outposts on Saint Michael were driven in. That night, the hornwork itself was carried after a sanguinary assault — the British losing in this short and murderous affair upwards of four hundred men.

From the hill, now in possession of the allies, it was decided that the future operations should be carried on, and the engineers arranged that each line in succession should be taken by assault. The place, on a close examination, was ascertained to be in no respect formidable; but the means to effect its reduction, in comparison, were feebler still. Nothing, indeed, could be less efficient — three long 18-pounders, and five 24-pound howitzers, forming the entire siege artillery that Lord Wellington could obtain.

The head-quarters were fixed at Villa Toro. The engineering department intrusted to Colonel Burgoyne, and the charge of the artillery to Colonels Robe and Dickson.

The second assault, that upon the exterior wall, was made on the night of the 22nd by escalade.

Major Laurie of the 79th, with detachments from the different regiments before the place, formed the storming party. The Portuguese, who led the attack, were quickly repulsed—and though the British entered the ditch, they never could mount a ladder. Those who attempted it were bayoneted from above—while shells, combustibles, and cold shot were hurled on the assailants, who, after a most determined effort for a quarter of an hour, were driven from the ditch, leaving their leader, and half the number who composed the storming party, killed and wounded.*

After this disastrous failure, an unsuccessful attempt to breach the wall was tried, in which, of the few guns in battery, two were totally disabled by the commanding fire of the castle. The engineers resorted, of necessity, to the sap and mine. The former, from the plunging fire kept up from the enemy's defences, and which occasioned a fearful loss, was speedily abandoned—but the latter was carried on vigorously—and the outward wall mined, charged,† and, on the 29th, exploded.

At twelve o'clock at night the hose was fired, the storming party having previously formed in

* The eventual success of the French has been ascribed, it is hard to say with what truth, to their finding on the person of a dead officer, a full detail of the siege operations, as arranged by the British engineers.

† The mine was loaded with a thousand pounds of powder, and, for fifteen feet, tamped with bags of clay

a hollow way some fifty paces from the gallery. When the mine was sprung, a portion of the wall came down, and a sergeant and four privates, who formed the forlorn hope, rushed through the smoke, mounted the ruins, and bravely gained the breach. But in the darkness, which was intense, the storming party and their supporting companies, missed their way—and the French, recovering from their surprise, rushed to the breach, and drove the few brave men who held it back to the trenches. The attack, consequently, failed, and from a scarcity of shot no fire could be turned on the ruins. Dübreton availed himself of this accidental advantage—and by daylight, the breach was rendered impracticable again.

Still determined to gain the place, Lord Wellington continued operations, although twelve days had elapsed since he had sat down before the place. A singular despondency, particularly among the Portuguese, had arisen from these two failures; while insubordination was creeping into the British regiments, which produced a relaxed discipline that could not be overlooked, and which, in general orders, was consequently most strongly reprobated.

The siege continued; and, on the 4th of October, a battery opened from Saint Michael's against the old breach, while the engineers announced that a powerful mine was prepared for springing. At five o'clock that evening the fusee

was fired. The effect was grand and destructive —one hundred feet of the wall was entirely demolished, and a number of the French, who happened to be near it, were annihilated by the explosion. The 24th regiment, already in readiness to storm, instantly rushed forward, and both breaches were carried, but, unfortunately, with a heavy loss.

A lodgment was immediately made, and preparations made for breaching the second line of defence where it joined the first.

On the 5th, early in the evening, the French sallied with three hundred men. The attack was too successful — one hundred and fifty of the guard and working party were killed or wounded—the gabions overturned—the works at the lodgment injured — and the intrenching tools carried off.

That night, however, the damage was repaired—the sap was rapidly carried forward—and at last, the British had got so close to the wall, that their own howitzers ceased firing, lest the workmen should be endangered by their shot. The guns on Saint Michael's battery had also breached with good effect, and fifty feet of the parapet of the second line was completely laid in ruins. But, in effecting these successes, a heavy loss was inflicted on the besiegers—and of their originally small means for carrying on a siege, the few pieces of artillery they possessed at first, were now reduced to one serviceable gun.

The weather had also changed, and rain fell in quantities and filled the trenches. A spirit of discontent and indifferenoe pervaded the army. The labour was unwillingly performed, the guards loosely kept, and Dubreton again sallied furiously, drove off the working party, destroyed the new parallel, carried away the tools, and occasioned a loss of more than two hundred men. Among the killed, none was lamented more than Colonel Cocks, who having obtained promotion most deservedly for previous gallantry, died at the head of his men, while rallying the fugitives and repelling the sally.

Three assaults had failed, but still the allied commander did not quit the place in despair. Preparations for another attempt were continued—and the exertions of the engineers, of whom one-half had fallen, were redoubled. Heated shot was tried against the White Church unsuccessfully; while that of San Roman was marked as the more vulnerable point, and a gallery commenced against it.

On the 17th, the great breach was again exposed by the fire of the British guns, and the ramparts on either side extensively damaged. A mine beneath the lower parallel was successfully exploded, and a lodgment effected in a cavalier,* from whence the French had kept up a destructive fire on the trenches. It was held

* *A Cavalier*, is a work in the body of a place, domineering the others by ten or twelve feet.

but for a short time, as the enemy came down in force, and drove the besiegers from it. On the 18th the breach was reported practicable, and a storm decided on. The signal was arranged to be the springing of the mine beneath the church of San Roman. That building was also to be assailed, while the old breach was to be attempted by escalade, and thus, and at the same moment, three distinct attacks should occupy the enemy's attention.

At half-past four the explosion of the mine gave the signal. A countermine was immediately sprung by the French, and between both, the church was partially destroyed, and Colonel Browne, with some Portuguese and Spanish troops, seized upon the ruined building. The Guards, who had volunteered a detachment, rushed through the old breach, escaladed the second line, and, in front of the third, encountered the French in considerable force—while two hundred of the German Legion, under Major Wurmb, carried the new breach, and pushing up the hill, fairly gained the third line of the defences. Unfortunately, however, these daring and successful efforts were not supported with the promptness that was needed. The French reserves were instantly advanced — came on in overwhelming force—cleared the breaches of the assailants—and drove them beyond the outer line, with the loss of two hundred officers and men.

San Roman was taken the following night by the French, and recovered again by the British. But with this affair the siege virtually terminated — and Lord Wellington, by imperious necessity, was obliged to retire from a place of scarcely third-rate character, after four attacks by assault, and a loss of two thousand men.

In war, the bravest and the most prudent measures are frequently marred or made by fortune. Lord Wellington, with very insufficient means, was obliged to attempt the reduction of Burgos; and although skill and gallantry were displayed in every essay, obstacles arose which checked the most daring efforts; and all that science and determination could effect, were vainly tried to overcome difficulties physically insurmountable. Had Wellington possessed the requisite *matériel* for the conduct of a siege, Burgos would have been taken in a week.

But let justice be done to its defenders. Much was expected from them—and assuredly, the governor and garrison of the castle of Burgos realized the high reliance placed upon their skill and heroism by their countrymen.

On the 18th, the British corps united. On the 20th some trifling affairs occurred between the outposts — and on the 21st the siege of Burgos was regularly raised, and Lord Wellington issued orders for retiring from before the place.

RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

Retreat commences.—Affair at Harmoza.—The Carion passed.—Excesses at Torquemada.—Affairs of the Pisuerga and Villa Muriel. — Retreat. — Affair at Huebra. — A British division endangered. — Irregularities of the army, produces a strong official rebuke. — Lord Wellington's honours increased. — Army goes into cantonments for the winter.

A RETREAT was unavoidable; and, to be successful, it must be rapid. Two roads were open; and by either Lord Wellington might fall back. The longer of the two, was by the bridge of Villaton—and by taking it the allies would be safe from present interruption. The other, crossed the river of Arlanzan at Burgos—and by following it the retreat would be shortened a day's march — but to gain that road, the army must defile directly beneath the guns of the castle.

By this latter route, however, Wellington determined to retire. The strictest secrecy was observed, while all was prepared for a night-march; and when darkness had shrouded the besiegers and the besieged, the position was quietly abandoned; the infantry defiled across the bridge in perfect silence — while the wheels of the gun-

carriages were muffled with straw, to prevent their being overheard by the French sentinels, and thus provoke the fire of the place.

There is no doubt that this dangerous passage would have been accomplished without discovery, had not some guerilla horsemen, rashly galloped over, and betrayed to the garrison the movement of the allies then in progress. In anticipation of the attempt, the guns of the works having been already trained upon the bridge, the first discharge from the French artillery was destructive; but the range was lost after a round or two, and in the darkness it could not be recovered. By this bold and well-planned manœuvre, Lord Wellington extricated his entire baggage and field equipage; and the allies were placed on the other side of the Arlanzan, and in the direct line of their retreat, with a loss comparatively trifling.

That night the infantry reached Hormillas and Cellada del Camino, and the cavalry, Estepar and Villa Baniel—while Souham remained in perfect ignorance of Wellington's retreat until late in the evening of the 22nd.

On the 23rd, the infantry, after a long march, crossed the Pisuerga at Cordovillas and Torquemada; but the rear-guard were overtaken and attacked. Although greatly overmatched, the British cavalry made a bold stand, and for a time disputed the passage of the Harmoza. But they

were obliged to retire, as fresh squadrons of the enemy moved rapidly forward.

Part of the English dragoons crossed a marshy rivulet, leaving Anson's cavalry and the German light infantry as a rear-guard. The French came on with great impetuosity, and were charged and checked by the 11th light dragoons and horse artillery; but their numbers prevailed—the English were forced back—the guerilla horse completely routed—and some prisoners were made. After much severe and desultory fighting, in which the fierceness of the pursuers was fully equalled by the obstinate resistance of the retreating horsemen, the British cavalry were driven back upon the Germans under Halket. Fortunately they had gained a position—and assisted by the fire of the artillery, their fusilade fell on the left flank of the French with such murderous effect, that, failing in three determined charges, they were at last forced to fall back behind the heights, allowing the British rear-guard, without further molestation, to retire.

Wellington having crossed the Carion on the 24th, was joined by a brigade of the Guards. The weather was bad, the means of transport wretched, the sick and wounded were beyond the Duero, and thus circumstanced, the allied commander determined to make a stand. The allies, therefore, occupied a range of heights, with the Carion in their front, and their right wing resting on the Pisuerga.

Torquemada had witnessed a most disgraceful scene of riot and confusion on the part of the British. There, immense wine-stores were found and plundered—and it was computed, that at one time, twelve thousand men were lying in the streets and houses in a state of helpless intoxication. Nor was the boasted sobriety of the French proof against the temptation these well-stored cellars presented. On their subsequent occupation of the town, Souham was obliged to stay his march for twelve hours, — for his own corps numbered more drunkards even than that of Lord Wellington had done.

The 25th was given as a halt-day to the troops, while necessary preparations were made for continuing the retreat, and interrupting the passage of the Carion. All the bridges were ordered to be blown up—but the mines were in some cases so defective, that they failed entirely, and allowed the French an easy passage, while others of their troops crossed by the fords. The working and covering parties at Banos and Palentia were made prisoners, and a quantity of baggage picked up by the enemy's light cavalry. At Pisuerga, the corps that Souham pushed forward was attacked and driven back; and at Villa Muriel, after a sharp contest, the enemy were obliged to retire, and abandon the bank of the river that they had succeeded in occupying for a time.

On the 26th, having repaired the bridges, Souham crossed the Carion in pursuit of the allies. On the 27th he was in force in front of Cabezon, and showed himself in such strength, as determined Lord Wellington at once to fall back behind the Duero, and still further behind the Tormes, in the event of his being closely pressed by the enemy. On the 28th, the French General extended his right to outflank the allies, and advanced against the troops who held the passes over the Pisguera and the Duero. Unable to maintain the bridges, they were effectually destroyed; and a town and wood, behind that of Tordesillas, were occupied by the regiment of Brunswick Oels, until the Germans were driven from both by the French, who effected the passage of the Duero with uncommon gallantry.*

On the 29th, Wellington, after destroying the bridges at Valladolid and Cabecon, passed the river by those of Tudela and Ponte Duero. The passage of the French at Tordesillas obliged him instantly to move to his left, and take a position near Rueda. There he remained until joined by Sir Rowland Hill upon the 5th of November—who, after leaving a corps in Alba de Tormes, had fallen back before Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Soult, with scarcely any loss. Wellington, having effected this object, and united himself with his detached corps, retired on the

* "Details," &c.

7th to Torricilla,—and, on the 8th, halted in front of Salamanca.

Meanwhile the armies of the north, south, and centre, had formed a junction on the right bank of the Tormes—and on the 10th attacked the town and castle of Alba, but without success. Passing the Tormes at Lucinas on the 14th, Soult, who commanded in chief, took a position on the wooded heights of Mozarbes. That evening the hostile armies were in each other's presence; a distant cannonade and some trifling skirmishing took place; and, on the 15th, Lord Wellington formed beside the Arapiles and offered battle, which was declined. The enemy extended to the right, threatening to interrupt the communications with Rodrigo—and from the immense disparity of his force,* Wellington was obliged to move promptly by his right, and seize the roads leading into Portugal.

The weather was desperate—rain fell in torrents—the roads were rendered almost impassable—the men were knee-deep in the sloughs—and the transport of the guns and baggage had become a work of infinite difficulty. The imposing

* The united French corps numbered seventy-five thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, and two hundred pieces of cannon; while the whole of the allied force that Lord Wellington could place upon a battle-field, did not exceed fifty-five thousand Anglo-Portuguese, of which five thousand only were horse.

steadiness with which the British rear-guard retired before the French advance, checked any attempt that Soult might have entertained of pressing the retreat so closely as to bring Lord Wellington to action, and especially on ground that he himself would select on which to make a stand. Ciudad Rodrigo was gained on the 18th, and the frontier crossed upon the 20th. The 17th had passed in continued demonstrations of attack, and frequent skirmishes. Not daring to assail the columns, every advantage that a wooded country would permit, was seized upon to cut off stragglers and secure baggage. In many attempts on both, the enemy were successful; and a British general of division, Sir Edward Paget, was carried off while literally in the centre of his own brigades.

The main body of the allies had already crossed the Huebra, when the French infantry and artillery came up in force, and obliged the cavalry to cross the fords. A delay in retiring the light division from the position they had been placed in on the edge of the forest, brought on a sharp affair. The British, however, effected the passage of the river with inconsiderable loss—and every effort the French made to carry the fords failed, owing to the steadiness with which they were defended. The firing was kept up till dark—and although the light and seventh divisions were exposed, in column, to a plunging fire from

thirty guns, their loss was miraculously small, as "this clayey soil, saturated with rain, swallowed the shot and smothered the shells."*

On the 18th, the retreat was continued—Lord Wellington having given the necessary directions as to the line of march which the different divisions of his army should pursue. His orders were disobeyed—and serious results had nearly been occasioned. Happily, his Lordship discovered the irregularity of his subordinate officers in time to avert disastrous consequences. The retreating brigades were completely arrested by a flooded river—and with great difficulty were extricated, from what would have been, very shortly, a desperate and hopeless position. Indeed, so critically were they situated, that the light division, composing the rear-guard, were obliged to cross a gulley by single files, effecting the passage by means of a fallen tree.

Here the retreat virtually closed. The weather improved; and having fallen back upon his resources, Lord Wellington was enabled to recruit his exhausted soldiery. Abundant fuel, dry bivouacs, and plentiful rations, produced a speedy change; and men wearied and worn down by privations and incessant fatigue, rapidly recovered their health and spirits. The moment the enemy had abandoned the pursuit, the light cavalry and guerilla horse were despatched to search the woods and rescue such sufferers as

* Napier.

survived. Their efforts were attended with success—and more than fifteen hundred wounded or disabled men were brought into the hospitals and saved.

The total casualties sustained by the troops during the siege and subsequent retreat of Burgos, were very numerous — and in no point are military writers and official returns more at variance, than in the respective estimates they form of the losses of the allies. Where such immense discrepancy exists, it is hard to come to anything like an accurate conclusion. The French asserted that the allies lost twelve thousand men, *hors de combat;* the English reduced it to little more than twelve hundred. Between these extremes, the mean is more likely to prove correct; and there can be little doubt, all casualties included, that in the siege and subsequent operations to the 29th of October, seven thousand men were sacrificed.

The retreat from Burgos was not only remarkable for the sufferings they endured, but also for the insubordination exhibited by the soldiery. The mass of the army became drunkards and marauders. The wine-stores in the towns and villages on the line of march were broken into and despoiled of their contents; and multitudes, through inebriety, either perished or were made prisoners. In Valderoso alone, two hundred and fifty men were found drunk in the cellars—and, of course, they fell into the hands of the French.

Drunkenness produced cruelty—and many of the peasantry hitherto well affected to the allies,* perished by the hands of infuriated savages, who seemed reckless whether friend or foe became the victim of their ferocity. Napier says, that on the first day's march from Madrid he reckoned seventeen murdered peasants, either lying on the road or thrown into the ditches.

Another mischievous breach of discipline had become very general. Numerous herds of swine were found among the woods — and the soldiers broke from their columns, and commenced shooting pigs wherever they could be found. The spattering fire kept up in the forest by these marauders, frequently occasioned an unnecessary alarm, and thus disturbed the brief space allowed for rest to the exhausted soldiers. Nothing but the greatest severity checked this most dangerous offence — and though some of the delinquents, when taken "red-handed" and in the very fact, were hanged in the sight of their guilty comrades, the evil was but partially abated by the example; for hunger had made the starving soldiery indifferent to the desperate consequences their offending was certain to draw down.

The excesses committed during the retreat, drew from Lord Wellington an official letter, addressed to the commanding officers of regi-

* "Details," &c.

ments, that occasioned at the time considerable dissatisfaction. Probably, the terms in which his censure was conveyed, were stronger than they should have been. The sufferings of the troops were great beyond belief — men marching night and day, under an incessant deluge, knee-deep in mire, without shelter or a place to rest upon, their whole sustenance a scanty ration of over-driven beef, frequently devoured half-raw — yet, while they could not be justified in acts of violence and rapine, still they might urge much in extenuation of crimes committed under the influence of want, misery and despair!

Honours, in the mean time, were most deservedly conferred upon the able, but unsuccessful besieger of Burgos. At home, Lord Wellington was advanced to a Marquisate in the peerage, while Parliament added 100,000*l.* to assist him to support this dignity. He was also appointed to the Colonelcy of the Blues, and the rank of Duke of Vittoria was conferred upon him by the Prince Regent of Portugal, with emoluments attached valued at 15,000 dollars annually. The honour bestowed upon him the Marquis of Wellington accepted — but the income, with becoming dignity, he respectfully declined.

After the French retired behind the Tormes, the allies took up their winter cantonments.

Hill passed the Sierra de Gata, and established his corps in the province of Coria, with posts at the passes of Bejar and Banos. The remaining divisions were comfortably disposed of—part of the brigades occupying quarters in the district of Beira, while the others were cantoned upon the banks of the Douro.

ADVANCE FROM THE DOURO TO THE ZADORRA.

British army organized anew. — Reinforced from England.— Relative strength and positions of the rival armies.—Joseph retires.— General appearance of the French *corps d'armée.* —Wellington suddenly advances. — His bold and successful operations. — Beautiful scenery. — Affairs of Saint Millan, Osma, and the Bayas.—Joseph enters Vittoria.

WINTER passed away—the army recovered from its hardships — and Lord Wellington was indefatigable in perfecting the equipment of every department, to enable him to take the field efficiently when the season should come round, and active operations could be renewed again. In its minuter details, the interior economy of the regiments underwent a useful reformation. The large and cumbrous camp-kettles were discarded, and small ones substituted in their place; while three tents were served to each company, affording, particularly to the sick and disabled, a means of shelter in the field, that hitherto had been wanting.

Nothing could surpass the splendid state of

discipline this period of inactivity had produced while the allied army reposed in winter quarters. Its *matériel* was now truly magnificent; powerful reinforcements had arrived from England; the Life and Horse Guards had joined the cavalry; and that arm, hitherto the weakest, was increased to nineteen efficient regiments. The infantry had been recruited from the militias at home—the artillery was complete in every requisite for the field—and a well-arranged commissariate, with ample means of transport, facilitated the operations of the most serviceable force that had ever taken the field under the leading of an English general.

Previous to the opening of the campaign in May 1813, the Anglo-Portuguese army numbered close upon seventy thousand men of all arms, and were cantoned in the neighbourhood of the Douro. Murillo's corps occupied Estremadura; Giron held the frontier of Gallicia; O'Donel was stationed in Andalusia; Elio on the frontiers of Murcia and Valencia; and the Duc del Parque, with a strong corps, held possession of La Mancha.

The French, at that time, might have probably mustered one hundred and fifty thousand men in Spain. Madrid and Toledo were in the occupation of the armies of the Centre and the South, which were spread over the central provinces. Valladolid had the head-quarters of the

army of Portugal; the line of the Douro was carefully observed, while Suchet occupied Valencia and Catalonia; and a part of the army of the North was quartered in Aragon and Biscay.

Never did a leader take the field under more promising auspices than those with which the allied commander opened the campaign of 1813. The Spanish troops were strong in numbers, and improved considerably in discipline; and the guerilla leaders in great force, and ready for daring enterprize. Summer was coming fast; a rich and luxurious country was before him,—every requisite prepared for his march; his troops flushed with victory; and his opponents dispirited by constant discomfiture. Even the opening movements tended to increase these feelings—for the British were preparing to advance, and the French already retrograding. No wonder, then, that the brilliant hopes of his country were fully realized; and that the career of English conquest continued almost without a check; and the fields of France saw her banners float in victory, until the last struggles at Orthes and Toulouse attested the invincibility of Wellington and his island soldiery!

While the allies were preparing to march, Joseph Buonaparte put the army of the Centre into motion, and, followed by those of the South and Portugal, retired slowly on the Ebro. As they were not pressed by the British light troops, the

enemy's corps moved leisurely towards the frontier, accompanied by enormous trains of equipage and baggage.

The appearance of the French army was rather picturesque than military. It was crowded in its march, and too fanciful both in the character of its equipment and the variety of its costume. The line and light infantry excepted, few of the regiments were similarly dressed. The horse-artillery wore uniforms of light blue, braided with black lace. The heavy cavalry were arrayed in green coats with brass helmets. The chasseurs and hussars, mounted on slight and active horses, were showily and variously equipped. The 'gendarmerie à cheval,' a picked body chosen from the cavalry at large, had long blue frocks, with cocked hats and buff belts; while the *élite* of the dragoons, selected for superior size and general appearance, were distinguished by bear-skin caps, and wore a look of martial determination, that their past and future bearing in the battle-field did not belie. Each regiment of the line had its company of grenadiers and voltigeurs — even the light regiments having a company of the former. The appearance of the whole force was soldierly and imposing—the cavalry was indeed superb; and the artillery, as to guns, caissons, and appointments, most complete; and, better still, their horses were in excellent condition.

Both armies were in the highest state of efficiency. To both the undivided attention of their commanding officers had been directed, and yet in their respective equipments, a practised eye would detect a marked dissimilarity. With the British everything was simple, compact, and limited, as far as its being serviceable would admit, — while the French were sadly incumbered with useless equipages and accumulated plunder. Those of the Spanish noblesse who had acknowledged the usurper, now accompanied his retreat, — state functionaries, in court-dresses and rich embroidery, were mingled with the troops, — calashes, carrying wives or mistresses, moved between brigades of guns; while nuns from Castile and ladies from Andalusia, attired *en militaire* and mounted on horseback, deserted castle and convent, to follow the fortunes of some soldier or employée. Excepting that of his great brother when retreating from Moscow, no army since the days of Xerxes was so overloaded with spoil and baggage as that of Joseph Buonaparte.

Although this abuse had not escaped the observation of many of the best officers in the army of the usurper, the facility with which these enormous ambulances were transported encouraged rather than repressed the evil. Looking on Spain as a conquered country, the means necessary to forward their convoys were unscrupulously seized, and every horse and mule con-

sidered the property of the finder. The roads were good—the retreat unmolested—on the 10th no enemy had appeared, and the allies were remaining quietly in their quarters. The apathy of the English General was extraordinary — and prisoners were asked by their French escort, "Was Lord Wellington asleep?"

But nothing could exceed the astonishment of Joseph, when, on the evening of the 18th, he was informed that the allies, in considerable force, were actually on the left bank of the Ebro! The French dispositions were rendered useless, and an immediate night-march became unavoidable. The drums beat to arms — the baggage was put in motion — and the entire of the French corps which had occupied Pancorbo, or bivouacked in its vicinity, were hastily collected, and moved rapidly towards Vittoria.

Lord Wellington's sudden advance was equally brilliant in conception and execution. While he had thrown five divisions over the Douro, to move through the Tras as Montes, upon Zamora, Hill was marching over the mountain district of Estremadura on the Tormes, and Lord Wellington on Salamanca, with two Anglo-Portuguese, a Spanish division, and a strong cavalry corps. The right wing of the allies took a position between the Tormes and the Douro—while Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, passed over a most difficult country, and surmounting every

obstacle that bad roads and dangerous rivers could present, threatened the right of the French by Carvajales and Miranda.

On gaining the frontier, Graham secured his communication with the Gallician corps under Giron. The French retired from the Esla, and the left wing of the British crossed it on the 31st of May. A difficult and defensible river was safely passed, and the enemy retreated, after blowing up the bridges of Zamora and Toro. At Morales, the French rear-guard was overtaken and brought to action. Colonel Grant, with the hussar brigade, completely overthrew it,—killing a considerable number and capturing above two hundred men. Julian Sanchez was equally successful, having surprised a French picket at Castronuno.

No movements during the Peninsular campaign exceed in brilliant effect the rapid advance of the allied army from the Douro to the Bayas. Joseph had been obliged to abandon the capital, and fall back on Burgos. This was a necessary measure to ensure a concentration of his *corps d'armée*,—but still it was considered doubtful whether Lord Wellington would continue his onward march, and, under all circumstances, actually become assailant.

But the French leaders were astray when they fancied that the allied General would remain inactive. Quickly as the Douro had been crossed,

the Carrion and the Pisuerga were as rapidly passed over. The enemy fell back on Burgos to concentrate, having occupied the heights above Harmoza with a strong corps. On the 12th, Hill's division and the cavalry obliged Count Reille to fall back—and on the next morning the French retreated on Miranda, after abandoning Burgos and blowing up the castle.

"It can hardly be imagined what additional interest even a brilliant operation will acquire from local circumstances, and the character of the country through which the line of march runs. The advance to the Zadorra exhibited, at every point of view, scenery beautiful as diversified. In it there was a singular combination of romantic wildness mingled with exquisite fertility. One while the columns moved through luxurious valleys, intersprinkled with hamlets, vineyards, and flower-gardens; at another, they struggled up mountain ridges, or pressed through Alpine passes overhung with toppling cliffs, making it almost difficult to decide, whether the rugged chasm which they were traversing had been rifted from the hill-side by an earthquake, or scarped by human hands. If the eye turned downwards, there lay sparkling rivers and sunny dells; above rose naked rocks and splintered precipices; while moving masses of glittering soldiery, now lost, now seen, amid the windings of the route, gave a panoramic character to the whole,

that never can fade from the memory of him who saw it."*

Pancorbo had been regularly garrisoned; and to force the Ebro, with a numerous and efficient army occupying its banks, would have been equally tedious in operation, and uncertain in results. Wellington, with admirable skill, suddenly branched to his left, and moved rapidly towards the sources of the river; and, on the 14th and 15th, crossed it safely by the mountain bridges of San Martin and Puente de Arenas. Of course, the march, from the nearly impassable character of the line of country over which it ran, required the determination and *esprit* of British soldiers to accomplish. It was gallantly achieved; and that too, by a route hitherto unattempted by an army, and which everywhere presented the most formidable positions that a retreating corps could wish to hold. Yet Wellington's march was unopposed, — and until the 18th, no hostile collision interrupted the order of the allied movements.

Two French brigades were overtaken by the light division. They had taken a position on the heights of Saint Millan; and although the ground was most unfavourable for an attack, nothing could surpass the dashing gallantry with which the British light troops assailed the enemy. The road by which it was necessary to attack, was

* "The Bivouac."

rugged, steep, and narrow, overhung with crags and copse-wood; while a mountain stream protected the French front, and some straggling cottages increased the difficulty of advancing, by affording cover to the voltigeurs who had formed behind them. After a sharp fusilade, the enemy gave ground, and the light brigade was pressing forward, when suddenly, a fresh column debouched from a ravine, and appeared on the flank of the assailants. Both rushed on to gain the crest of the hill—and both reached the plateau together. The 52nd, bringing their left flank forward in a run, faced sharply round, and charged with the bayonet. The conflict was but momentary; the French broke, threw away their knapsacks, and fled to gain the neighbouring high grounds, leaving their arms and baggage, and nearly three hundred of their number *hors de combat.*

On the same day, Jourdan suddenly attacked Graham's corps at Osma, but he was driven back on Espejo; and falling farther back, the French took up a strong position behind the Bayas, with their right on the village of Sabijana; but they held it only till next day,—when being attacked in front, and their left turned, they fell back and united with the *corps d'armée* in front of Vittoria.

That city, on the evening of the 19th, displayed a singular spectacle of hurry and alarm—confusion and magnificence. Joseph Buonaparte, with his staff and guards, the entire of his court, and

the head-quarters of the army of the Centre, accompanied by an endless collection of equipages, intermingled with cavalry, artillery, and their numerous ambulances, occupied the buildings and crowded the streets. An unmanageable mass of soldiers and civilians were every moment increased by fresh arrivals, all vainly seeking for accommodation in a town unequal to afford a shelter to half their number.

"But a yet stranger scene was enacting in Vittoria. While the city was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the pseudo-King, and a gayer sight could not be fancied than its sparkling interior presented; beyond the walls, an army was taking a position, and a multitude of the peasants were forced by the French engineers to assist in throwing up field defences, and assist those who had ruled them with an iron hand to place their guns in battery, and make other military dispositions to repel the army of the allies, who were advancing to effect their deliverance."*

* "The Bivouac."

VITORIA.

City of Vitoria.—French position.—Opening, progress, and close of the engagement.—Field of battle.

VITORIA is a city of great antiquity, and the capital of the province of Alava. It stands in a valley surrounded on every side by high grounds, while in the distance a lesser range of the Pyrenées is visible. Its name is derived from some forgotten victory, or, as some assert, from one achieved by its founder, Sancho VII. In front of this city* Joseph Buonaparte concentrated his *corps d'armée* on the night of the 19th, to cover the town and hold the three great roads leading from Lagrona, Madrid, and Bilboa, to Bayonne.

* It is remarkable that, within sight of this ground, the battle of Najara was fought, in which Edward the Black Prince, acting as the ally of a bad man, defeated the best troops of France, under their most distinguished leader, Bertram du Guësclin, who was come in support of a worse. It is also remarkable, that the Prince of Brazil, before the battle of Vitoria was fought, should have conferred the title of Duque de Victoria upon Lord Wellington.—*Southey.*

The day of the 20th was occupied by Lord Wellington in bringing forward his detached brigades, and making a careful *reconnoissance* of the enemy. Although, generally, the position selected by Marshal Jourdan was strong, and certainly well chosen to effect the objects for which he risked a battle, still it had one material defect. Its great extent would permit many simultaneous efforts to be made by an attacking army; and, accordingly, on the following day, the allied leader, with admirable skill, availed himself of this advantage — and a most decisive victory was the result.

In point of strength, the contending armies were nearly equal, each numbering from seventy to seventy-five thousand men, the allies exceeding the French, probably by five thousand. Perfect in every arm, more splendid troops were never ranged upon a battle-field. Both armies were ably commanded, — nominally, Joseph was général-en-chef—but Jourdan chose the ground, and directed every disposition.

The morning of the 21st broke in glorious sunshine. The atmosphere was cloudless — and from the adjacent heights the progress of the battle could be distinctly viewed, except when smoke-wreaths for a time hid the combatants from many an anxious looker-on.

The French corps occupied a line of nearly eight miles, — the extreme left placed upon

the heights of La Puebla, and the right resting on an eminence above the villages of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor. The centre was posted along a range of hills on the left bank of the river; while a strong corps, resting its right flank upon the left centre, was formed on the bold high grounds which rise behind the village of Sabijana. The reserve was placed at the village of Gomecha; and the banks of the Zadorra, and a small wood between the centre and the right, were thickly lined with tirailleurs. The first line consisted of the armies of Portugal and the South; and the army of the Centre, with the greater portion of the cavalry, formed the reserve. That part of the position near the village of Gomecha, having been considered by Jourdan his most vulnerable point, was defended by a numerous artillery. The bridges were fortified—the communications from one part of the position to the other were direct—a deep river ran in front—the great roads to Bayonne and Pamplona in the rear—while, to arrest Wellington's career, and preserve the immense convoys within the city, or on the road to France, loaded with the plunder of a despoiled capital and a denuded country, the psuedo-King determined to accept the battle, which the British leader was now prepared to offer.*

* "We chanced to meet a Curé on the French side of the Pyrenées, at whose house General Merle had been quartered,

During the Peninsular campaigns, there was no battle fought that required nicer combinations, and a more correct calculation in time and movement, than that of Vitoria. It was impossible for Lord Wellington to bring up, to an immediate proximity for attack, every portion of his numerous army, and hence many of his brigades had bivouacked on the preceding night a considerable distance from the Zadorra. Part of the country before Vitoria was difficult and rocky; hamlets, enclosures, and ravines, separated the columns from each other; hence some of them were obliged to move by narrow and broken roads, and arrangements, perfect in themselves, were liable to embarrassment from numerous contingencies. But the genius that directed these extended operations, could remedy fortuitous events, should such occur.

At daybreak, on the 21st, Wellington's dispositions were complete, and the allied army in motion. Sir Rowland Hill, with the second British, Amarante's Portuguese, and Murillo's Spanish divisions, was ordered to storm the heights of La Puebla, occupied by the enemy's left. The first and fifth divisions, with Pack's and Bradford's

shortly after the battle, who said that the general was furious, exclaiming against Joseph, and vowing that the *matériel* of three armies (those of the South, the Centre, and of Portugal) had been sacrificed to save *fifty putaines and their baggage*."—*Peninsular Recollections.*

brigades, Bock's and Anson's cavalry, and Longa's Spanish corps, were directed to turn the French right, cross the Zadorra, and seize on the Bayonne road. The third, fourth, seventh, and light divisions, were to advance in two columns and attack Vitoria in front and flank, and thus oblige Jourdan either to come to a general engagement, or abandon the city and sacrifice his valuable convoys.

At dawn of day, Joseph placed himself upon a height that overlooked his right and centre. He was attended by a numerous staff, and protected by his own body-guard. Wellington chose an eminence in front of the village of Arinez, commanding the right bank of the Zadorra, and continued there observing through a glass the progress of the fight, and directing the movements of his divisions, as calmly as he would have inspected the movements at a review.

The attack commenced by Hill's division moving soon after daylight by the Miranda road, and the detaching of Murillo's Spanish corps to carry the heights of La Puebla, and drive in the left flank of the enemy. The latter task was a difficult one, as the ground rose abruptly from the valley, and towering to a considerable height, presented a sheer ascent, that at first sight appeared almost inpracticable.

The Spaniards, with great difficulty, although unopposed, reached the summit; and there, among

rocks and broken ground, became sharply engaged with the French left. Perceiving that they were unable to force the enemy from the heights, Sir Rowland Hill advanced a British brigade to Murillo's assistance; while, alarmed for the safety of his flank, Jourdan detached troops from his centre to support the division that held La Puebla. A fierce and protracted combat ensued — the loss on both sides was severe — and Colonel Cadogan fell at the head of his brigade. But gradually and steadily the British gained ground; and while the eyes of both armies were turned upon the combatants, and the possession of the heights seemed doubtful still, the eagle glance of Wellington discovered the forward movement of the Highland tartans, and he announced to his staff, that La Puebla was carried.*

The village of Sabijana was the next object of attack, and a brigade of the second division stormed it after a short but determined resistance. As that village covered the left of their line, the French made many efforts to recover its possession; but it was most gallantly retained until the left and centre of the allies moved up, and the attack on the enemy's line became general.

While Sabijana was repeatedly assaulted, the light division formed in close columns under cover of some broken ground, and at a short dis-

* "The Bivouac."

tance from the river. The hussar brigade, dismounted, were on the left; and the fourth division in position on the right, waiting the signal for advancing. The heavy cavalry formed a reserve to the centre, in event of its requiring support before the third and seventh divisions came up; and the first and fifth, with a Spanish and Portuguese corps, were detached to occupy the road to Saint Sebastian, and thus intercept the enemy's retreat.

Presently, an opening cannonade upon the left announced that Sir Thomas Graham was engaged, and Lord Dalhousie notified his arrival with the third and seventh divisions at Mendonza. The moment for a grand movement had come—Lord Wellington saw and seized the crisis of the day, and ordered a general attack on the whole extent of the French position.

The light division moved forward under cover of a thicket, and placed itself opposite the enemy's right centre, about two hundred paces from the bridge of Villoses—and on the arrival of Lord Dalhousie, the signal was given to advance. At this critical moment an intelligent Spaniard opportunely came up, and announced that one of the bridges was undefended. The mistake was quickly seized upon. A brigade, led by the First Rifles, crossed it at a run—and, without any loss, established itself in a deep ravine, where it was completely protected from the enemy's cannonade.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the operations which followed. The light division carried the bridge of Nanclaus, and the fourth that of Tres Puentes; the divisions of Picton and Dalhousie followed, and the battle became general. The passage of the river—the movement of glittering masses from right to left, far as the eye could range — the deafening roar of cannon — the sustained fusilade of infantry — all was grand and imposing; while the English cavalry, displayed in glorious sunshine and formed in line to support the columns, completed a spectacle, grand and magnificent beyond description.

Immediately after crossing the Zadorra, Colville's brigade became seriously engaged with a strong French corps, and gallantly defeated it. Pressing on with characteristic impetuosity, and without halting to correct the irregularity a recent and successful struggle had occasioned, the brigade encountered on the brow of the hill two lines of French infantry regularly drawn up, and prepared to receive their assailants. For a moment the result was regarded with considerable apprehension, and means actually adopted for sustaining the brigade, when — as that event seemed inevitable — it should be repulsed by the enemy. But valour overcame every disadvantage, and the perfect formation of the French could not withstand the dashing onset of the assailants. Their rush was irresistible — on

went these daring soldiers, "sweeping before them the formidable array that, circumstanced as they were, appeared calculated to produce annihilation."

While the combined movements of the different divisions were thus in every place successful, the attack on the village of Arinez failed, and the 88th were repulsed in an attempt to storm it. Here the French fought desperately—and here alone the fortune of the day wavered even for a moment. Nothing could exceed the obstinacy with which the village was defended; but, under a severe fire, Lord Wellington in person directed a fresh assault. The 45th and 74th ascended the height; the French were fairly forced out at the point of the bayonet, and Arinez, after a sanguinary struggle, was won.

Meanwhile the flank movements on Gamarra Mayor and Abechuco were effected with splendid success. Both villages, having bridges across the river, were filled with troops and vigorously defended. Gamarra Mayor was stormed with the bayonet by Oswald's division without firing a shot; and, under cover of the artillery, Halket's German light infantry, and Bradford's Portuguese Caçadores, advanced against Abechuco. Nothing could be more gallant than the assault. The French were dislodged from the village with heavy loss, and the bridges left in the undisputed possession of the victors.

The whole of the enemy's first line were now driven back, but they retired in perfect order, and re-forming close to Vitoria, presented an imposing front, protected by nearly one hundred pieces of artillery. A tremendous fire checked the advance of the left centre; and the storm of the guns on both sides raged with unabated fury for an hour. Vitoria, although so near the combatants, was hidden from view by the dense smoke — while volley after volley from the French infantry thinned, though it could not shake, Picton's "fighting third."

It was a desperate and final effort. The allies were advancing in beautiful order; while confusion was already visible in the enemy's ranks, as their left attempted to retire by eschelons of divisions — a dangererous movement when badly executed. Presently the cannon were abandoned, and the whole mass of French troops commenced a most disorderly retreat by the road to Pamplona.

"The sun was setting, and his last rays fell upon a magnificent spectacle. Red masses of infantry were seen advancing steadily across the plain — the horse-artillery at a gallop to the front, to open its fire on the fugitives — the hussar brigade charging by the Camino Real — while the second division, having overcome every obstacle, and driven the enemy from its front, was extending over the heights upon the right, in line, its arms and appointments flashing glo-

riously in the fading sunshine of 'departing day.'"*

Never had an action been more general, nor the attacks in every part of an extended positon more simultaneous and successful. In the line of operations six bridges over the Zadorra were crossed or stormed. That on the road to Burgos enabled Lord Hill to pass; the fourth division crossed that of Nanclares; the light, at Tres Puentes; Picton and Dalhousie passed the river lower down; while Lord Lyndoch carried Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor, though both were strongly fortified, and both obstinately defended.

Driven completely through Vitoria, the French never made an attempt to rally. The formation of their army was totally destroyed, and its disorganization completed. Indeed, no defeat could have been more decisive—the *déroute* was general: and an army, at sunrise perfect in every arm, had become at evening a mixed and helpless mob. Even at Ocana and Medellin, the raw, undisciplined, and ill-commanded Spaniards had never been more completely routed. Very few of the infantry retained their muskets,† and many threw away

* "The Bivouac."

† "From the number of muskets left on the field, the wounded must have been very great: wounded men invariably get quit of everything that incumbers their retreat; but a musket is scarcely ever to be seen whole, as the first comer always snaps it across the small of the stock."—*Peninsular Recollections.*

their whole accoutrements in order to expedite their flight. All were abandoned to the conquerors—the travelling carriage of the pseudo-King, with his wardrobe, plate, wines, and private correspondence, were found among the spoils. Indeed, Joseph himself narrowly escaped from being added to the list; for Captain Wyndham made a bold dash at "The Intruder," with a squadron of the 10th hussars, and firing into the coach, obliged him to leave it, and ride off at speed under the protection of a strong escort of cavalry.

Night closed upon the victors and the vanquished—and darkness and broken ground favoured the escape of battalions flying from the field in mob-like disorder, and incapable of any resistance, had they been overtaken and attacked. Two leagues from Vitoria the pursuit was reluctantly given up,—but the horse-artillery, while a shot could reach the fugitives, continued to harass the retreat.

The whole baggage and field equipage of three distinct armies fell into the hands of the conquerors. One hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, four hundred caissons, twelve thousand rounds of ammunition, and two millions of musket-cartridges, with a thousand prisoners, were taken. The casualties on both sides were heavy. The British lost five hundred killed, two thousand eight hundred wounded; the Portuguese

one hundred and fifty killed, nine hundred wounded; and the Spaniards eighty-nine of the former, and four hundred and sixty of the latter. The French loss, of course, was infinitely greater; and even by their own returns it was admitted to amount to eight thousand: but, prisoners included, it must have exceeded that number considerably.

On the morning of the 22nd, the field of battle, and the roads for some miles in the rear, exhibited an appearance it seldom falls within human power to witness. There, lay the wreck of a mighty army; while plunder, accumulated during the French successes, and wrung from every part of Spain with unsparing rapacity, was recklessly abandoned to any who chose to seize it. Cannon and caissons, carriages and tumbrels, waggons of every description, were overturned or deserted, and a stranger *mélange* could not be imagined, than that which these enormous convoys presented to the eye. Here, was the personal baggage of a king; there, the scenery and decorations of a theatre. Munitions of war were mixed with articles of *virtú* — and scattered arms and packs, silks, embroidery, plate, and jewels, mingled in wild disorder. One waggon was loaded with money, another with cartridges—while wounded soldiers, deserted women, and children of every age, everywhere implored assistance, or threw themselves for protection on the humanity of the

victors. Here, a lady was overtaken in her carriage—in the next calash was an actress or fille-de-chambre,—while droves of oxen were roaming over the plain, intermingled with an endless quantity of sheep and goats, mules and horses, asses and cows.

That much valuable plunder came into the hands of the soldiery is certain; but the better portion fell to the peasantry and camp-followers. Two valuable captures were secured—a full military chest, and the baton* of Marshal Jourdan.

Were not the indiscriminating system of spoliation pursued by the French armies recollected, the enormous collection of plunder abandoned at Vitoria would appear incredible. From the highest to the lowest, all were bearing off some valuables from the country they had overrun; and even the King himself had not proved an exception, for, rolled in the imperials of his own coach, some of the finest pictures from the royal galleries were discovered. To secure or facilitate their transport, they had been removed from their frames, and deposited in the royal carriage, no doubt, destined to add to the unrivalled

* "It was rather more than a foot long, and covered with blue velvet, on which the imperial eagles were embroidered; and it had been tipped with gold, but the first finder had secured the gold for himself. The case was of red morocco, with silver clasps, and with eagles on it, and at either end the Marshal's name imprinted in gold letters."—*Southey.*

collection, that by similar means had been abstracted from the Continent, and presented to the Louvre. Wellington, however, interrupted the Spanish paintings in their transit—and thus saved the trouble and formality of a restoration.*

* "The Bivouac."

BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

Joseph Buonaparte retreats into France.—Pamplona blockaded, and San Sebastian besieged.—Battles of the Pyrenées.

The disordered state in which the French army appeared before the gates of Pamplona, rendered it advisable to forbid them entrance, and their retreat was necessarily continued. Graham, with the left corps of the allies, had endeavoured to cut off Foy; but, though he failed in effecting it, he forced him, after abandoning Tolosa, to cross the frontier. Hill's corps followed the French on the Pamplona road; and another part of his army was detached by Lord Wellington against Clausel by Logrono, while a second corps moved rapidly on Tudela to interrupt his retreat. By marching on Zaragossa, Clausel retired into France by the pass of Jaca; but, in this hasty operation he lost all his artillery, and was obliged to abandon a redoubt with its garrison, which some time after, fell into Mina's hands. Pancorba surrendered to O'Donel, and Passages to Longa; Castro and Gueteria were evacuated; and south

of the Ebro, every post, one after the other, was yielded to the Spaniards.

Successes followed the march of the allies. Suchet retired from Valencia on the 6th of July; and Joseph Buonaparte was driven from the valley of San Estevan on the 7th, by Hill and Lord Dalhousie, the first marching by the pass of Lanz, while the other turned the right of the enemy.

Wellington was now in possession of the passes of the Pyrenées; and in the short space of two months had moved his victorious army across the kingdom of Spain, and changed his cantonments from the frontier of Portugal to a position in the Pyrenées, from which he looked down upon the southern provinces of France.

Napoleon received intelligence of Lord Wellington's successes with feelings of undissembled anger and surprise. To recover the line of the Ebro was his instant determination — he knew the dangerous effect the presence of a British army on the frontier of "beautiful France" must of necessity produce; and Marshal Soult was specially despatched from Germany, to assume the chief command of the beaten army, and, if possible, restore its fallen fortunes.

Wellington foresaw the coming storm, and turned his immediate attention to the reduction of Pamplona and San Sebastian. From the strength of the former, and the excellent condition of its defences, the allied commander decided

on a blockade; and it was accordingly closely invested by General Hill. Redoubts were thrown up within fifteen hundred yards of the place, armed with the cannon taken at Vitoria; and to the Spanish army under O'Donel the conduct of the blockade was intrusted.

Graham, with his corps augmented to ten thousand men, was directed to besiege San Sebastian; and, on the 11th of July, he sat down before the place.

San Sebastian is built on a peninsula, its western defences washed by the sea, and its eastern by the river Urumea, which at high water rises several feet above the base of the escarp wall. A bold and rocky height, called Monte Orgullo, rises at the extreme point of a narrow neck of land—and on its summit stands the citadel of La Mota.

Eight hundred yards distant from the land-front, the convent of San Bartolemeo, with a redoubt and circular field-work, were garrisoned. These advanced posts were strongly fortified—and, as it was determined to breach the eastern wall and storm it afterwards at low water, when the receding tide should permit an advance by the left of the Urumea, it became necessary, as a preliminary step, to dislodge the enemy from the convent.

On the 14th of July, the guns in battery opened a heavy fire on San Bartolemeo; and by the

next day the walls of the building were injured considerably. Another battery, erected beyond the Urumea, fired with equal success upon the bastion; and on the 17th both works were carried by assault. Batteries, armed with thirty-two siege guns and howitzers, opened on the town wall from the sandhills; and on the 25th two breaches were effected, one of thirty yards extent, and the other of ten. A mine was also driven under the glacis—and its explosion was the appointed signal for an assault upon the breaches.

At first, the astounding noise distracted the garrison, and enabled the advance of both storming parties to gain the breaches; but the French recovered from their panic, and poured such a fire of grape and musketry on the assailants, that the breach was heaped with dead and dying, and the allies were driven back to the trenches with a loss of above six hundred men.—The loss of the British, from the 7th to the 27th of July, amounted to two hundred and four killed, seven hundred and seventy-four wounded, and three hundred missing.

This severe repulse, added to the certain intelligence that Soult was preparing to strike a grand blow, induced Lord Wellington to issue immediate orders to raise the siege.

Circumstances, indeed, rendered that step unavoidable. The French were already in motion—Soult had forced the passes on the right, penetrat-

ed the valleys of the Pyrenées, and was marching to relieve Pamplona.

Lord Wellington had a most extensive, and, consequently, a very difficult position to defend, his *corps d'armée* covering an extent of country extending from flank to flank over sixty miles of mountains, without lateral communications, or the means of holding a disposable reserve in the rear of passes, all of which must be defended, as the loss of one would render the defence of the others unavailing.

After issuing a spirited proclamation to his army, Soult lost no time in commencing operations. His corps had been organized anew, strongly reinforced, and strengthened in every arm, and more particularly in artillery. To relieve Pamplona, it would be necessary to carry the passes of Maya and Roncesvalles; and accordingly, the French Marshal suddenly assembled the wings of his army and a division of the centre, at St. Jean Pied de Port; while D'Erlon, with the remainder of the corps, concentrated at Espaletta.

By feints upon the smaller passes of Espagne and Lereta, D'Erlon masked his real attempt, which was to be made upon that of Maya, by a mountain path from Espaletta. From several suspicious appearances an attack was dreaded. Some light companies had consequently been ordered up—and with the pickets, they were as-

sailed at noon in such force,* that, though supported by the 34th, 50th, and 92nd, they were driven back on a height communicating with Echalar, when, reinforced by Barnes's brigade of the seventh division, they succeeded in repulsing the attack and holding their ground again.

The affair was very sanguinary. One wing of the 92nd was nearly cut to pieces. All the regiments engaged highly distinguished themselves—and the 82nd in particular. The allies lost nearly two thousand men, and four pieces of artillery.

Soult's advance on Roncesvalles was made in imposing force; but his movements were seen, and the necessary dispositions made for defeating them. General Byng, who commanded, sent Murillo's Spanish division to observe the road of Arbaicete, by which the pass of Maya might have been turned on the right; and descending the heights, placed his own brigade in a position by which that important road might be covered more effectually. Soult, however, directed his true attack upon the left. Cole was overpowered and driven back — but the Fusilier brigade sustained him, and the attack throughout being met with steady gallantry, was eventually defeated.

On Byng's division the French Marshal di-

* In fact, the picket was surprised — the advanced videts upon a height in its front having been overpowered by the heat, had fallen asleep, and thus allowed the French to approach the picket without giving an alarm.

rected his next effort; and with a force so superior, that, though obstinately resisted, it proved successful, so far as it obliged the weak brigades of the English General to fall back upon the mountains, and abandon the Arbaicete road, while Murillo's Spaniards were driven on the fourth division. Necessarily the whole fell back at night-fall, and took a position in front of Zubiri.

Picton's division united with the fourth next morning, and both fell leisurely back as the Duke of Dalmatia advanced. Picton continued retiring on the 27th, and that evening took a position in front of Pamplona to cover the blockade. General Hill having already fallen back on Irurita.

Nearly at this time Lord Wellington had come up; putting in motion the several corps which lay in his route to the scene of action—and at one end of a mountain village he pencilled a despatch, as a French detachment had entered by the other. Having despatched the order, he galloped to the place where Picton's divisions were drawn up—the third, on the right, in front of Huarte, and extending to the heights of Olaz—and the fourth, with Byng's and Campbell's brigades, formed on the left; their right on the road from Roncesvalles to Zubiri, and the left commanding that from Ostiz to Pamplona. The reserve was formed of the corps of Murillo and O'Donel—

while, on the only ground on which cavalry could act, the British dragoons were formed under Sir Stapleton Cotton.

Soult had occupied the high grounds in the front of those held by the allies. In the evening he made an effort to possess a hill occupied by a Portuguese and Spanish brigade on the right of the fourth division. These troops steadily resisted the attack, and, supported by a British and Spanish regiment, repulsed the French, until darkness ended the firing on both sides.

Pack's division came up on the 28th, and took a position in the rear of the fourth division, covering the valley of the Lanz. The village of Sorauren in their front was held by the French; and, in considerable force, they moved forward, and thence attacked the sixth division. But this movement was exposed to a flanking fire, that obliged the enemy to retire after suffering a serious loss. On the left of the division, a regiment of Portuguese Caçadores were driven back by a simultaneous attack—but Ross's brigade came rapidly forward, and completely repulsed the French. On the right, a renewed effort partially succeeded, as the Spanish regiments were deforced; but the 40th came to the charge, and cleared the hill of the enemy.

The French Marshal's efforts had been directed against the whole of the heights held by the fourth division. In almost all he was repelled—

but on the right of the brigade of Ross, Soult was for a time successful, and Campbell's Portuguese regiments, unable to bear the furious and sustained attack, lost ground, and allowed the enemy to establish a strong body of troops within the allied position. Of necessity, General Ross, having his flank turned, immediately fell back. Wellington saw the crisis, and the 27th and 48th were directed to recover the ground with the bayonet. Ross moved forward in support,—a brilliant and bloody struggle terminated in the total repulse of the French division, which, with severe loss, was precipitately driven from the height it had with such difficulty gained. At this period of the fight, Pack's brigade advanced up the hill. The French gave up further efforts on the position,—and a long, sanguinary, and determined contest terminated.

The fourth division in this affair had been most gloriously distinguished. The bayonet, in every trying exigency, was resorted to; the charges were frequent, and some regiments, the fusiliers (7th and 23rd), with the 20th and 40th, repeatedly checked an advance, or recovered lost ground, by "steel alone."

Hill's division had marched by Lanz, and Lord Dalhousie from San Estevan on Lizasso, and reached it on the 28th. The seventh division moved to Marcelain, and covered the Pamplona road. Soult, failing in his efforts on the front of

the position, determined to attack Hill's corps, turn the left of the allies, and thus relieve Pamplona.

D'Erlon had reached Ostiz on the 29th, and Soult detached a division from his own position to strengthen him. During the night of the 29th he crossed the Lanz, and occupied the heights in front of the sixth and seventh divisions, and withdrawing the corps hitherto posted opposite the third English division, his left wing closed in on the main position of the mountain, directly in front of the fourth division. D'Erlon's corps, now considerably strengthened, communicated by the right of the Lanz with the heights occupied by their left.

These dispositions of the French Marshal were at once penetrated by Lord Wellington, and he decided on driving the enemy from the main position, which, from its importance, was very strongly occupied.

Picton, crossing the heights from which the French corps had been recently withdrawn, turned the left of their position on the road to Roncesvalles, while Lord Dalhousie advanced against the heights in front of the seventh division, and gained their right flank. Packenham, with the sixth division, turned the village of Sorauren, and, assisted by Byng's brigade, carried that of Ostiz. These flank movements were executed with admirable rapidity, and enabled Cole, with part of the

fourth division, to assault the front of the enemy's position. His attack succeeded. The French gave way,—a noble chain of posts was forced on every side, as well by the dashing gallantry of the troops as the excellent dispositions of their leader.

The French had endeavoured to outflank General Hill; but Pringle's brigade manœuvred on the heights above the La Zarza road, and as the enemy extended by the right, they observed a parallel direction. During these movements front attacks were frequently and furiously made, and always repulsed by the bayonet. Sir Rowland steadily maintained his position behind Lizasso, until a strong corps, detached by D'Erlon, succeeded in filing round the left flank of the British brigades. No result of any importance ensued — for Hill leisurely retired on a mountain position at Eguarras, a mile in the rear, and every attempt made by D'Erlon to dislodge him proved a failure.

That night, Soult, discomfited in his numerous and well-sustained attacks on every position of the allied lines, fell back, and was vigorously pursued by his opponent. Two divisions were overtaken at the pass of Donna Maria, and brought to action. Although most formidably posted, they were driven from their ground by the second and seventh divisions — while at another point, Barnes's brigade made a daring and successful

attack on a corps of much superior strength, formed in a difficult position.

Wellington continued the pursuit to Irurita, the French retiring rapidly towards the frontier, from whence they had so confidently advanced, and on which they were as promptly obliged to recede. In their retreat through the valley of the Bidassao, the enemy's loss in prisoners and baggage was considerable. A large convoy was taken at Elizondo, and on the night of the 1st of August, the entire of the French corps were driven from the Spanish territory, and the British bivouacs once more established on the same ground which they had occupied previous to the advance of the Duke of Dalmatia.

During a continued series of bold operations, and constant and sustained attacks, the loss on both sides could not but be immense. Soult's amounted to at least eight thousand, and Wellington's to eight hundred and eighty-one killed, five thousand five hundred and ten wounded, and seven hundred and five missing. That the French Marshal was perfectly confident of succeeding, could be inferred from the tone of his address to the army, and the mass of cavalry and immense park of guns,* with which he had

* On the night of the 28th, Soult took the precaution of sending his artillery into France, or, there is no doubt that many of his guns would have been added to the immense park already captured from Joseph at Vitoria.

provided himself, and which, as they could not be employed in mountain combats, were evidently designed to assist in future operations that should succeed his deforcement of the allies from the Pyrenées, and the raising of the blockade of Pamplona. That garrison had sallied on the 28th and seized on several batteries; but these were immediately recovered, and the sortie defeated by the division of Don Carlos. Nothing could have been more annoying to the French Marshal than that he should have actually reached within one league of the blockaded fortress, and never be permitted afterwards to open the slightest communication with its garrison.

SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

Mountain bivouacs of the allies.—Siege of San Sebastian resumed.—Town taken by assault.—Affair of San Marcial.—Castle invested.—The garrison surrender.—Operations of the Anglo-Sicilian army.

After the retreat of Soult, the British and their allies resumed the positions from which they had been dislodged by the advance of the French Marshal, and re-established head-quarters at Lezeca. A short period of comparative inactivity succeeded: immediate operations could not be commenced on either side,—the enemy had been too severely repulsed to permit their becoming assailants again; while, on the other hand, Wellington would not be justified in crossing the frontier and entering a hostile country, with Pamplona and St. Sebastian in his rear, and garrisoned by the French.

Nothing could be more magnificent than the positions of the British brigades. For many a mile along the extended line of occupation, huts crowning the heights or studding the deep valleys below them, showed the rude dwellings of the mighty mass of human beings collected in that Al-

pine country. At night the scene was still more picturesque. The irregular surface of the sierras sparkled with a thousand watch-fires, and the bivouacs of the allies exhibited all the varieties of light and shadow which an artist loves to copy. To the occupants themselves, the views obtained from their elevated abodes were grand and imposing. One while obscured in fog, the hum of voices alone announced that their comrades were beside them,—while at another, the sun bursting forth in cloudless beauty, displayed a varied scene, glorious beyond imagination. At their feet the fertile plains of France presented themselves,—above, ranges of magnificent heights towered in majestic grandeur to the skies, and stretched into distance beyond the range of sight.*

Although no military movements were made, this inactive interval of a vigorous campaign was usefully employed by the allied commander, in organising anew the regiments that had suffered most, concentrating the divisions, replacing exhausted stores, and perfecting the whole *matériel* of the army. Those of the British near the coast, compared with the corps that were blockading Pamplona, lived comfortably in their mountain bivouacs; indeed, the task of covering a blockade is the most disagreeable that falls to the soldier's lot. Exposed to cold and rain, continually

* "The Bivouac."

on the alert, and yet engaged in a duty devoid of enterprise and interest, nothing could be more wearying to the troops employed; and desertions, which during active service were infrequent, now became numerous, and especially among the Spaniards and Irish.

The siege of San Sebastian was renewed. Guns, formerly employed, were re-landed,—the trenches occupied again, — and a large supply of heavy ordnance and mortars, received opportunely from England, were placed in battery. Lord Wellington was reinforced by a company of sappers and miners—and the navy, under Sir George Collier, assisted him with both men and guns. The batteries were consequently enlarged—and a furious sortie by the garrison on the night of the 24th producing little effect, on the 26th, a crushing fire opened from fifty-seven pieces of siege artillery.

On the same night the island of Santa Clara, situated at the entrance of the harbour, and partially enfilading the defences of the castle, was surprised and stormed by a mixed party of sailors and soldiers, and its garrison made prisoners. On the 27th, a second sortie on the whole front of the isthmus failed entirely, — and the assailants were instantly driven back. The siege and working artillery* had been now augmented to

* "The French lost many men by our spherical case-shot; and they attempted to imitate what they had found so destructive,

eighty pieces—and on the 30th the breaches were so extensively battered down, that Lord Wellington issued orders that they should be assaulted, and the next morning was named for the attempt.*

In the annals of modern warfare, there is no conflict recorded so sanguinary and so desperate as the storming of that well-defended breach. During the blockade, every resource of military ingenuity was tried by the French governor—and the failure of the first assault, with the subsequent raising of the siege, emboldened the garrison, and rendered them the more confident of holding out until Soult could advance and succour them. The time from which the battering guns had been withdrawn, until they had been again placed in battery, was assiduously employed in constructing new defences and strengthening the old ones. But though the place when reinvested was more formidable than before, the besiegers appeared only the more determined to reduce it.†

Morning broke gloomily—an intense mist

by filling common shells with small balls, and bursting them over the heads of the besiegers; but these were without effect."—

* "Men were now invited to volunteer for the assault, such men, it was said, 'as knew how to show other troops how to mount a breach.' When this was communicated to the fourth division, which was to furnish four hundred men, *the whole division moved forward.*"—*Southey.*

† "A mortar battery was erected to shell the castle from across the bay,—while a storm of round and case-shot was

obscured every object, and the work of slaughter was for a time delayed. At nine the sea breeze cleared away the fog; the sun shone gloriously out—and in two hours the forlorn hope issued from the trenches. The columns succeeded,*—and every gun from the fortress that could bear, opened on them with shot and shells. The appearance of the breach was perfectly delusive—nothing living could reach the summit—no courage, however desperate, could overcome the difficulties, for they were alike unexpected and insurmountable. In vain the officers rushed forward, and devotedly were they followed by their men. From intrenched houses behind the breach, the traverses, and the ramparts of the curtain, a withering discharge of musketry was poured on the assailants, while the Mirador and Prince batteries swept the approaches with their guns. To survive this concentrated fire was impossible; the forlorn hope were cut off to a man, and the

maintained so vigorously, that in a short time the fire of the enemy was nearly silenced."

In a tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain, and amid the uproar of elemental fury, three mines, loaded with sixteen hundred pounds of powder, were sprung by the besiegers, and the sea-wall completely blown down.

* The storming party was composed of volunteers; and they were given by the light, first, and fourth divisions, the brigades of Hay and Robinson, and the caçadores of General Spry. Robinson's brigade led the storm, and General Leith commanded the division.

heads of the columns annihilated. At last the debouches were choked with the dead and wounded, and a further passage to the breach rendered impracticable, from the heap of corpses that were piled upon each other.

Then, in that desperate moment, when hope might have been supposed to be over, an expedient unparalleled in the records of war was resorted to. The British batteries opened on the curtain—and the storming parties heard with surprise the roar of cannon in the rear, while, but a few feet above their heads, their iron shower hissed horribly, and swept away the enemy and their defences.

This was the moment for a fresh effort. Another brigade was moved forward—and favoured by an accidental explosion upon the curtain, which confused the enemy while it encouraged the assailants, the terre-plain was mounted, and the French driven from the works. A long and obstinate resistance was continued in the streets, which were in many places barricaded—but by five in the evening opposition ceased, and the town was in the possession of the British. Seven hundred of the garrison were prisoners, and the remainder, either disabled in the assault or shut up in the castle.

The unfortunate town seemed alike devoted by friends and enemies to destruction. The conquerors were roaming through the streets—the

castle firing on the houses beneath its guns. In many places fires had broken out — and a storm of thunder, rain, and lightning, added to the confusion of a scene which even in warfare finds no parallel.

The assault of San Sebastian cost a large expense of life, there being seven hundred and sixty-one killed, one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven wounded, and forty-five missing, and in that number many valuable officers were included. The head of the engineer department, Sir Richard Fletcher, was killed — and Generals Leith,* Oswald, and Robinson were returned in the list of wounded.

The Spanish corps of Friere formed a part of the covering army, and occupied the heights of San Marcial. Their front and left flank were covered by the Bidassao, and their right appuied upon the Sierra de Haya. On these heights Longa's guerillas were posted, and the first division in rear of Irun. The reserve was behind the left.

The French showed themselves at Vera on the 30th, and in consequence Generals Inglis and

* "A plunging shot struck the ground near the spot where Sir James was standing, rebounded, struck him on the chest, and laid him prostrate and senseless. The officers near thought that certainly he was killed; but he recovered breath, and then recollection, and, resisting all entreaties to quit the field, continued to issue his orders."—*Southey.*

Ross were moved, the former to the bridge of Lezeca, and the latter to a position on the Haya mountain, while a Portuguese brigade secured it from being turned on the right.

Two of the enemy's divisions forded the river on the morning of the 31st, and, in the front of the Spanish left wing, mounted the heights with determined gallantry. On this occasion the Spaniards behaved with courage worthy of their once chivalric name. Coolly waiting until the French divisions had topped the heights, they rushed forward with the bayonet, and bore them down the hill. So completely were they broken by this sudden and unexpected charge, that, driven into the river by the impetuosity of their assailants, many missed the fords and perished.

Undismayed by the repulse, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Bidassao, and passing fourteen thousand men, the French advanced again with renewed confidence against the Spanish lines. Wellington, in person, was present on the hill—his appearance was enthusiastically hailed—and deeds afterwards attested how powerful the influence of that presence proved. Before the French could gain the summit, the Spanish battalions boldly advanced to meet them; a bayonet rush was made — the enemy recoiled — the allies pressed them closely — a panic resulted — some rushed into the deeps of the Bidassao, and were drowned; others succeeded in finding the fords

and escaped. A multitude hurried towards the bridge; it soon was choked with fugitives—the pressure became too heavy for the pontoons to support—it suddenly sank—and of those upon it at the moment, few indeed gained the other bank in safety.

A renewed discomfiture, attended with such fatal consequences, and achieved by troops they had hitherto despised, astonished and chagrined the French officers; while the allied leader, surprised by this brilliant display of unwonted heroism, bestowed his highest commendation on the Spanish troops.

A simultaneous attack was made on the road leading to San Sebastian by the right of the Haya mountain, which runs past the village of Oyarzum. As the position was defective, the Portuguese brigade, which with Inglis' corps had been intrusted with its defence, fell back on the bold and rocky ridge on which stands the convent of San Antonio. Here, too, the French efforts were unavailing, and the enemy retired in despair. In the mean time heavy rains had caused a mountain flood—the river became impassable, the fords could not be crossed, and the bridge of Vera offered the only point by which they could retreat. That passage could not be effected with rapidity—and before one half of the French column had defiled, the light divisions were on the banks, and had opened a severe

and constant fire. This, with other losses, made the effort to relieve San Sebastian a most infelicitous attempt. Two generals and fifteen hundred men were lost on these occasions, and that, too, by a signal repulse from a force invariably mentioned by the French Marshals as contemptible.

Vigorous measures were in preparation for the reduction of the castle of San Sebastian. From the height of its escarpe, and the solidity of the masonry, La Mota could not be assaulted with any certainty of success — and a regular investment was requisite to obtain the place.

On the 1st of September the mortar-batteries commenced throwing shells; and, as the castle was indifferently provided with bomb-proof casemates, a considerable loss induced the governor* to offer a capitulation, but the terms were not such as could be granted. Batteries with heavy ordnance were erected on the works of the town, and on the 8th opened with such terrible effect, that in two hours the place was unconditionally surrendered. The garrison amounted to eighteen hundred men, of whom nearly a third were disabled.

San Sebastian was held to the last with excellent judgment and dauntless gallantry. Indeed, the loss of the besiegers bore melancholy confirmation of the fact, —for the reduction of that

* General Rey.

fortress cost the allies nearly four thousand men.

* * * * *

Before we record the triumphant entrance into the French territory by the allied troops, it may be necessary to casually notice the proceedings of the Anglo-Sicilian army in the east of Spain.

Lord Wellington had arranged, as a part of the military operations of the brilliant campaign of 1813, the liberation of Valencia, by forcing Suchet from that province, and obliging him to abandon afterwards the line of the Lower Ebro. This was perfectly practicable. The Spanish commanders were in force in Catalonia, — Del Parque in Murcia and Grenada,—the coast was open to the English shipping — and Sir John Murray could embark at Alicant, and land his army on any part of Catalonia that he pleased.

In pursuance of this plan, Sir John Murray appeared before Tarragona on the 2nd of June, landed next morning, and invested the place. His opening operations were successful. Fort Balaguer, after a day's bombardment, surrendered; and the French were confined to the possession of the inner defences of the town.

The siege was proceeding with every promise of a successful result, when Murray, learning that Suchet was advancing from Valencia, and Mathieu from Barcelona, raised it with such unnecessary precipitation, that nineteen battering guns were abandoned in the trenches, and the infan-

try and cavalry reimbarked with an ill-judged haste, that at the time not only produced considerable dissatisfaction among the troops, but afterwards subjected Sir John Murray to a court-martial. That it was a most uncalled-for proceeding on the part of the English General was subsequently ascertained, — for at the same moment Murray, Suchet, and Mathieu were actually retiring from each other. Murray suspected that he should be exposed to a combined attack — Mathieu dared not venture singly on the English — and Suchet, having left his artillery at Tortosa, feared to attack while unprovided with that most essential arm.

Lord William Bentinck's subsequent attempt on Tarragona, when Suchet retreated from the Ebro into Catalonia, was equally unsuccessful. Having moved from Villa Franca and advanced across to Ordal, on the night of the 12th of September, he was furiously attacked, and driven back on the main body, with a loss of four guns, and a thousand men *hors de combat.* The British retreated, pursued by Suchet and Decaen; and, after an affair between the Brunswick hussars and a French cuirassier regiment, highly creditable to the former, the English returned to Tarragona, and the French to their cantonments on the Llobregat. Lord Wellington resigned the command to General Clinton, and resumed that which he had previously held in Sicily.

BATTLE OF THE BIDASSAO.

Battle of the Bidassao.—Fall of Pamplona.

The capture of San Sebastian permitted the allied leader to prepare for a decisive movement so soon as the reduction of Pamplona would warrant his advance across the frontier. The enemy were strongly posted on the right bank of the Bidassao in front of Vera, and preparatory to assuming the offensive, Wellington determined to force that position and occupy it himself.

Every arrangement was made with his habitual secrecy. The fords were sounded and marked by fishermen, who created no suspicion, as, to all appearance, they were following their customary avocation, and hence their proceedings were unnoticed by the French videts. All was prepared for the attempt—and at midnight, on the 6th of October, the British divisions got silently under arms. A storm was raging furiously — thunder was pealing round them—lightning in quick and vivid flashes flared across the murky sky — the elemental uproar was reverberated among the Alpine heights above — and a wilder night was

never chosen for a military operation. Gradually the tempest exhausted its fury—the wind fell—the rain ceased — an overwhelming heat succeeded — and when the morning broke, the leading brigades, at seven different points, plunged into the Bidassao; while a rocket rose from the ancient steeple of Fontarabia, and the signal was answered by a combined movement from the heights of all the divisions there drawn up in order of battle.

Perfect success crowned this daring essay. The leading columns were nearly across the river before the French fire opened. Ground, difficult and broken in itself, had been carefully strengthened with numerous field-works; but all gave way before the desperate valour of the assailants. The light division, with the Spaniards under Longa, carried the intrenched position of Puerta-de-Vera. Redoubt and abattis were stoutly defended; but from all, in quick succession, the enemy were driven at the point of the bayonet. Night fell—the attack had everywhere succeeded—and the victors bivouacked on the field they won; and, for the first time, the allied forces slept upon French ground.

Here the British commander established himself, and awaited the fall of Pamplona, which Soult's repeated defeats rendered inevitable. The garrison still obstinately held out; and when their provisions were nearly exhausted, it was rumour-

ed that they intended, rather than surrender, to blow up the works, and take their chance of escaping. But an assurance from the Spanish commander, Don Carlos, that, should the place be destroyed, he would hang the governor and officers, and decimate the men, prevented the attempt; and, on the 30th of October, the garrison yielded themselves prisoners of war, and the place surrendered.

Winter had now set in, and a season of unusual severity commenced. The allies were sadly exposed to the weather, and an increasing difficulty was felt every day in procuring necessary supplies. Forage became so scarce, that part of the cavalry had nothing for their horses but grass; while the cattle for the soldiers' rations, driven sometimes from the interior of Spain, perished in immense numbers by the way, or reached the camp so wretchedly reduced in condition, as to be little better than carrion. Resources from the sea could not be trusted to; in blowing weather the coast was scarcely approachable, and even in the sheltered harbour of Passages, the transports could with difficulty ride to their moorings, in consequence of the heavy swell that tumbled in from the Atlantic. The cold became intense, — sentries were frozen at their posts, — and a picket at Roncesvalles, regularly snowed up, was saved with great difficulty. All this plainly showed that the present position of the allies was not

tenable much longer, and that a forward movement into France was unavoidable.

But great difficulties in advancing presented themselves; and, all things considered, success was a matter of uncertainty. Soult's army had been powerfully reinforced by the last conscription; and for three months the French Marshal had been indefatigable in fortifying the whole line of his position, and strengthening his defences, wherever the ground would admit an enemy to approach. The field-works extended from the sea to the river, as the right rested on St. Jean-de-Luz, and the left on the Nivelle. The centre was at La Petite Rhune and the heights of Sarré. The whole position passed in a half-circle through Irogne, Ascain, Sarré, Ainhoue, and Espelette. Though the centre was commanded by a higher ridge, a narrow valley interposed between them. The entire front was covered with works, and the sierras defended by a chain of redoubts. The centre was particularly strong, as a regular work, ditched and palisaded, protected it.

To turn the position, by advancing Hill's corps through St. Jean Pied-de-Port, was first determined on; but, on consideration, this plan of operations was abandoned, and, strong as the centre was, the allied leader resolved that on it his attack should be directed, while the heights of

Ainhoue, which formed its support, should, if possible, be simultaneously carried.

A commander less nerved than Lord Wellington, would have lacked resolution for this bold and masterly operation. Everything was against him, and every chance favoured the enemy. The weather was dreadful—the rain fell in torrents,—and while no army could move, the French had the advantage of the delay, to complete the defences of a position which was already deemed perfect almost as art and nature could render it. Nor did their powerful works produce in the enemy a false security. Aware of the man and the troops which threatened them, they were always ready for an attack. Their outpost duty was rigidly attended to. Before day their corps were under arms—and the whole line of defences continued fully garrisoned until night permitted the troops to be withdrawn.

At last the weather moderated. On the 7th, Ainhoue was reconnoitred by Wellington in person, and the plan of the attack arranged. No operation could be more plain or straightforward. The centre was to be carried by columns of divisions, and the right centre turned. To all the corps the respective points of attack were assigned, and to the light division and Longa's Spaniards the storming of La Petite Rhune was confided. The latter were to be supported by

Alten's cavalry, three brigades of British artillery, and three mountain guns.

The 8th had been named for the attack, but the roads were so dreadfully cut up, that neither the artillery nor Hill's brigade could get into position, and it was postponed for two days longer. The 10th dawned, a clear and moonlight morning. Long before day, Lord Wellington, and several of the generals of division and brigade, with their respective staffs, had assembled in a small wood, five hundred yards from the redoubt above the village of Sarré, where they only waited for sufficient light to commence the attack.

Nothing could exceed the courage and rapidity with which the troops rushed on, and overcame every artificial and natural obstacle. The third and seventh advanced in front of the village. Downie's Spanish brigade attacked the right, while the left was turned by Cole's, and the whole of the first line of defences remained in possession of the allies.

On this glorious occasion, the light division was pre-eminently distinguished. By moonlight it moved from the greater La Rhune, and formed in a ravine which separates the bolder from the lesser height. This latter was occupied in force by the enemy, and covered on every assailable point with intrenchments. As morning broke, the British light troops rushed from the hollow which had concealed them. To withstand their

assault was impossible — work after work was stormed; on they went with irresistible bravery, and on the summit of the hill united themselves with Cole's division, and pushed forward against the intrenched heights behind, which formed the strongest part of the position. Here a momentary check arrested their progress—the supporting force (Spanish) were too slow, and the ground too rugged for the horse artillery to get over it at speed. The rifles were attacked in turn, and for a moment driven back by a mass of the enemy. But the reserve came up; again the light troops rushed forward — the French gave way—and the whole of the lower ridge was left in possession of the assailants.

For four hours the combat had raged, and in every point the British were victorious. A more formidable position remained behind, and Wellington combined his efforts for a vigorous and general attack.

This mountain position extended from Mondarin to Ascain. A long valley, through which the Nivelle flows, traverses it; and as the ground is unequal, the higher points were crowned with redoubts, and the spaces of leveller surface occupied by the French in line or column, as the nature of the ground best admitted. Men inclined to fight never had a field that offered so many advantages; and there were none, save the British leader, and the splendid army he com-

manded, who would venture to assault equal numbers, posted as the enemy were.

The dispositions were soon complete—the word was given—and in six columns, with a chain of skirmishers in front, the allies advanced to the attack.

To carry a strong work, or assail a body of infantry in close column, placed on the crest of an acclivity that requires the attacking force to halt frequently for breathing-time, requires a desperate and enduring valour which few armies can boast. Such bravery on that occasion characterized the allied divisions. Masses posted on a steep height were forced from it by the bayonet, though hand and foot were necessary to enable the assaulting party to reach them. Redoubts were carried at a run, or so rapidly turned by the different brigades, that the defenders had scarcely time to escape by the rear. Nothing could resist the dash and intrepidity of the British; and over the whole extent of that formidable position, on no point did the attack fail.

The French were driven from their works, and forced in great confusion on the bridge of the Nivelle. One redoubt, from its superior strength, had been obstinately maintained—but the regiment that occupied it was completely cut off from retreating, and all made prisoners.

In every other point the British attack succeeded. Hill's division carried the heights of

Ainhoue, the whole of the redoubts falling to the British and Portuguese under Hamilton; while Stewart drove the enemy from a parallel ridge in the rear—and the divisions, by a united attack, forcing the enemy from their works at Espelette, obliged them to retire towards Cambo; thus gaining the rear of the position originally occupied, and forcing Soult's centre on his right.

The French Marshal formed in great force on the high grounds over Ascain and St. Pe, and Lord Wellington made instant dispositions to attack him. Three divisions, the third, sixth, and seventh, advanced against the heights—two by the left of the Nivelle, and one, the sixth, by the right bank. As the position was exceedingly strong, the enemy determined to hold it to the last, and maintained a furious cannonade, supported by a heavy fire of musketry. But the steady and imposing advance of the allies could not be repelled—and the French retired hastily. The right of the position was thus entirely cut through—and though for months the Duke of Dalmatia had been arming every vulnerable point, and his engineers had used their utmost skill in perfecting its defences, the British commander's dispositions were so admirably made and so gallantly carried out, that his numerous and most difficult attacks were crowned with brilliant success, unalloyed by a single failure.

Night ended the battle,—the firing ceased,—

Soult retreated, and covered by the darkness withdrew a beaten army, that had numbered fully seventy thousand men. His killed and wounded exceeded three thousand, besides a loss of fifty guns, and twelve hundred prisoners. The allies reckoned their casualties at two thousand four hundred killed and wounded; which, the nature of the ground, the strength of its defences, and the *corps d'armée* that held it considered, was a loss comparatively light.

PASSAGE OF THE ADOUR.

French and English positions. — Wellington advances. — The left wing of the allies attacked. — Soult defeated. — The French Marshal attacks the right, and is severely repulsed by General Hill. — Sir Rowland drives the French from their position, and Soult retires within his lines. — Defection of German regiments, who come over to the allies.

Soult halted his different corps in the intrenched camp of Bayonne, and Wellington cantoned his troops two miles in front of his opponent, in lines extending from the sea to the Nivelle, his right stretching to Cambo and his left resting on the coast. This change in his cantonments was productive of serious advantages. His wearied soldiery obtained rest, and many comforts which in their mountain bivouacs were unattainable; and though the enemy possessed unlimited command of a well-supplied district for their foraging parties, and the surface over which Lord Wellington might obtain supplies was necessarily circumscribed, his direct communication with the sea, and a month's rest in tolerable quarters, recruited his exhausted army and produced the best results.

But Wellington merely waited to mature his

preparations—and, to extend his line of supply, he determined to seize the strong ground between the Nive and the Adour, and confine Soult to the immediate vicinity of his own camp. Accordingly, on the 9th of December, the left wing of the allies, advancing by the road of St. Jean de Luz, gained the heights domineering the intrenchments of the French. The right forded the Nive above Cambo—while, by a bridge of boats, Clinton crossed at Nostariz, and obliged the enemy, to avoid being cut off, to fall back on Bayonne. At night, the French having retired to their posts within the fortified position they had occupied, Hope, with the left of the allies, recrossed the river to his former cantonments, having a direct communication open with Sir Rowland Hill, who had taken a position with his division, his right on the Adour, his centre in the village of St. Pierre, and his left appuied on the heights of Ville Franque. Murillo's division was in observation at Urcuray, and a cavalry corps at Hasparren.

The relative positions of the rival armies were greatly different. Soult possessed immense advantages; his *corps d'armée* were compactly bivouacked, with easy communications, every facility for rapid concentration, and the citadel of Bayonne to protect him if he found it necessary to fall back. The allies extended over an irregular line intersected by the Nive, with bad

roads, that rendered any rapid reinforcement of a threatened point altogether impracticable. Hence, Wellington was everywhere open to attack—and Soult could fall on him with overwhelming numbers and force an unequal combat, while but a part of the allies could be opposed to the combined efforts of the enemy. The French Marshal was aware of this—and it was not long before he endeavoured to profit by his advantage.

The left of the allies, under Sir John Hope, had the fifth division (Hay's) posted on the heights of Barouillet, with Campbell's Portuguese brigade on a narrow ridge immediately in their front. At Arcangues, the light division was formed on a strong height, at a distance of two miles from the fifth. The positions were separated by the low grounds between the hills, and the corps were consequently unconnected. Although both were strongly posted, still, in case of an attack, each must trust entirely to its own resources, and repulse the enemy without counting on support from the other.

Early on the 10th of December, Soult appeared on the road of St. Jean de Luz, and in great force marched directly against the allied left. The light and fifth divisions were simultaneously assailed; the former driven back into its intrenchments, and Campbell's brigade forced back upon Hay's at Barouillet. The intermediate ground between the allied positions was now in

the possession of the enemy, and thus Soult was enabled to attack the right of the fifth with vigour. Although assailed in front and flank, the allied division gallantly withstood the assault; and when the position was completely penetrated, the orchard on the right forced and occupied by the French with overwhelming numbers, the British and Portuguese held the heights, and, while whole sections fell, not an inch of ground was yielded.

Another and a more determined effort was made by the French Marshal, and made in vain. By a bold and well-timed movement of the 9th British and a Portuguese battalion, wheeling round suddenly and charging the French rear, the enemy were driven back with the loss of a number of prisoners. Fresh troops were fast arriving—the Guards came into action—and Lord Wellington reached the battle-ground from the right. But the French had been repulsed in their last attempt so decisively that they did not venture to repeat it. Evening closed — the firing gradually died away — and the allied divisions held the same positions, from which Soult, with an immense numerical superiority in men and guns, had vainly striven to force them.

The slaughter was great on both sides—and wearied by long-sustained exertion and weakened by its heavy loss, the fifth division was relieved by the first, who occupied the post their

comrades had maintained so gloriously. The fourth and seventh were placed in reserve, and enabled, in case of attack, to assist on either point, if Soult, on the following morning, as was expected, should again attempt to make himself master of Barouillet.

Nothing could surpass the reckless gallantry displayed by the British officers throughout this long and sanguinary struggle. Sir John Hope, with his staff, was always seen where the contest was most furious; and the only wonder was that in a combat so close and murderous, one remarkable alike in personal appearance and "daring deed," should have outlived that desperate day. His escapes indeed were many. He was wounded in the leg — contused in the shoulder — four musket-bullets passed through his hat, and he lost two horses. General Robinson, in command of the second brigade, was badly wounded—and Wellington himself was constantly exposed to fire. Unable to determine where the grand effort of his adversary should be directed, he passed repeatedly from one point of the position to the other — and that life so valuable to all beside, seemed "of light estimation" to himself alone.

The next sun rose to witness a renewal of the contest. In their attack upon the light division at Arrangues, the French, driven from the defended posts the chateau and church-yard afforded, retired to the plateau of Bassusarry, and

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there established themselves for the night. During the forenoon some slight affairs between the pickets occurred; but at noon the fusilade having ceased, the allies collected wood, lighted fires, and cooked their dinners. At two, a considerable stir was visible in the enemy's line, and their pioneers were seen cutting down the fences for the passage of artillery. Soult's first demonstration of attack was made against Arrangues, but that was only to mask his real object. Presently his tirailleurs swarmed out in front of Barouillet, attacked the British outposts, drove the pickets back, and moving in strong columns by the Bayonne road, furiously assailed the heights of the position. The wood-cutters, surprised by the sudden onset of the French, hurried back to resume their arms and join their regiments; while the enemy, mistaking the cause of this rush to their alarm posts, supposed a panic had seized the troops, and pressed forward with increased impetuosity. But the same results attended their attempt upon the first as on the fifth division; and the French were driven back with heavy loss. In the contests of two days not an inch of ground was yielded, and the left wing of the allies remained firm in its position, when night brought the combat to a close.

During the 12th, Soult still continued in front of the heights of Barouillet, and preserved throughout the day a threatening attitude. No

GENERAL

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, K.B.

London, R. Bentley, 1839.

serious attack, however, was made; some sharp skirmishing occurred between the pickets, and darkness ended these occasional affairs.

The grand object of the French Marshal, in his sustained attacks upon the allied left, was to force the position and penetrate to St. Jean de Luz. Although so severely handled in his attempts upon the 10th and 11th, the bustle visible along his line, and the activity of the officers of his staff during the morning of the 12th, showed that he still meditated a fresh effort. The imposing appearance of the allied troops on the heights of Barouillet, induced him to change his intention; and he made arrangements to throw his whole disposable force suddenly upon the right wing of the British, and attack Sir Rowland Hill with overwhelming numbers.

This probable attack had been foreseen by Lord Wellington — and, with his accustomed caution, means had been adopted to render it unsuccessful. In the event of assistance being required, the sixth division was placed at Hill's disposal; and early on the morning of the 13th, the third and fourth divisions moved towards the right of the allied lines, and were held in readiness to pass the river should circumstances demand it. As Lord Wellington had anticipated, Soult marched his main body through Bayonne during the night of the 12th, and at daylight pushing forward thirty thousand men in columns of great

strength, attacked furiously the right wing of the allies.

Hill had only fourteen thousand British and Portuguese to repel the French Marshal's assault, but the ground he occupied was capable of being vigorously defended. On the right, General Byng's brigade was formed in front of the Vieux Monguerre, occupying a ridge, with the Adour upon the right, and the left flanked by several mill-dams. General Pringle held the ridge of Ville Franque with his brigade; the Nive ran in front of his left, and his right also appuied on several mill-dams. The brigades of Generals Barnes and Ashworth were posted on a range of heights opposite the village of St. Pierre—while two Portuguese brigades were formed in reserve immediately behind Ville Franque. The general form of the line nearly described a crescent—and against its concave side, the efforts of the French Marshal were principally directed. The position extended from the Adour to the Nive, occupying a space, from right to left, of four miles.

The outposts stationed on the road from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port were driven back by the enemy's tirailleurs, followed by the main body of the French, who mounted the sloping ground in front of the British position, and supported by another division, which moved by a hollow way between the left centre and Pringle's brigade, came forward in massive columns. Sir

Rowland Hill at once perceived that Soult's design was to force his centre, and carry the heights of St. Pierre. To strengthen that part of the position, the brigade of General Byng was promptly moved to the right of the centre, leaving the Third (Buffs) regiment and some light companies at Vieux Monguerre—while a Portuguese brigade was marched from behind Ville Franque to support the left. The sixth division was apprised of the threatened attack, and an aide-de-camp despatched to order its immediate march upon the centre.

The French came on with all the confidence of superior strength, and a full determination to break through the British position, and thus achieve upon the right, that object which they had twice essayed upon the left in vain. Exposed to a tremendous fire of grape from the British guns, and a withering fusilade from the light infantry, they pressed steadily on, and, by strength of numbers, succeeded in gaining ground in front of the heights. But further they never could attain, as the supporting brigades joined on either flank, and every continued essay to force the centre was repulsed. A long and bloody combat, when renewed, produced no happier result, for the allies obstinately held their position. The Buffs and light companies, who had been forced by an overwhelming superiority to retire for a time from Vieux Monguerre, reformed, charged

into the village, and won it back at the point of the bayonet — when, after exhausting his whole strength in hopeless efforts to break the British line, Soult abandoned the attack, and reluctantly gave the order to fall back.

Not satisfied with repelling the enemy's attack, Hill in turn became the assailant, and boldly pursued the broken columns as they retired from the front of the position. On a high ground in advance of his intrenched lines, Soult drew up in force, and determined to fall back no further. The hill was instantly assaulted by Byng's brigade led on by the General in person. Unchecked by a storm of grape; and a heavy fire of musketry, the British, reinforced by a Portuguese brigade, carried the height, and the French were beaten from a strong position with a serious loss in men, and the capture of two pieces of cannon.

The third and sixth divisions came up as quickly as distance and difficult roads would permit—but the contest was ended; and Hill,* unassisted by any supporting troops, had, with his own corps,

* "This glorious battle was fought and won by Sir Rowland Hill with his own corps, alone and unassisted. Lord Wellington could not reach the field till the victory was achieved, and as he rode up to his successful general, he shook him heartily by the hand, with the frank remark, 'Hill, the day's your own.' He was exceedingly delighted with Sir Rowland's calm and beautiful conduct of this action, and with the intrepid and resolute behaviour of the troops."—*Sherer.*

achieved a complete and glorious victory. Every effort, continued with unabated vigour for five days, and with decided advantages on his side, had signally failed—and the Duke of Dalmatia was forced again to retire within his fortified lines between the Nive and the Adour, while the allies pushed their advanced posts to the verge of the valley immediately in front of St. Pierre.

In these continued actions the loss on both sides was immense. In the casualties of the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, the total, including four generals, amounted to five thousand and sixty-one *hors de combat.*

The French loss was infinitely greater—it is but a moderate estimate to place it at six thousand men. Indeed, no contests, sanguinary as most of them had been during the Peninsular campaigns, were attended with greater loss of life—and those well-accustomed to view a battle-field, expressed astonishment at the slaughter the limited spaces, on which the repeated struggles had occurred, exhibited at the close of every succeeding engagement.

Soult, defeated in the presence of thousands of his countrymen, and with every advantage locality could confer, had no apology to offer for the failure of his attacks—and if any additional mortification were necessary, the defection of the regiments of Nassau-Usingen and Frankfort would have completed it. After the first attempt

upon the allied left, these regiments abandoned the service of Napoleon; and, on an assurance of their being sent home, they came over in a body to the fourth division.

The winter had now set in with severity and ended all military movements for a season. The roads were impassable from constant rain, and the low grounds heavily flooded. The French took up cantonments on the right bank of the Adour; while the allies occupied the country between the left of that river and the sea. Every means were employed to render the troops comfortable in their winter quarters—and to guard against surprise, telegraphs were erected in communication with every post, which, by a simple combination of flags, transmitted intelligence along the line of the cantonments, and apprised the detached officers of the earliest movement of the enemy. Abundant supplies, and the advantage of an open communication with England, enabled the army to recruit its strength—and, with occasional interruptions of its quiet, the year 1813 passed away—and another, "big with the fate of empires," was ushered in.

BATTLE OF ORTHEZ.

Weather changes.—Operations recommence.—Harispe driven from his position by Wellington.—Preparations for passing the Adour.—Guards and Rifles cross over—are attacked, but maintain their ground until reinforced.—Soult takes a position at Orthez.

THE intrenchments into which Soult, on the failure of his attempts upon the allied positions, had withdrawn his troops, covered the approach to Bayonne on the side opposite to Anglet, retaining however, the village and the range of heights from the Biarits to the Nive. This strong camp rested its left flank on the river, below the Chateau de Marrac and its walled gardens — the whole position forming the segment of a circle, of which the cathedral of Bayonne might have been considered a centre, the extension being from the Nive to the Adour, opposite the Chateau de St. Bernard.

Soult prolonged his line to the confluence of the Bidouse below Guiche, and established head-quarters at Peyrehorade, at the junction of the Gave de Pau with the Gave de Oleron. The right of the French army was commanded by Count

Reille, the left by Clausel, the centre by D'Erlon, and a division at St. Jean Pied de Port, by Harispe.

Six weeks passed on. The weather was too inclement to allow movements to be made on either side—and the French Marshal was occupied in defending his extensive lines, and the allied General in preparing secretly for passing the Adour.

In February the weather changed—the cross-roads became practicable—and Lord Wellington, with his characteristic promptness, commenced preparatory movements for the execution of his grand conception.

To distract the attention of Soult from the defence of the Adour, Wellington threatened the French left on the Bidouse, and directed Hill's corps against that of Harispe. The latter, leaving St. Jean Pied de Port garrisoned, fell back on Hellete; retiring subsequently on the heights of La Montagne, and next day, uniting with another corps. Thus strengthened, Harispe formed in order of battle on a very strong position to the right of Garris.

The road, however, communicating with the bridge of St. Palais was uncovered—and though evening had come on, and the second division, and a Spanish corps under Murillo, were alone in hand, Lord Wellington determined to force the position. The Spaniards were desired to march rapidly on St. Palais, while, with Stewart's division, the heights should be carried. The

attack was gallantly made,—the enemy offered a brave resistance,—but the position was stormed in fine style, and held against every effort the French could make for its recovery. The contest continued until darkness had shrouded distant objects, while the battalions still fought with such furious obstinacy, that volleys were interchanged within pistol range, and the bayonet frequently resorted to. Finding it impossible to force those enduring troops from the ground they seemed determined upon keeping, Harispe, before Murillo could seize the bridge, succeeded in retiring his beaten corps. Falling back upon the Gave de Mauleon, he destroyed the bridge of Navarette; but the river was forded by the British, Harispe's position forced, and his division driven behind Gave de Oleron.

Soult instantly destroyed the communications, and rendered the bridges over the Adour impassable. The centre of the allies being now in force on the Bidouse, and concentrating on Sauveterre, the French Marshal retired from Bayonne, leaving a powerful garrison behind him for the protection of that important city.

All necessary preparations for the passage of the Adour had been completed, and from the co-operation of the British navy much assistance was expected. That hope was fully realized; and the noble exertions of the English sailors on the eastern coast of Spain, at St. Sebastian, and at

Passages, were crowned by the intrepidity with which the bar of the Adour was crossed. Undaunted by the failure of the leading vessels, which perished in the surf—with death before their eyes, and their comrades swamping in the waters—on came the succeeding *chasse-marées*. At last the true channel was discovered. Vessel succeeded vessel,—and before night a perfect bridge was established over the Adour, able from its solidity to resist a river current, and protected from any effort of the enemy by a line of booms and spars, which stretched across the river as a security against fire-ships, or any other means which the French might employ for its destruction.

Before the flotilla had entered the Adour, or the pontoons had arrived from Bedart, the Guards attempted a passage of the river, by means of small boats and a temporary raft formed of a few pontoons, and worked as a flying bridge, by means of a hawser extended from the opposite bank. As the strength of the tide interrupted this precarious mode of passage, when only six companies, with two of the 60th rifles, and a party of the rocket corps, had crossed, the position of this small body, isolated as it was, and open to the attack of overwhelming numbers, was dangerous in the extreme. Colonel Stopford, however, made the best dispositions in his power for defence, and formed with one flank upon the river, and the other appuied upon a

morass, while the heavy guns that had been placed in battery on the other shore, swept the ground in front of the position with their fire. As had been truly apprehended, an attack was made. The French advanced with fifteen hundred men, and the Guards and rifles received them steadily—the rocket corps, on either flank, opening with this novel and destructive projectile. A few discharges completely arrested the enemy's advance, and they hastily retired from the attack; while, at the turning of the tide, reinforcements were ferried over, and the position secured until the following evening, when the whole of the first division, with two guns and a few troops of dragoons, succeeded in effecting a passage.

Bayonne, in the mean time, was closely invested, and the garrison forced back from the villages in front of their lines, by Sir John Hope. Lord Wellington, having secured the attention of Soult by a formidable demonstration on his front, enabled Sir Rowland Hill to pass the Gave de Oleron unopposed, and thus turn the left flank of the French Marshal. Soult instantly retired and took a position behind the Pau, establishing his head-quarters at Orthez. Picton, with the third and light divisions, had followed Hill; Clinton, with the sixth, had crossed between Laas and Montford; and Beresford observed the enemy at Peyrehorade closely, and kept them within their intrenchments.

Lord Wellington decided on an immediate attack. The French were very strongly posted. The left wing, commanded by Clausel, rested on the Gave, and occupied the town of Orthez; the centre, under D'Erlon, was formed on the heights in the rear; while the right wing extended behind St. Boes, and held that village. Harispe's division was placed as a reserve in the rear, and crossed the great roads leading to Bourdeaux and Toulouse.

On the 27th, Wellington commenced his operations. The allied left wing, composed of the fourth and seventh divisions and Vivian's brigade, under Marshal Beresford, attacked the enemy's right at St. Boes; while the third and sixth divisions, under Sir Rowland Hill, with Lord Edward Somerset's light cavalry, were directed against Soult's left and centre. The British movements were ably executed. Hill crossed the river in front of the French left, and turned their flank—the enemy holding their ground with great obstinacy, while the allied attack was as remarkable for its impetuosity. A final and protracted struggle ensued—but the French, unable to sustain the combined assault of the allies, commenced retreating by divisions, and contesting every inch of ground as they abandoned it. Hill's parallel march was speedily discovered—and as that movement threatened their rear, the order of the retreat was accelerated, and gra-

dually assumed the character of a flight. The British pressed rapidly forward — the French as quickly fell back—both strove to gain Sault de Navailles — and though charged by the English cavalry, the enemy crossed the Luy de Bearne before Hill could succeed in coming up.

The defeat of the 27th was decisive. The French loss in killed and wounded was immense. Six guns and a number of prisoners were taken; the troops threw away their arms, many deserted altogether, and few defeats were marked by more injurious results to the vanquished, than those attendant upon that of Orthez.

The allied loss amounted to two hundred and seventy-seven killed, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three wounded, and seventy missing.

One circumstance occurred during this obstinate contest that displayed the readiness of Lord Wellington's decisions, and the rapidity with which he adopted measures to meet any incidental exigency.

A Portuguese battalion in advancing had been so roughly received, that it broke and fell back upon a brigade of the light division, who succeeded in covering its retreat. The nature of the ground on which the right of the enemy was posted, from its narrow front, confining the attack to a line of but two battalions; while a heavy battery of guns and a converging fire of musketry swept its approach and rendered the boldest efforts

of the assailants unavailing in carrying the height. Wellington perceived the difficulty, and in a moment changed his method of attack. Walker, with the seventh division, and Barnard, with a light brigade, were pushed up the left of the height to attack the right of the French at its point of junction with the centre; and Picton and Clinton were directed to advance at once, and not, as they had been originally ordered, await the result of Beresford's attempt upon the hill. The whole face of the battle was thus suddenly changed—the heights were speedily won—and the enemy, after a fierce resistance, driven fairly from their ground, and forced from a most formidable position.

That night the French retired to Hagetman, and, joined by the garrison of Dax, fell back on St. Sèver, and afterwards on Agen—Beresford advancing by Mont de Marsan, and Hill in the direction of Aire. Heavy rains favoured the French retreat, by impeding the advance of the allies—and it was the 2nd of March before Hill overtook them in front of Aire.

Although posted on formidable ground, Sir Rowland instantly and successfully brought them to action. The second division, with De Costa's Portuguese, advanced to the attack; the former by the road to Aire, and the latter by the heights upon the left of the enemy. The movement of Stewart's division was most bril-

liant; and though the Portuguese behaved gallantly and won the ridge, they were attacked furiously, unable to hold the ground, deforced, and driven in great confusion from the height. The French followed with a strong column; and the consequences threatened to be disastrous, but the success of the second division permitted Sir Rowland to detach Byng's brigade to the assistance of De Costa; and in place of assailing a broken corps, the enemy's columns were confronted by one in equal order, and already buoyant with success. The result was what might be expected. The French were charged and beaten from the field — the town and the position abandoned—the Adour hastily crossed — a number of prisoners made, and a regiment cut off and obliged to retire to Pau.*

Soult pursued the line of the right bank of the Adour, and concentrated at Plaisance and Maubourget, to await Lord Wellington's attack—but finding the road to Bourdeaux uncovered, the allied General marched his left wing directly on that city. On Beresford's approach, the garrison evacuated the place, crossing over to the right bank of the Garonne; and the authorities and inhabitants generally assumed the white cockade, and declared themselves in favour of the Bourbons.

* The allied loss in this spirited affair was only twenty killed, one hundred and thirty-six wounded, and two missing.

TOULOUSE.

Termination of the conference of Chatillon.—Wellington determines to reduce Bayonne.—Soult marches on Toulouse, and Wellington pursues him. — Description of Toulouse.— Passage of the Garonne effected. — Battle of Toulous e. — Subsequent events and movements.

The celebrated conference at Chatillon terminated on the 19th of March, and the allied Sovereigns determined to march direct upon the capital, of which they obtained possession on the 31st. The intelligence of this momentous event had not reached the south of France—and Lord Wellington made immense preparations to enable him to invest and reduce Bayonne. Fascines and gabions were obtained in abundance—a large supply of siege artillery, with shot and shells, was landed at Passages from England — scaling-ladders were constructed in the woods—the site of the batteries marked out—and all was ready for an investment.

One division being considered sufficient for the protection of Bordeaux, that city was intrusted to the care of Lord Dalhousie, and Marshal Beres-

ford was recalled, and joined the army with the remainder of his corps.

Soult had manœuvred to draw the allies from Bordeaux; and his *corps-d'armée* occupied positions on the right bank of the Adour, with advanced pickets in the town of Tarbes.

On the 20th of March, Hill's division was directed to attack the left wing of the enemy, after driving their outposts from Tarbes, while Clinton, with the sixth division, and Ponsonby and Lord Edward Somerset's cavalry brigades, should cross the river between Vic Bigorre and Rabastens, and, by turning the right of the French, gain Soult's rear. To guard against this menaced attack, the French Marshal retired under cover of the night, and fell back upon Toulouse, destroying the bridges as he passed them.

The unavoidable difficulty in crossing flooded rivers, and moving pontoons over roads nearly impassable from heavy rains, delayed the allied march. Soult, therefore, reached Toulouse in four days, while Wellington, by great exertion, was only enabled to arrive before it in seven.

Toulouse stands on the right bank of the Garonne, which separates it from a large suburb called Saint Cyprien. The eastern and northern sides of the city are enclosed by the canal of Languedoc, which joins the Garonne a mile below the town. On the east of the city is the

suburb of Saint Etienne; on the south that of Saint Michael, and on that side the great road from Carcassone and Montpellier enters the town. The population was estimated at fifty thousand souls—and it was generally understood that the inhabitants of Toulouse were secretly attached to the Bourbons.

The city is walled and connected by ancient towers. But these antiquated defences would avail little against the means employed in modern warfare. Soult, therefore, intrenched the faux-bourg of Saint Cyprien—constructed *têtes du pont* at all the bridges of the canal—threw up redoubts and breastworks, and destroyed the bridges across the Ers. The southern side he considered so secure as to require no additional defences, trusting for its protection to the width and rapidity of the Garonne.

The first attempt of the allied leader to throw a pontoon bridge across the river was rendered impracticable by the sudden rising of its waters. Higher up, the passage was effected, but the roads were quite impassable—and Lord Wellington determined to lay the pontoons below the city, which was accordingly done—and Beresford, with the fourth and sixth divisions, was safely placed upon the right bank.

This temporary success might have been followed by disastrous consequences. The Garonne suddenly increased—a flood came pouring down,

the swollen river momentarily rose higher — and to save the pontoons from being swept away, the bridge was removed, and the divisions left unsupported, with an overpowering force in front, and an angry river in their rear. Soult neglected this admirable opportunity of attacking them; and on the second day the flood had sufficiently abated to allow the pontoons to be laid down again, when Frere's Spanish corps passed over, and reinforced the isolated divisions. The bridge was now removed above the city, to facilitate Hill's communications, who, with the second division, was posted in front of the fauxbourg of Saint Cyprien. The passage of the third and light divisions was effected safely — and Picton and Baron Alten took up ground with their respective corps in front of the canal, and invested the northern face of Toulouse.

Early on the morning of the 10th, the fortified heights on the eastern front of the city were attacked. Soult had placed all his disposable troops in this position—and thus defended, nothing but determined gallantry on the part of the assailants could expect success.

The bridge of Croix d'Orade, previously secured by a bold attack of the 18th hussars, enabled Beresford and Frere to move up the left bank of the Garonne, and occupy ground in front of the heights preparatory to the grand attack. The sixth division was in the centre, with the

Spaniard's on the right, and the fourth British on the left. The cavalry of Sir Stapleton Cotton and Lord Edward Somerset, were formed in support of the left and centre; and Arentchild, now in command of Vivian's brigade, was attached to the left flank, while Ponsonby protected the right. The light division occupied the vacant ground between the river Garonne and the road to Croix d'Orade; its left abutting on the division under Frere; and the third—its right resting on the river—communicated with Hill's corps upon the left by means of the pontoon bridge. These divisions—those of Hill, Picton and Alten—were ordered to attack the enemy's intrenchments in front of their respective corps, simultaneously with the grand assault upon the heights.

The fourth and sixth divisions moved obliquely against the enemy's right, carried the heights, and seized a redoubt on the flank of the position; while the fourth Spanish corps, directed against the ridge above the road to Croix d'Orade, advanced with confidence, and succeeded in mounting the brow of the hill. But the heavy fire of the French batteries arrested their onward movement. They recoiled—became confused—and sought shelter from the fury of the cannonade in a hollow way in front of the enemy's position. The French, perceiving their disorder, advanced and vigorously charged. Frere vainly endea-

voured to rally his broken troops and lead them on again: they were driven back confusedly on the Ers, and their derout appeared inevitable.

Lord Wellington saw and remedied this reverse. Personally, he rallied a Spanish regiment, and bringing up a part of the light division, arrested the French pursuit, and allowed the broken regiments time to reorganize. The bridge across the Ers was saved — Frere reformed his battalions, and the fugitives rejoined their colours.

Beresford immediately resumed the attack—two redoubts were carried — and the sixth division dislodged the enemy, and occupied the centre of their position. The contest here was exceedingly severe—Pack, in leading the attack, was wounded —and in an attempt to recover the heights by the French, Taupin, who commanded the division, was killed. Every succeeding effort failed—and the British held the ground their gallantry had won.

Picton had changed a false into a real attack upon the bridge over the canal of Languedoc nearest its entrance into the Garonne — but the *tête du pont* was too strong to be forced, and he fell back with considerable loss. On the left, Sir Rowland Hill menaced the fauxbourg of Saint Cyprien, and succeeded in fully occupying the attention of its garrison, and prevented them from rendering any assistance when Soult was most severely pressed.

In the mean time, Beresford having obtained his artillery, resumed offensive movements, and advanced along the ridge with the divisions of Cole and Clinton. Soult anticipated the attack, and threw himself in front and flank in great force upon the sixth division; but the effort failed. The French Marshal was driven from the hill—the redoubts abandoned—the canal passed—and, beaten on every point, he sought refuge within the walls of Toulouse.

Few victories cost more blood than this long and hard-contested battle. The allied casualties, including two thousand Spaniards, nearly extended to seven thousand men. Several regiments lost half their number, and two, the 45th and 61st, their colonels. It was impossible to ascertain the extent to which the French suffered. Their loss was no doubt commensurate with that of the victors. Of their superior officers alone, two generals were killed, and three wounded and made prisoners.

On the night of the succeeding day, Soult, alarmed by Wellington's movements on the road to Carcassone, retired from the city, which next morning was taken possession of by the allies.

There was seldom a bloodier, and never a more useless battle fought, than that of the 10th of March.

On the evening of the 12th, an English and French field officer, Colonels Cooke and St.

Simon, arrived at the allied head-quarters with intelligence that, on the 3rd, hostilities had ceased, and the war had virtually terminated. A courier, despatched from the capital with this important communication, had been unfortunately interrupted in his journey; and in ignorance of passing events, the contending armies had wasted their best energies, and lost many of the bravest on both sides, in a bootless and unnecessary encounter.

Soult, on having the abdication of Napoleon formally notified to him on the night of the 13th, refused to send in his adherence to the Bourbons, merely offering a suspension of hostilities, to which Lord Wellington most properly objecting, instantly recommenced his pursuit of the French Marshal's beaten divisions. The advance, however, was not continued. Soult acknowledged the provisional government — and a line of demarcation was drawn between the allied troops and those of the Duke of Dalmatia.

An unnecessary expenditure of human life cannot be regarded without deep regret, bordering upon abhorrence. Surely enough of blood had been shed uselessly at Toulouse,* but it was destined that more should flow.

* The allied loss, according to official reports, was five hundred and ninety-five killed, four thousand and forty-six wounded, and eighteen missing.

SORTIE OF BAYONNE.

Bayonne invested.—Sortie on the night of the 13th.—Thouvenot driven back.—Wellington advances.—Soult sends in his adherence to the Provisional Government.—Wellington visits Paris and Madrid.—The army returns to England.—Duke of Wellington takes his seat in the House of Peers.

THE British and French officers having passed through Bordeaux, forwarded a hurried notification to Sir John Hope, announcing the termination of hostilities; but, unfortunately, no accredited person was despatched. Of course, Sir John waited for orders from Lord Wellington; but he communicated the important intelligence he had received to the French outposts—and as the siege guns had not arrived, no jealousy should have been entertained by Thouvenot, who commanded the garrison of Bayonne. Like Soult at Toulouse, that general, however, wantonly provoked an affair, from which no glory resulted to himself, and much blood was unnecessarily wasted.

On the night of the 13th, two deserters came over to the allied outposts, and gave information that the whole of the garrison were under arms, and prepared to make a sortie early on the fol-

lowing morning. At three o'clock the British regiments were formed and ready to receive the enemy—and a false attack was presently made on the outposts in front of Anglez. In the darkness, which was intense, the firing was too apparent in its feebleness, not to betray that the attempt was but a feint, and intended only to mask a more determined effort. The true attack was speedily made. The allied pickets in front of the citadel were partially surprised—and, rushing forward, two French columns with their customary impetuosity broke through the line of outposts stationed between St. Etienne and St. Bernard, while another powerful column moved upon the former village, and the whole line of pickets on the right bank of the river became seriously engaged.

A deep hollow way leads through St. Etienne, enclosed in some places by high banks, and at others by garden walls. The ground about St. Etienne is everywhere confined, and the communications are few and difficult. Hence, when the advanced line was broken, many of the pickets were totally cut off. In their attempts to retire, several murderous affairs ensued — when finding themselves desperately situated, they resorted to as desperate means. Some fought their way through, and succeeded in escaping — more, however, perished in the attempt, — and heaps of dead, both French and English, lay crowded together in

spaces of little extent, and the bayonet wounds by which they had mutually perished, betrayed the ferocity with which the British had resisted to the last.

As it might be naturally supposed that the grand object of the sortie would be the destruction of the bridge of vessels over the Adour, Lord Saltoun placed himself in readiness to repel the expected attack, and occupied in force the convent of St. Bernard, which he had already strongly fortified. The first division, moved forward to support the picket, was cannonaded by the French gun-boats, which dropping down the river had covered the sortie. The enemy came forward in imposing numbers — the whole of the village of St. Etienne fell into their hands — and while giving orders for the defence of some important buildings, Major-general Hay was unfortunately killed.

On the first alarm, Sir John Hope, with his staff, hastened towards St. Etienne—and not aware that the village was already in possession of the enemy, and that his pickets had retired, he entered the hollow road as the shortest way to reach the scene of action. In a few minutes the enemy's column was discovered in the feeble light, and the General wheeled round to extricate himself from the threatened danger of being taken. It was now too late—the French infantry hurried on, and commenced firing within a dozen yards — Sir

John's horse was killed, and falling on his leg prevented him from rising. Two of his staff dismounted to assist him, but they too were severely wounded, and rendered unable to relieve the General—and the whole fell into the hands of the enemy.* Sir John was immediately hurried to Bayonne, and on the road was again wounded in the foot by a shot from the English pickets. Other prisoners, of lesser note, had fallen into the hands of the French, during the darkness and confusion incident on a night attack—among these was Colonel Townshend, who commanded the pickets of the Guards.

The first brigade of Guards was now desired to support the right flank, and the second directed to recover the ground that lay between it and the village of St. Etienne. Finding the attack confined to the centre of the British lines immediately in front of the citadel, the third battalion of the Guards was detached, under Colonel Stuart, to regain the hollow road, and drive the enemy from the fields in its rear.

These attempts were finally successful. The Coldstream and First Foot Guards rushed forward on opposite flanks, cheering loudly as they charged—and the French, alarmed lest they should be cut off from Bayonne, rapidly retired

* "It appeared that the French were only able to extricate Sir John Hope by drawing his leg out of the boot, which was afterwards found under the horse's side."—*Batty.*

over the glacis of the citadel, suffering considerable loss* from the musketry of their pursuers.

The contest at St. Etienne had been maintained with great obstinacy. A company of the 38th, commanded by Captain Forster, occupied and held a house in that village, against every effort the enemy made to dispossess them. The little garrison were sadly reduced, when a brigade of Germans under General Hinuber, recovered the village, and saved the remnant of the gallant band.

A night attack is always attended by an awful grandeur that it is almost impossible to imagine or describe—and, in effect, nothing could exceed the sortie from the citadel of Bayonne. The deeper flashes of the cannon, the sparkling of the musketry, the sudden bursting of the shells, after describing curves of light in their transit,† and the brilliant illumination occasionally produced by the fire-balls thrown from the fortress to direct the range of its artillery, were singularly con-

* "When the enemy were driven out of St. Etienne, a field-piece was brought to bear on the retreating columns, and no less than thirteen rounds of grape and cannister shot were fired at them with effect as they retreated down the great road to St. Esprit. The slaughter at this point was terrific."—*Batty.*

† A shell by daylight is occasionally visible. "The twenty-four inch mortar fired at intervals during the day. The shell was distinctly seen making its curve, and alighting with great precision. In the air it had the appearance of a huge cricket-ball, and had, apparently, little velocity."—*Siege of Antwerp.*

trasted with the darkness of the night, which, after these brief and brilliant displays, appeared gloomier and denser than before. Presently, a fascine depôt became ignited by the bursting of a shell, and several houses at the same time caught fire and burned furiously, throwing a lurid glare over a field on which death was busy. To complete this fearful picture, the thunder of one hundred guns, and the bursting of shells, united with the cheering of the combatants and the cries of the wounded—all, in point of horror, rendering it, as a scene of slaughter, perfect.

On both sides the sortie of Bayonne entailed a deplorable loss of life. Independent of prisoners, the British numbered fully five hundred killed and wounded, while the French loss was estimated at eight hundred and fifty. Several superior officers fell—and a great number of subordinate rank were reckoned among the killed and wounded.

"Towards the close of the action, the moon had risen, and as dawn broke over the scene of battle, a spectator could discern the dreadful havoc that had been made. The French and English soldiers and officers were lying on all sides, either killed or wounded; and so intermixed were they, that there appeared to have been no distinct line belonging to either party."*

* "After the engagement was over, the outposts and their officers freely met each other,—when the British expressed

The command of the left wing devolved on Major-general Colville, and the rival armies continued to observe each other with the most jealous vigilance.

Lord Wellington never relaxed his active movements; and Soult having refused to acknowledge the provisional government, the allied commander advanced. The bold and decisive measures of the allied leader doubtless hastened the Duke of Dalmatia in making his decision — and, on the arrival of a second official communication, Soult notified his adherence, and hostilities ceased. Suchet had already shown him the example—and Toulouse displayed the white flag. A line of demarcation was made by commissioners between the rival armies, and a regular convention signed by the respective commanders. On the 27th, Thouvenot was instructed by Soult to surcease hostilities and acknowledge the Bourbons — the lilies floated over the citadel — and saluted by three hundred rounds of artillery, Napoleon's abdication, and the restoration of the Bourbons, were formally announced.

a becoming regret at the unnecessary loss of life the night affair had so uselessly occasioned. The French treated it with a levity that by no means raised them in English estimation. 'It was merely a light affair—nothing but a *petite promenade militaire*,; and not the slightest expression of regret was uttered for the many of their comrades who were lying thick upon the field."—*Batty*.

In the north of France, Napoleon's downfal had been hurrying rapidly to its close. The congress at Chatillon finally concluded its sittings on the 19th of March—and on the next day, Buonaparte was severely repulsed in a general engagement with the allies at Arcis. Even the repeated reverses he had latterly endured, could not extinguish that audacity of action for which the French Emperor was so remarkable. With a ruined army, he threw himself behind the Marne on the 22nd, regardless of the enormous *corps d'armée* collected in his front, and whose numbers were quite adequate to crush a force like his, weakened by defeat, and disheartened by the defection of the southern provinces. Directing his march on St. Dizier, he declared "that he should reach Vienna before the allies entered Paris." If this mad project were devised only to interrupt their advance on the French capital, it failed entirely,—the allied corps marched steadily on Paris—Marmont and Mortier were driven back upon that city—and the capital was regularly invested on the 29th.

Affairs had now reached a crisis. To defend the city with a corps not mustering twenty thousand men, would have been, with every assistance attainable from the inhabitants and *gendarmerie*, an act of madness. On the 30th, the

allies carried the heights of Bellevue. The marshals retired — Joseph, the ex-King of Spain, quitted the capital — and the city, evacuated by the regular troops, capitulated.

Failing in his effort at distracting the allied generals in their advance, Napoleon, after a smart affair, decided to countermarch on Paris — but the Prussian corps, that held Vitry, completely barred the direct line of march, and obliged him to take a circuitous rout. Having put his army again into motion, Buonaparte travelled post, and when within four leagues of Paris, learned that his capital was actually in possession of the allies. After much indecision he determined, with what troops he could collect, to march from Fontainbleau to Paris on the 3rd of April. But his history was already politically closed by a decree passed on the preceding day by the conservative senate. His deposition had been solemnly pronounced — the soldiery were liberated from their allegiance — all confidence, civil and military, was destroyed — and a throne, erected on the ruins of kingdoms, and cemented by seas of blood, crumbled into nothingness, and,

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a wreck behind."

With political events we have no business, and it is sufficient to cursorily observe, that arrange-

ments were effected for Napoleon's retirement from public life to the "lonely isle," where he might still, in fancy, "call himself a King." To this secluded spot, many of his old and devoted followers accompanied him. Peace was generally proclaimed over Europe; tranquillity restored in France; the "Grand Nation," to all appearance, contented itself with the change of government; the allied sovereigns retired with their respective corps, each to his own dominions; and the victorious army of Wellington quitted the French soil, on which it had consummated its glory; and received, on landing on the shores of Britain, that enthusiastic welcome which its "high deeds" and boundless gallantry deserved from a grateful country so well.

Lord Wellington quitted Toulouse on the night of the 30th of April, and reached Paris safely on the morning of the 4th of May. His reception by the restored monarch and the allied Sovereigns was most gratifying. None had done so much for the deliverance of Europe;—none, when all beside, with few exceptions, "blanched from the helm," so fearlessly persevered, regardless of disheartening abandonment abroad and more evil auguries at home. Advanced to a dukedom, the allied General had gained every honour to which a British subject was admissible — while every court in Europe had already marked their admiration and respect, by pre-

senting to the Liberator of Spain the insignia of the highest orders at their disposition.

The flattering reception bestowed upon the English Duke in the French capital detained him but a brief space from his high command. He left Paris on the 10th—hurried to Toulouse—arranged everything for a short absence—and hastened to Madrid to welcome the deposed monarch, who, through his instrumentality, had been replaced upon the throne. The honours already conferred upon the Duke by the Provisional Government were confirmed by Ferdinand, and the rank of Captain-General of Spain added to the rest. On the 5th of June he quitted Madrid,—reached head-quarters on the 10th,—reviewed those splendid divisions to whom so often he had pointed out the path of victory,—and, in a modest and plainly-written order, bade his companions in arms farewell—and returned to England "the admired" of his own, and the "envied one" of his opponents. His general order was dated the 14th of June,* and on the 23rd he landed at Dover and proceeded to the capital.

It is a singular, and, we believe, an unprecedented occurrence, that when presented to the

* It was a strange coincidence, that on that day twelve months, the Duke was employed in issuing orders for the concentration of his army, to crush the second and last effort of him who, for so many years, had swayed the destinies of empires.

Sir T. Lawrence P.R.A. pinxt. J.W.G. sculp.

Field Marshal His Grace

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

London, Published, [illegible]

House of Lords, four patents of nobility, namely, those of Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke, were severally read, when, for the first time, Wellington took his seat among the assembled Peers of Britain.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.—BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

Napoleon's return.—His enthusiastic reception.—Makes mighty efforts to restore the military power of France.—Duke of Wellington arrives in Brussels and takes the command of the allies.—Belgium.—Napoleon leaves Paris.—Drives in the Prussian outposts.—Ney attacks the Prince of Orange.—Wellington moves to his assistance.—Battle of Quatre Bras.

A FEW months passed away—Europe was apparently at rest—its military attitude was gradually softening down—and all the belligerent powers, weary of a state of warfare, that with slight intermission, had lasted for a quarter of a century, enjoyed the repose which the overthrow of Napoleon's power had produced. But this state of quietude was delusory—it was the treacherous calm that precedes a tempest. Untamed by adversity, that ambitious spirit was gathering strength for another effort—France was ready to receive him—past victories would thus be rendered useless—Europe convulsed again—and none could foresee what strange events the descent of Napoleon might produce.

No recorded career parallels that of Napoleon Buonaparte; and in the history of kings and con-

querors, the strangest story was his own. He seemed the shuttlecock of Fortune. She placed him "on a pinnacle of pride merely to mark her own mutability." Hurled from the sovereignty of half the world, his star had lost its ascendency, apparently to rise no more,—when, by the happiest accident, his voyage from Elba was uninterrupted — his landing unopposed—an enthusiastic welcome everywhere was given to the intruder—legions congregated at his bidding—the empire was offered and accepted—and the first intelligence of his descent, was closely followed by a formal acknowledgment of his restoration to the sovereignty of France.

Napoleon landed in the Var on the 1st of March, and on the 19th he slept in the palace of Fontainbleau. Louis had abandoned the capital, and in a few hours the dynasty of the Bourbons seemed forgotten. None opposed the return of the exile — his decrees were absolute, his wishes anticipated. The splendour of military parade delighted the soldiery, while the theatric glitter of a *champ de Mai*, was admirably adapted to catch the fancies, and win the momentary attachment of a gay and thoughtless people. The whole pageant, in scenic effect, was suited for those whom it was designed to lure—and on the 17th of April, Napoleon was formally restored to that empire, from which the same "sweet voices" had, but a few months before, so formally deposed him.

Parisian adulation, and the military devotion he received from the moment his foot touched the shore at Cannes, did not blind him to "coming events." A vain effort to make terms with the allied powers was scornfully rejected. At Vienna, his overtures were treated with disdain, and his letter to the English Regent was returned with the seal unbroken. He saw from all these premonitory occurrences, that a storm was about to burst, and lost no time in preparing for a determined resistance. A powerful army alone could avert the danger—and, with his customary tact, Napoleon made prodigous efforts to restore the military strength of the empire, which the Russian, German, and Peninsular campaigns had during the last years so miserably weakened.

French vanity was successfully appealed to, the memory of past victories recalled, and martial glory, that powerful touchstone of national feeling, successfully employed to win the people to his standard. The younger of the male population were called out by ordonnances, and the retired veterans collected once more around those eagles, which, in prouder days, had entered half the European capitals in triumph.

The military power of France was organized anew. Commissioners, specially employed, enforced the operations of Napoleon's decrees in every department of the kingdom. The Imperial

Guard was re-established — the cavalry increased and remounted—that powerful arm, the artillery, by which half the victories of the French army had been achieved, was enlarged and improved—and, in a time inconceivably short, a most splendid *corps d'armée*, perfect in every department, was ready for the field.

While Napoleon was thus engaged, Wellington, having signed on behalf of the Prince Regent the treaty of Vienna, arrived at Brussels on the 5th of April, to take command of the British army. There, the troops of the Prince of the Netherlands, with those of Nassau and Brunswick, were placed under his orders — the whole forming the Anglo-Belgic army.

The Prussian *corps d'armée* were cantoned in and about Namur and Charleroi — while Ostend, Antwerp, Tournay, Ypres, Mons, and Ghent, were occupied by the allies. The position of the Anglo-Belgic army was extended and detached—for the preceding harvest in the Low Countries had been unusually deficient; and of course, the British and Belgic cantonments covered an additional surface to obtain the requisite supplies.

The allied corps in June were thus disposed — Lord Hill, with the right wing, occupied Ath. The left, under the Prince of Orange, was posted at Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles. The cavalry, under the Marquis of Anglesea, were established round Grammont; and the re-

serve and head-quarters, under the Duke, were quartered in Brussels.

Belgium, for centuries, had been the seat of war. Every plain, every fortress, had its tale of martial achievement to narrate. Within its "iron frontier" there were few places which had not witnessed some affair of arms—the whole country was rife with military reminiscences, and destined yet to prove the scene where the greatest event in modern warfare should be transacted. As a country, Belgium was admirably adapted for martial operations: the plains, in many places extensive, terminated in undulated ridges or bolder heights; while the surface generally admitted the movements of masses of infantry. Canals, rivers, morasses, and villages, presented favourable positions to abide a battle, and difficult ones for an advancing army to force—while the fortresses everywhere offered facilities for retiring, and serious obstacles to those who must mask or carry them when advancing.

To a commander, circumstanced like Wellington, great perplexity, as to the distribution of his army, must arise. The mode and point of Napoleon's attack were alike involved in mystery. He might decide on adopting a defensive war, and permit the allies to become the assailants. This course was not a probable one—but where he would precipitate himself was the difficulty. He was already in great force around

Maubeuge and Binch, and consequently, Nivelles and Charleroi were equally exposed to aggression. On the right, he might attack Namur with Girard's corps; or, with D'Erlon's, advance on Courtrai by Lille; while leaving the wood of the Soignies on his right, he could reach Brussels by Mons and Braine-le-Comte, thus gaining the rear of the allies, and favouring an insurrectionary movement of the Belgiums, an event on which he placed considerable reliance. All these movements were open to Napoleon—and had he adopted others than he did at the opening of the campaign, that more fortunate results would have attended them, are now subjects only for military speculation.

Mean while, after leaving Paris on the 12th, and inspecting Laon as he passed, he reached Avennes on the 14th. The respective corps had moved instantaneously from their cantonments, and with admirable precision united themselves on the Belgic frontier, and to them Napoleon issued his celebrated address. A slight change of the poet's words would best describe it—

"It was his *boldest* and his last!"

The dangerous proximity of Brussels to the point where Napoleon's *corps d'armée* were concentrating, naturally produced an anxious inquietude among the inhabitants and visitants. The city was filled every hour with idle ru-

mours, but time alone could develope Napoleon's plans.

The first intelligence of a threatening movement on the part of the French Emperor, was forwarded to the Duke of Wellington, when Blucher learned that Zeithen's corps was attacked. The despatch reached Brussels at half-past four—but as it merely intimated that the Prussian outposts had been driven back, the information was not of sufficient importance to induce the British commander to make any change in the cantonments of the allied army. Nothing in fact could have been more masterly than the manner in which the different corps were already disposed. From necessity, they were extended over a large surface—but still they were so stationed as to admit a concentration of the whole within four-and-twenty hours, or a junction with the Prussian right, should a flank movement be found desirable.

A second despatch reached the Duke at midnight, and its intelligence was more decisive than the former. Napoleon was across the Sambre and in full march on Charleroi and Fleurus. Orders were instantly issued for the more detached corps to break up from their cantonments and advance upon Nivelles, while the troops in Brussels should march direct by the forest of Soignies on Charleroi. Thus there would be a simultaneous reunion of the brigades as they ap-

proached the scene of action, while their communication with the Prussian right should be carefully secured.

Blucher's second despatch was delivered to the British General in the ball-room of the Duchess of Richmond. That circumstance most probably gave rise to the groundless report that Wellington and the Prussian Marshal were surprised—but nothing could be more absurd than this supposition. Both commanders were in close and constant communication, and their plans for a mutual co-operation were matured. Where the intended attack—if Napoleon would indeed venture to become aggressor—should be made, was an uncertainty, — and it was arranged, that if Blucher were assailed, Wellington should move to his assistance, or, in the event of the British being the first object with Napoleon, then the Prussian Marshal should sustain the Duke with a corps, or with his whole army, were that found necessary. Nothing could be more perfect than the cordial understanding between the allied commanders — and the result proved how faithfully these mutual promises of support were realized.

A defensive war was better suited to the military resources of France, and more likely to excite national spirit, than a forward movement; but still, with his characteristic daring, keeping the Prussians for a time in check, Napoleon

might penetrate to Brussels by the road of Charleroi. It would have been undoubtedly a dangerous experiment—but circumstanced as he was, even with one hundred thousand Prussians on his flank, it was not improbable that the trial would be hazarded.

Two hours after midnight the gaiety of "fair Brussels" closed — "the drum beat to arms, and all was hurry and preparation." Momentarily the din increased, "and louder yet the clamour grew, as the Highland pibrock answered the bugle-call of the light infantry."* The soldiery, startled from their sleep, poured out from the now deserted dwellings; and the once peaceful city exhibited a general alarm.

The sun rose on a scene of confusion and dismay. The military assembled in the Place Royale; and the difference of individual character might be traced in the respective bearings of the various soldiery. Some were taking a tender—many, a last leave of wives and children. Others, stretched upon the pavement, were listlessly waiting for their comrades to come up: while not a few strove to snatch a few moments of repose, and appeared half insensible to the din of war around them. Waggons were loading and artillery harnessing; orderlies and aides-de-camp rode rapidly through the streets; and in the gloom of early morning the pavement sparkled

* "Stories of Waterloo."

beneath the iron feet of the cavalry, as they hurried along the causeway to join their respective squadrons, which were now collecting in the Park.

The appearance of the British brigades as they filed from the Park and took the road to Soignies, was most imposing. The martial air of the Highland regiments, the bagpipes playing at their head, their tartans fluttering in the breeze, and the early sunbeams flashing from their glittering arms, excited the admiration of the burghers who had assembled to see them march. During the winter and spring, while they had garrisoned Brussels, their excellent conduct and gentle demeanour had endeared them to the inhabitants; and "they were so domesticated in the houses where they were quartered, that it was no uncommon thing to see the Highland soldier taking care of the children or keeping the shop of his host."* Regiment after regiment marched off — the organization of all most perfect: — the Rifles, Royals, 28th — each exhibiting some martial peculiarity, on which the eye of Picton appeared to dwell with pride and pleasure as they filed off before him. To an indifferent spectator a national distinction was clearly marked: that of the Scotch bespoke a grave and firm determination—while the light step and merry glance of the Irish militiaman,

* "Paul's Letters."

told that war was the game he loved, and a first field had no terrors for him.

Eight o'clock pealed from the steeple clocks; all was quiet—the brigades, with their artillery and equipages, were gone—the crash of music was heard no longer—the bustle of preparation had ceased—and an ominous and heart-sinking silence succeeded the noise and hurry that ever attends a departure for the field of battle.

Napoleon's plan of penetrating into Belgium* was now so clearly ascertained, that Wellington determined to concentrate on the extreme point of his line of occupation. His march was accordingly directed on Quatre Bras, a small hamlet situated at the intersection of the road to Charleroi, by that leading from Namur to Nivelles.

This village, which was fated to obtain a glorious but sanguinary celebrity, consists of a few mean houses, having a thick and extensive wood immediately on the right, called Le Bois de Bossu. All around the wood and hamlet, rye fields of enormous growth, and quite ready for the sickle, were extended.

* "To the left wing, under Marshal Ney, was assigned the dangerous honour of encountering the British. The words '*Nous marchons contre les Anglais*' passed uncheered along the column, when its destination became known. The ill-omened sounds checked not indeed the spirits of the brave, but it was associated with too many fatal recollections, to elicit even a single shout of anticipated triumph from the most sanguine of that enthusiastic host."—*Campaign of Waterloo.*

After a distressing march of twenty-two miles in sultry weather, and over a country destitute of water, the British brigades reached the scene of action at two o'clock. They found the Prince of Orange with a division of his army endeavouring to hold the French in check, and maintain a position of whose great importance he was so well aware. The Prince, unable to withstand the physical superiority of Ney's corps, had gradually lost ground — the Hanoverians had been driven back—and the Bois de Bossu was won and occupied by the enemy.*

To recover this most important wood, from which the French could debouche upon the road to Brussels, was the Duke's first object. The 95th were ordered to attack the tirailleurs who held it; the order was gallantly executed, and after a bloody and sustained resistance the French were forced to retire.

On the left, the Royals and 28th were hotly engaged, and on the right the 44th and Highland regiments were simultaneously assailed. The battle now became general. Before the British could deploy, the French cavalry charged

* "And here we come to the first accusation preferred by Napoleon against Marshal Ney. The exile of St. Helena charges that gallant and intrepid officer, with having lost many hours of valuable time by delaying the attack on Quatre Bras till three o'clock in the afternoon, though Napoleon himself, whose army had a shorter distance to traverse, only began the attack upon Ligny at the same hour."— *Campaign of Waterloo.*

furiously — the tall rye masking their advance and favouring the attack. Generally these charges were unsuccessful, and the perfect discipline and steady courage of the English enabled them to repel the enemy. Lancers and cuirassiers were driven back with desperate slaughter — while whole squadrons, shattered in their retreat, and leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying, proved with what fatal precision the British squares sustained their fusilade.

The efforts of the French to break the squares were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape, and when an opening was made by the cannon, the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English—nothing could shake their steadiness. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier vainly endeavoured to penetrate.

One regiment, after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly, and on three different sides, assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence; and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard.

It was their colonel's, who called upon them to be "steady." On came the enemy!—the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet; while on every side of the devoted band, the corn bending beneath the rush of cavalry disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance blades nearly met the bayonets of the kneeling front rank — the cuirassiers were within a few paces—yet not a trigger was drawn. But, when the word "fire!" thundered from the colonel's lips, each side poured out its deadly volley — and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a constant stream of musketry from the British square, carried death into their retreating squadrons.

But, unhappily, these furious and continued charges were not always inefficient. On the right, and in the act of forming square, the 42nd were attacked by the lancers. The sudden rush, and the difficulty of forming in corn reaching to the shoulder, gave a temporary success to the assailants. Two companies, excluded from the square, were ridden over and cut down. The colonel was killed,—half the regiment disabled—but the remainder formed and repulsed the charge; while those detached in the *mêlée* fought back to back with desperate coolness, until the withering fusi-

lade of their companions dispersed the cavalry, and enabled them to rejoin their ranks.

The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade were hotly pressed by the enemy: there was not a moment's respite: for no sooner were the lancers and cuirassiers driven back, than the French batteries opened with a torrent of grape upon the harassed squares that threatened to overwhelm them. Numbers of officers and men were already stretched upon the field, while the French, reinforced by fresh columns, redoubled their exertions, and the brave and devoted handful of British troops seemed destined to cover with their bodies that ground their gallantry scorned to surrender. Wellington, as he witnessed the slaughter of his best troops, is said to have been deeply affected; and the repeated references to his watch, showed how anxiously he waited for reinforcements.

The Bois de Bossu had continued to be the scene of a severe and fluctuating combat. The 95th had driven the French out—but under a heavy cannonade, and supported by a cavalry movement, the rifles were overpowered by numbers, and forced to retire fighting inch by inch, and contesting every tree. Ney established himself at last within the wood—and ordered up a considerable addition to the light troops, who had already occupied this important point of the position.

The contest was at its height. The incessant assaults of the enemy were wasting the British regiments, but, with the exception of the Bois de Bossu, not an inch of ground was lost. The men were falling in hundreds—death was busy everywhere—but not a cheek blanched, and not a foot receded! The courage of these undaunted soldiers needed no incitement—but on the contrary, the efforts of their officers were constantly required to restrain the burning ardour that would, if unrepressed, have led to ruinous results. Maddened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action. The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge—and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield, and a murmur was sometimes heard of, "Why are we not led forward?"

And yet, though forward movements were denied them, the assailants paid dearly for this waste of British blood. For a long hour, the 92nd had been exposed to a destructive fire from the French artillery that occasioned a fearful loss. A regiment of Brunswick cavalry had attempted to repel a charge of cuirassiers, and repulsed with loss, were driven back upon the Highlanders in great disorder. The hussars galloped down a road on which part of the regiment was obliqued, the remainder lining the ditch in front. The rear of the Brunswickers intermingled with

the headmost of the French horsemen, and for a while, the 92nd could not relieve them with their musketry. At last the pursuers and pursued rode rapidly past the right flank of the Highlanders, and permitted them to deliver their volley. The word "fire!" was scarcely given, when the close and converged discharge of both wings, fell, with terrible effect, upon the advanced squadron. The cuirassiers were literally cut down by that withering discharge, and the road choked up with men and horses rolling in dying agony—while the shattered remnant of what but a few moments before had been a splendid regiment, retreated in desperate confusion to avoid a repetition of that murderous fusilade.

At this period of the battle, the Guards, after a march of seven-and-twenty miles, arrived from Enghein, from whence they had moved at three in the morning. Exhausted by heat and fatigue, they halted at Nivelles, lighted fires, and prepared to cook their dinners. But the increasing roar of cannon announced that the Duke was seriously engaged, and a staff officer brought orders to hurry on. The bivouac was instantly broken up —the kettles packed — the rations abandoned—and the wearied troops cheerfully resumed their march again.

The path to the field of battle could not be mistaken; the roar of cannon was succeeded by the roll of musketry, which was every step more

clearly audible; and waggons, heaped with wounded British and Brunswickers interspersed, told that the work of death was going on.

The Guards, indeed, came up at a fortunate crisis. The Bois de Bossu was won; and the tirailleurs of the enemy, debouching from its cover, were about to deploy upon the roads that it commanded, and thus intercept the Duke's communication with the Prussians. The fifth division, sadly reduced, could hardly hold their ground — any offensive movement was impracticable, and the French tirailleurs were issuing from the wood. But on perceiving the advancing columns they halted. The first brigade of Guards, having loaded and fixed bayonets, were ordered to advance — and, wearied as they were with a fifteen hours' march, they cheered, and pushed forward.* In vain the thick trees impeded them, and although every bush and coppice was held and disputed by the enemy— the tirailleurs were driven in on every side. Taking advantage of a rivulet which crossed the wood, they attempted to form and arrest the progress of the Guards. That stand was momentary—they were forced from their position, and the wood once more was carried by the British.

* "The undismayed gallantry of the Guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed chiefly of young soldiers and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action." —*Mudford.*

Their success was, however, limited to its occupation; the broken ground and close timber prevented the battalion from forming; and when it emerged — of course in considerable disorder — from its cover, the masses of cavalry drawn up in the open ground charged and forced it back. At last, after many daring attempts to debouch and form, the first brigade fell back upon the third battalion, which, by flanking the wood, had been enabled to form in square, and repulse the cavalry, and there the brigade halted. Evening was now closing in—the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler — a brigade of heavy cavalry with horse artillery came up—and, worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the fifth and third divisions took a position for the night upon the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this long and bloody day.

Thus terminated the fight of Quatre Bras—and a more glorious victory was never won by British bravery. Night closed the battle—and when the limited number of the allied troops actually engaged is considered, this sanguinary conflict will stand without a parallel. At the opening of the action at half-past two, the Duke's force could not have exceeded sixteen thousand — his whole cavalry consisting of some Brunswick hussars, supported by a few Belgian and Hanoverian guns. From the great distance of their cantonments from

the field of battle, the British cavalry and horse artillery arrived late in the evening. Vivian's brigade (1st Hanoverian, and 10th and 18th hussars) came up at seven o'clock—but the rest only reached Quatre Bras at the close of the action, having made a forced march from behind the Dender, over bad roads for more than forty miles. Ney, by his own account, commenced the action with the second corps and Excelman's cavalry—the former numbering thirty thousand, strong in artillery, and its cavalry, increased by that of the second corps, amounting to three thousand six hundred. The French Marshal complains that the first corps, originally assigned to him, and which he had left at Frasnes in reserve, had been withdrawn by Napoleon without any intimation, and never employed during the entire day—and thus, as Ney writes to Fouche, "twenty-five or thirty thousand men were, I may say, paralyzed, and idly paraded during the battle, from the right to the left, and the left to the right, without firing a shot." All this admitted, surely his means were amply sufficient to have warranted a certain victory? In numbers his cavalry were infinitely superior—his artillery was equally powerful; while in those important arms Wellington was miserably weak—and all he had to oppose to his stronger antagonist, were the splendid discipline and indomitable courage of British infantry.

The loss sustained by the British and their allies in this glorious and hard-contested battle amounted to three thousand seven hundred and fifty *hors de combat.* Of course the British suffered most severely, having three hundred and twenty men killed and two thousand one hundred and fifty-five wounded. The Duke of Brunswick fell in the act of rallying his troops, and an immense number of British officers were found among the slain and wounded. During an advanced movement the 92nd, after repulsing an attack of both cavalry and infantry, a French column, retreating to the wood, halted and turned its fire on the Highlanders, already assailed by a superior force. Notwithstanding, the regiment bravely held its ground until relieved by a regiment of the Guards, when it retired to its original position. In this brief and sanguinary conflict, its loss amounted to twenty-eight officers and nearly three hundred men.

The casualties, when compared with the number of the combatants, will appear enormous. Most of the battalions lost their commanding officers — and the rapid succession of subordinate officers on whom the command devolved, told how fast the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were disregarded — and men severely hurt refused to retire to the rear, and rejoined their colours after a temporary dressing. Picton's was a remarkable instance of this disregard of

suffering; he was severely wounded at Quatre Bras, and the fact was only ascertained after his glorious fall at Waterloo.

The French loss, according to their own returns, was "very considerable, amounting to four thousand two hundred killed or wounded;" and Ney in his report says, "I was obliged to renounce my hopes of victory; and in spite of all my efforts, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost efforts could only maintain me in my position-till the close of the day."

Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon-shot were heard after the day had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British with their brave allies, piled their arms and stretched themselves on the field.

While the British held their battle-ground, the Prussians had been obliged to retire in the night from Ligny. This, however, was not ascertained until morning—as the aide-de-camp despatched with the intelligence to Quatre Bras had unfortunately been killed on the road. Corps after corps arrived during the night, placing the Duke of Wellington in a position to have become

assailant next morning had Blucher maintained his position and repulsed Napoleon's attack.

The night passed—the wounded were removed*—the dead partially buried;—disabled guns were repaired, ammunition served out, and all was ready for "a contest on the morrow."

The intelligence of the Prussian retreat of course produced a correspondent movement—and the Duke of Wellington, to maintain his communications with Marshal Blucher, decided on falling back upon a position in front of the village of Waterloo, which had been already surveyed, and selected by the allied leader as the spot on which he should make a stand.

* "The wounded who had been collected during the night, were early in the morning sent off to Brussels. Every attention was bestowed upon them by the inhabitants. Wellington had taken the necessary precautions to secure them rest and relief; and the reception of the British wounded at Brussels, formed a striking contrast to the abandonment of the French sufferers at Charleroi. Napoleon left them to their fate; and such as escaped death among the ruins of Ligny and St. Amand, perished, for want of assistance, in the deserted streets of Charleroi."—*Stories of Waterloo.*

MOVEMENTS OF THE 17TH JUNE.

Napoleon arrives at Frasnes, and Wellington retires towards Waterloo. — Cavalry affair at Genappe. — The allies take their position. — Dispositions of the different corps.—The field of battle.

NAPOLEON had reached Frasnes at nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th, and determined on attacking the allied commander. Still uncertain as to the route by which Blucher was retiring, he detached Grouchy in pursuit with the third and fourth corps, and the cavalry of Excelmans and Pajol, with directions to overtake the Prussian Marshal, if possible, and in that case bring him to action.

While Buonaparte delayed his attack until his reserve and the sixth corps came up, his abler antagonist was preparing to retire. This operation in open day was difficult, as the Dyle was in the rear of the allies, and the long and narrow bridge at the village of Genappe, the only mean by which the *corps d'armée* could effect its passage. Wellington disposed some horse-artillery and dismounted dragoons upon the heights, and leaving

a strong rear-guard in front of Quatre Bras, he succeeded in masking his retreat until, when discovered, it was too late to offer any serious interruption to the regressive movement of the allies. While the rear of the columns were still defiling through the narrow streets of Genappe, Napoleon's advanced cavalry overtook and attacked the rear-guard, and a sharp affair ensued. The 7th Hussars, assisted by some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Light Dragoons, charged the French horsemen boldly—but they were repulsed; and a second effort was bravely but ineffectually attempted. The Life Guards were instantly ordered up, and led in person to the charge by Lord Anglesea, who was in command of the British rear-guard. Their attack was decisive — the enemy were severely checked, and driven in great disorder back upon their supports. No other attempt was made by the French cavalry to embarrass the retreat of the allied columns — and except by an occasional cannonade, too distant to produce any serious effect, the remainder of the march on Waterloo was undisturbed by the French advance.

The allies reached the position early in the evening, and orders were issued for the divisions to halt and prepare their bivouacs. The ground for each brigade was marked out — the troops piled their arms, the cavalry picketed their horses, the guns were parked, fires lighted along the

lines, and all prepared the best mode of sheltering themselves from the inclemency of the weather which scanty means would afford them in an exposed position like that of Waterloo.

All through the day rain had occasionally fallen, but as night came on, the weather became more tempestuous. The wind rose, and torrents of rain, with peals of thunder and frequent lightning, rendered the dreary night before the battle anything but a season of repose.

While the troops bivouacked on the field, the Duke of Wellington with the general officers and their respective staffs occupied the village of Waterloo. On the doors of the several cottages the names of the principal officers were chalked—"and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist!"

The ground on which the allied commander had decided to accept battle was chosen with excellent judgment. In front of the position the surface declined for nearly a quarter of a mile, and rose again for an equal distance, until it terminated in a ridge of easy access, along which the French had posted a number of their brigades. The intermediate space between the armies was covered by a rich crop of rye nearly ready for the sickle. In the rear, the forest of Soignies, intersected by the great roads from Charleroi to Brussels, extended; and nearly at the entrance to the

wood, the little village of Waterloo was situated. The right of the British was stretched over to Merke Braine, and the left appuied upon a height above Ter le Haye. The whole line was formed on a gentle acclivity, the flanks partially defended by a small ravine with broken ground. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in front of the left centre, was defended by a Hanoverian battalion —and the chateau of Hougomont, in advance of the right centre, was held by a part of the Guards and a few companies of Nassau riflemen. This was the strongest point of the whole position; and the Duke had strengthened it considerably, by erecting barricades and perforating the walls with loopholes, to permit the musketry of its defenders to be effectively employed.

Wellington's first line, comprising some of his best regiments, was drawn up behind these posts. The second was still farther in the rear, and, from occupying a hollow, was sheltered from the fire of the French artillery. The third was formed of the cavalry: they were more retired still, and extended to Ter le Haye. The extreme right of the British obliqued to Merke Braine and covered the road to Nivelles, while the left kept the communication with the Prussians open by the Ohain road, which runs through the passes of Saint Lambert. As it was not improbable that Napoleon might endeavour to reach Brussels by marching circuitously round the British right, a

corps of observation, composed of the greater portion of the fourth division, under Sir Charles Colville, was detached to Halle; and consequently those troops, during the long and bloody contest of the 18th, were at a distance from the field, and remained *non combattant.*

The allied dispositions were completed soon after daylight, although it was nearly noon before the engagement seriously commenced. The division of Guards under General Cooke, was posted on a rise immediately adjoining the chateau of Hougomont, its right leaning on the road to Nivelles; the division of Baron Alten, had its left flank on the road of Charleroi, and was drawn up behind the house of La Haye Sainte. The Brunswick troops were partly in line with the Guards and partly held in reserve; and the Nassau were generally attached to Alten's division. Some of the corps in line, and a battalion acting *en tirailleur*, occupied the wood of Hougomont. This *corps d'armée* was commanded by the Prince of Orange.

The British divisions of Clinton and Colville, two Hanoverian brigades, and a Dutch corps under the command of Lord Hill, were placed *en potence*, in front of the right.

On the left, the division of Picton, a British brigade under Sir John Lambert, a Hanoverian corps, and some troops of the Netherlands, extended along the hedge and lane that traverses

the rising ground between the road to Charleroi and Ter le Haye. This village, with the farm of Papilotte, contiguous to the wood of Frichemont, was garrisoned by a post of the Nassau contingent, commanded by the hereditary Prince of Weimar. The whole cavalry were under the immediate direction of the Earl of Uxbridge, and the artillery commanded by Sir George Wood.

No part of the allied position was remarkable for natural strength, and where the ground displayed any advantages, they had been carefully made available for defence. The whole surface of the field of Waterloo was perfectly open; the acclivities of easy ascent. Infantry movements could be easily effected — artillery might advance and retire, and cavalry could charge. On every point the British position was assailable; and the island soldier had no reliance but in "God and his Grace" — for all else depended on his own stout heart and vigorous arm.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Morning of the 18th. — Armies in each other's presence. — Opening, progress, and close of the battle. — Losses sustained.—Subsequent operations.—Conclusion.

THE rain still continued, but with less severity than during the preceding night; the wind fell, but the day lowered, and the morning of the 18th* was gloomy and foreboding. The British soon recovered from the chill cast over them by the inclemency of the weather; and from the ridge of their position calmly observed the ene-

* Napoleon passed the night of the 17th in a farm-house which was abandoned by the owner, named Bouquean, an old man of eighty, who had retired to Planchenoit. It is situated on the high road from Charleroi to Brussels. It is half a league from the chateau of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, and a quarter of a league from La Belle Alliance and Planchenoit. Supper was hastily served up in part of the utensils of the farmer that remained. Buonaparte slept in the first chamber of this house: a bed with blue silk hangings and gold fringe was put up for him in the middle of this room. His brother Jerome, the Duke of Bassano, and several generals, lodged in the other chambers. All the adjacent buildings, gardens, meadows, and enclosures, were crowded with military and horses.—*French Detail.*

my's masses coming up in long succession, and forming their numerous columns on the heights in front of La Belle Alliance.

The bearing of the French was very opposite to the steady and cool determination of the British soldiery. With the former, all was exultation and arrogant display; and, with characteristic vanity, they boasted of their imaginary success at Quatre Bras, and claimed a decisive victory at Ligny.

Although in point of fact beaten by the British on the 16th, Napoleon tortured the retrograde movement of the Duke on Waterloo into a defeat; and winning a field from Blucher, attended with no advantage beyond the capture of a few disabled guns, he declared in his despatches the Prussian army routed and disorganized, without a prospect of being rallied.

The morning passed in mutual arrangements for battle. The French dispositions for the attack were commenced soon after nine o'clock. The first corps, under Count D'Erlon, was in position opposite La Haye Sainte, its right extending towards Frichermont, and its left leaning on the road to Brussels. The second corps, uniting its right with D'Erlon's left, extended to Hougomont, with the wood in its front.

The cavalry reserve (the cuirassiers) were immediately in the rear of these corps; and the Imperial Guard, forming the grand reserve, were

posted on the heights of La Belle Alliance. Count Lobau, with the sixth corps, and D'Aumont's cavalry, were placed in the rear of the extreme right, to check the Prussians, should they advance from Wavre, and approach by the defiles of Saint Lambert. Napoleon's arrangements were completed about half-past eleven, and immediately the order to attack was given.

The place from which Buonaparte viewed the field, was a gentle rising ground* beside the farm-house of La Belle Alliance. There he remained for a considerable part of the day, dismounted, pacing to and fro with his hands behind him, receiving communications from his aides-de-camp, and issuing orders to his officers. As the battle became more doubtful, he approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance; and in the evening, just before

* The eminence on which Buonaparte was while he gave his orders during the battle, is part of the territory of Planchenoit. It is called the Field of Trimotio, and is the property of several individuals: it is not far from the farm of Caillou. Buonaparte retired to this house for a moment during the battle. After he had lost it, endeavouring to avoid the crowd in the great road, he threw himself into the orchard opposite this farm-house to get the start of the mass of fugitives. A part of these being closely pursued sought refuge in the buildings of the farm; they were set on fire, and several of them reduced to ashes.—*Letters of a French Officer.*

he made his last attempt with the Guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte. Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge immediately behind La Haye, but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose and danger threatened, there the Duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured, and more than on one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squares, the Duke was there for shelter.

A slight skirmishing between the French tirailleurs and English light troops had continued throughout the morning, but the advance of a division of the second corps, under Jerome Buonaparte, against the post of Hougomont,* was the signal for the British artillery to open, and was, in fact, the beginning of the battle of Waterloo. The first gun fired on the 18th was directed by Sir George Wood upon Jerome's advancing column; the last was a French howitzer, at eight o'clock in the evening, turned by a British officer against the routed remains of that splendid army with which Napoleon had commenced the battle.

Hougomont† was the key of the Duke's position, a post naturally of considerable strength, and care had been taken to increase it. It was garrisoned by the light companies of the Cold-

* "Details," &c. † "Details," &c.

stream and 1st and 3rd Guards;* while a detachment from General Byng's brigade was formed on an eminence behind, to support the troops who defended the house and the wood† on its left. Three hundred Nassau riflemen were stationed in the wood and garden; but the first attack of the enemy dispersed them.

To carry Hougomont, the efforts of the second corps were principally directed throughout the day. This fine corps, thirty thousand strong, comprised three divisions; and each of these, in quick succession, attacked the well-defended farm-house. The advance of the assailants was covered by a tremendous cross fire of nearly one hundred pieces, while the British guns in battery on the heights above returned the cannonade, and made fearful havoc in the dense columns of the enemy as they advanced or retired from the attack. Although the French frequently occupied the wood, it afforded them indifferent shelter from the musketry of the troops defending the house and garden; for the trees were slight, and planted far

* The loss of the Guards, in killed and wounded, in the defence of Hougomont, amounted to twenty-eight officers, and about eight hundred rank and file. The foreign corps (Nassau and Brunswickers) lost about one hundred.

† The proprietor of the ruins of the chateau of Hougomont has caused all the woods to be felled. Those trees, torn by a thousand balls, and that observatory, the witnesses of so much glory and so much suffering, have vanished for ever.

asunder. Foy's division passed entirely through and gained the heights in the rear; but it was driven back with immense loss by part of the Coldstream and 3rd Guards, leaving in its different attempts three thousand of its number in the wood and garden.*

At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house: the old tower of Hougomont was quickly in a blaze; the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there perished miserably. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot ploughed through the shattered walls and windows, the Guards nobly held the place, and Hougomont remained untaken. † It was computed that

* The attack against the position of Hougomont lasted, on the whole, from twenty-five minutes before twelve until a little past eight at night.

† "Within half an hour one thousand five hundred men were killed in the small orchard at Hougomont, not exceeding four acres. The loss of the enemy was enormous. The division of General Foy alone lost about three thousand; and the total loss of the enemy in the attack of this position is estimated at ten thousand in killed and wounded. Above six thousand men of both armies perished in the farm of Hougomont: six hundred French fell in the attack on the chateau and the farm; two hundred English were killed in the wood; twenty-five in the garden; one thousand one hundred in the orchard and meadow; four hundred men near the farmer's garden; two thousand of both parties behind the great orchard. The bodies of three hundred English were buried opposite the gate of the chateau; and those of six hundred French were burned at the same place."—*Booth.*

Napoleon's repeated and desperate attacks upon this post cost him eight thousand men. The British lost fourteen hundred.

The advance of Jerome on the right was followed by a general onset upon the British line. Three hundred pieces of artillery opened their cannonade, and the French columns in different points advanced to the attack. Charges of cavalry and infantry, sometimes separately and sometimes with united force, were made in vain. The British regiments were disposed, individually, in squares, with triple files, each placed sufficiently apart to allow its deploying when requisite. The squares were mostly parallel, but a few were judiciously thrown back; and this disposition, when the French cavalry had passed the advanced regiments, exposed them to a flanking fire from the squares behind. The English cavalry were in the rear of the infantry, the artillery was in battery over the line. Waterloo may be easily understood by simply stating, that for ten hours it was a continued succession of attacks of the French columns on the squares; the British artillery playing upon them as they advanced, and the cavalry charging them when they receded.

But no situation could be more trying to the unyielding courage of the British army than this disposition in squares at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimu-

lates the coldest and blunts the thoughts of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order, "Close up!—close up!" marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, when the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square, which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and "feed death," inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself.*

* Probably the statement of an enemy will bear the noblest testimony to the measureless bravery of the British infantry: General Foy thus notices them:—"We saw these sons of Albion, formed in square battalions, in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mount Saint John; to effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their ranks several times. The cavalry which supported them was cut to pieces, and the fire of their artillery completely silenced. The general and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops, were all flying in disorder, towards Brussels. Death was before them, and in their ranks; disgrace in their

At times the temper of the troops had nearly failed; and, particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of—"When shall we get at them?" showed how ardent the wish was to avoid inactive slaughter, and, plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companions. But the "Be cool, my boys!" from their officers was sufficient to restrain this impatience — and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour to arrive when victory and vengeance should be their own!

While the second corps was engaged at Hougomont, the first was directed by Napoleon to penetrate the left centre. Had this attempt succeeded, the British must have been defeated, as it would have been severed and surrounded. Picton's division was now severely engaged; its position stretched from La Haye Sainte to Ter la Haye; in front there was an irregular hedge; but being broken and pervious to cavalry, it

rear. In this terrible situation, neither the bullets (*boulets*, cannon-balls) of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the *majestic movement* which its battalions *commenced* some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age."—*Foy*.

afforded but partial protection. The Belgian infantry, who were extended in front of the fifth division, gave way as the leading columns of D'Erlon's corps approached — the French came boldly up to the fence—and Picton, with Kempt's brigade, as gallantly advanced to meet them.

A tremendous combat ensued. The French and British closed; for the cuirassiers had been already received in square, and repulsed with immense loss. Instantly Picton deployed the division into line; and pressing forward to the hedge, received and returned the volley of D'Erlon's infantry, and then crossing the fence, drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The French retreated in close column, while the fifth mowed them down with musketry, and slaughtered them in heaps with their bayonets. Lord Anglesea seized on the moment, and charging with the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, burst through everything that opposed him. Vainly the mailed cuirassier and formidable lancer attempted to withstand this splendid body of heavy cavalry: they were overwhelmed; and the French infantry, already broken and disorganised by the "fighting third," fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant charge.

But, alas! like most military triumphs, this

LIEUT. GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON, G.C.B.

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had its misfortune to alloy it. Picton fell! But where could the commander of the gallant Third meet with death so gloriously? He was at the head of his division as it passed forward with the bayonet; he saw the best troops of Napoleon repulsed; the ball struck him, and he fell from his horse; he heard the Highland lament answered by the deep execration of Erin; and while the Scotch slogan was returned by the Irish hurrah, his fading sight saw his favourite division rush on with irresistible fury. The French column was annihilated—and two thousand dead enemies told how desperately he had been avenged. This was, probably, the bloodiest struggle of the day. When the attack commenced, and it lasted not an hour, the third division exceeded five thousand men; and when it ended, it scarcely reckoned eighteen hundred!

While Picton's division and the heavy cavalry had repulsed D'Erlon's effort against the left, the battle was raging at La Haye Sainte, a post in front of the left centre. This was a rude farmhouse and barn, defended by five hundred German riflemen; and here the attack was fierce and constant, and the defence gallant and protracted. While a number of guns played on it with shot and shells, it was assailed by a strong column of infantry. Thrice they were repulsed; but the barn caught fire, and the number of the garrison decreasing, it was found impossible, from its ex-

posed situation, to supply the loss, and throw in reinforcements. Still worse, the ammunition of the rifle corps failed—and reduced to a few cartridges, their fire had almost ceased.

Encouraged by this casualty, the French, at the fourth attempt, turned the position. Though the doors were burst in, still the gallant Germans held the house with their bayonets; but, having ascended the walls and roof, the French fired on them from above, and, now reduced to a handful, the post was carried. No quarter was given, and the remnant of the brave riflemen were bayoneted on the spot.

This was, however, the only point where, during this long and sanguinary conflict, Buonaparte succeeded. He became master of a dilapidated dwelling, its roof destroyed by shells, and its walls perforated by a thousand shot-holes; and when obtained, an incessant torrent of grape and shrapnels from the British artillery on the heights above, rendered its acquisition useless for future operations, and made a persistence in maintaining it, a wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguished it in the history of modern slaughter. Although designated by Napoleon "a day of false manœuvres," in reality, there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo, than in any general action we have

on record. Buonaparte's favourite plan, to turn a wing, or separate a corps, was the constant effort of the French leader. Both were tried—at Hougomont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre.* Hence, the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, generally supported by a numerous and destructive artillery. Knowing, that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks, a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion — when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate — when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that "feeble few" showed a perfect front,† and held the ground they had originally taken — no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—"How

* "The Marshal told me, during the battle, that he was going to make a great effort against the centre of the enemy, while the cavalry should pick up the cannon, which did not seem to be much supported. He told me several times when I brought him orders, that we were going to gain a great victory."—*Drouet's Speech.*

† Several remonstrances from general officers were sent in to the Duke of Wellington, to retreat. His question was, "Will they stand?"—"Till they perish," was the reply. "Then I will stand with them to the last man."

beautifully these English fight! but they must give way!"

And well did British bravery merit that proud encomium, which their enduring courage elicited from Napoleon. For hours, with uniform and unflinching gallantry, had they repulsed the attacks of troops who had already proved their superiority over the soldiers of every other nation in Europe. When the artillery united its fire, and poured exterminating volleys on some devoted regiment, the square, prostrate on the earth, allowed the storm to pass over them. When the battery ceased, to permit their cavalry to charge and complete the work of destruction, the square was on their feet—no face unformed—no chasm to allow the horsemen entrance—but a serried line of impassable bayonets was before them, while the rear ranks threw in a reserved fire with murderous precision. The cuirass was too near the musket to avert death from the wearer. Men and horses fell in heaps—each attempt ended in defeat—and the cavalry retired, leaving their best and boldest before that square, which, to them, had proved impenetrable.

When the close column of infantry came on, the square had deployed into line. The French were received with a destructive volley, and next moment the wild cheer which accompanies the bayonet charge, announced that England advanced with the weapon she had always found irre-

sistible. The French never crossed bayonets fairly with the British; when an attempt was made to stand, a terrible slaughter attested England's superiority.

But the situation of Wellington momentarily became more critical. Masses of the enemy had fallen, but thousands came on anew. With desperate attachment, the French army passed forward at Napoleon's command—and although each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and mounting the ridge with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" exhibited a devotion which never had been equalled. Wellington's reserves had been gradually brought into action—and the left, though but partially engaged, could not be weakened to send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced; and the third division, already cut up at Quatre Bras on the evening of the 18th, presented but a skeleton of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before. The loss of individual regiments was prodigious. The 27th had four hundred men mowed down in square without drawing a trigger; it lost all its superior officers; and a solitary subaltern who remained, commanded it for half the day. Another, the 92nd regiment, when not two hundred were left, rushed at a French column and routed it with the bayonet; and a third, the 33rd, when nearly annihilated, sent to

require support—none could be given; and the commanding officer was told that he must "stand or fall where he was!"

Any other save Wellington would have despaired; but he calculated, and justly, that he had an army which would perish where it stood. But when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blucher? When evening came on, no doubt Buonaparte began to question the accuracy of his "military arithmetic,"—a phrase happily applied to his meting out death by the hour. Half the day had been consumed in a sanguinary and indecisive conflict; all his disposable troops but the Guard had been employed, and still his efforts were foiled; and the British, with diminished numbers, showed the same bold front they had presented at the commencement of the battle. He determined, therefore, on another desperate attempt upon the whole British line; and while issuing orders to effect it, a distant cannonade announced that a fresh force was approaching to share the action. Napoleon, concluding that Grouchy was coming up, conveyed the glad tidings to his disheartened columns. But an aide-de-camp quickly removed the mistake—and the Emperor received the unwelcome intelligence that the strange force, now distinctly observed de-

bouching from the woods of Saint Lambert, was the advanced guard of a Prussian corps. Buonaparte appeared, or affected to appear, incredulous; but too soon the fatal truth was ascertained.

While the delusive hope of immediate relief was industriously circulated among his troops, Napoleon despatched Count Lobau, with the sixth corps, to employ the Prussians, and, in person, directed a general attack upon the British line.

Mean while the Prussian advance had debouched from the wood of Frichermont, and the operations of the old Marshal, in the rear of Napoleon's right flank, became alarming. If Blucher established himself there in force, unless success against the British in his front was rapid and decisive, or that Grouchy came promptly to his relief, Buonaparte knew well that his situation must be hopeless. Accordingly, he directed the first and second corps and all his cavalry reserves against the Duke, — the French mounted the heights once more—and the British were attacked from right to left.

A dreadful and protracted encounter followed; for an hour the contest was sustained, and, like the preceding ones, it was a sanguinary succession of determined attack and obstinate resistance. The impetuosity of the French onset at first obtained a temporary success. The English light cavalry were driven back, and for a time a number

of the guns were in the enemy's possession,—but the British rallied again—the French were forced across the ridge, and retired to their original ground, without effecting any permanent impression.

It was now five o'clock; the Prussian reserve cavalry under Prince William was warmly engaged with Count Lobau. Bulow's corps, with the second, under Pirch, were approaching rapidly through the passes of Saint Lambert; and the first Prussian corps, advancing by Ohain, had already begun to operate on Napoleon's right.* Bulow pushed forward towards Aywire, and, opening his fire on the French, succeeded in driving them from the opposite heights.

The Prussian left, acting separately, advanced upon the village of Planchenoit, and attacked Napoleon's rear. The French maintaining their position with great gallantry, and the Prussians, being equally obstinate in their attempts to force the village, produced a bloody and prolonged combat. Napoleon's right had begun to recede before the first Prussian corps, and his officers, generally, anticipated a disastrous issue, that nothing but immediate success against the British, or instant

* Bulow died on the 25th of February 1816, of an inflammation of the lungs, at Koenigsburg, of which city he was governor. On his death the King of Prussia paid the most marked compliment of respect to his memory, by ordering every officer of his army to put on mourning for three days.

relief from Grouchy, could remedy. The Imperial Guard, his last and best resource, were consequently ordered up. Formed in close column, Buonaparte in person advanced to lead them on; but dissuaded by his staff, he paused near the bottom of the hill, and to Ney, that "spoiled child of victory," the conduct of this redoubted body was intrusted. In the interim, as the French right fell back, the British moved gradually forward; and converging from the extreme points of Merke Braine and Braine la Leud, compressed their extent of line, and nearly assumed the form of a crescent. The Guards were considerably advanced, and having deployed behind the crest of the hill, lay down to avoid the cannonade with which Napoleon covered the onset of his best troops. Ney, with his proverbial gallantry, led on the middle Guard; and Wellington, putting himself at the head of some wavering regiments, in person brought them forward, and restored their confidence.

As the Imperial Guard approached the crest where the Household troops were couching, the British artillery, which had gradually converged upon the *chaussée*, opened with cannister-shot. The distance was so short,* and the range so

* "When the Imperial Guards, led on by Marshal Ney, about half-past seven o'clock made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns, orders

accurate, that each discharge fell with deadly precision into the column as it breasted the hill. Ney, with his customary heroism, directed the attack; and when his horse was killed—on foot, and sword in hand, he headed the veterans whom he had so often led to victory. Although the leading files of the Guard were swept off by the exterminating fire of the English batteries, still their undaunted intrepidity carried them forward, and they gallantly crossed the ridge.

Then came the hour of British triumph. The magic word was spoken—"Up, Guards, and at them!" In a moment the Household brigade were on their feet: then waiting till the French closed, they delivered a tremendous volley, cheered, and rushed forward with the bayonet, Wellington in person directing the attack.

With the 42nd and 95th, the British leader threw himself on Ney's flank, and rout and destruction succeeded. In vain their gallant chief attempted to rally the recoiling Guard; and driven down the hill, they were intermingled with the old guard, who formed at the bottom in reserve.

In their unfortunate *mêlée*, the British cavalry seized on the moment of confusion, and plun-

were given to load with cannister-shot, and literally five rounds from each gun were fired with this species of shot, before they showed the least symptom of retiring. At the twenty-ninth round, their left gave way."—*Letters of an Artillery Officer.*

ging into the mass, cut down and disorganised the regiments which had hitherto been unbroken. The British artillery ceased firing, and those who had escaped the iron shower of the guns, fell beneath sabre and bayonet.

The unremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed, as, closing his telescope, he commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed; and, forming four deep, on came the British. Wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten, as with their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge; but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, as with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

But, panic-struck and disorganised, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear—the British bayonet was flashing in their front—and unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with equipages, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives.

Courage and discipline were forgotten; and Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck — a terror-stricken multitude! His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

Never had France sent a finer army to the field—and never had any been so signally defeated. Complete as the *déroute* at Vittoria had appeared, it fell infinitely short of that sustained at Waterloo. Tired of slaughtering unresisting foes, the British, early in the night, abandoned the pursuit of the broken battalions and halted. But the Prussians, untamed by previous exertion, continued to follow the fugitives with increased activity—nothing could surpass the unrelenting animosity of their pursuit; plunder was sacrificed to revenge—and the memory of former defeat and past oppression produced a dreadful retaliation, and deadened every impulse of humanity. The *væ victis* was pronounced — and thousands besides those who perished in the field, fell that night by the Prussian lance and sabre.

What Napoleon's feelings were when he witnessed the overthrow of his Guard—the failure of his last hope—the death-blow to his political existence, cannot be described, but may be easily imagined. Turning to an aide-de-camp, with a face livid with rage and despair, he muttered in a tremulous voice—"*A present c'est fini!—sauvons nous;*" and turning his horse, he rode hastily off

towards Charleroi, attended by his guide and staff.

* * * * *

In whatever point of view Waterloo is considered, whether as a battle, a victory, or an event, in all these, every occurrence of the last century yields, and more particularly in the magnitude of results. No doubt the successes of Wellington in Spain were, in a great degree, primary causes of Napoleon's downfal; but still the victory of Waterloo consummated efforts made for years before in vain to achieve the freedom of the Continent—and wrought the final ruin of him, through whose unhallowed ambition a world had been so long convulsed.

As a battle, the merits of the field of Waterloo have been freely examined and very differently adjudicated. Those who were best competent to decide, have pronounced this battle as that upon which Wellington might securely rest his fame—while others, admitting the extent of the victory, ascribe the result rather to fortunate accident than military skill.

Never was a falser statement hazarded. The success attendant on the day of Waterloo, can be referred only to the admirable system of resistance in the General, and an enduring valour, rarely equalled, and never surpassed, in the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance, at Water-

loo had no effect upon results; — Wellington's surest game, was to act only on the defensive. His arrangements with Blucher, for mutual support, were thoroughly matured, and before night the Prussians must be upon the field. Bad weather and bad roads, with the conflagration of a town in the line of march, which, to save the Prussian tumbrils from explosion, required a circuitous movement — all these, while they protracted the struggle for several hours beyond what might have been reasonably computed, only go to prove, that Wellington, in accepting battle, under a well-founded belief that he should be supported in *four hours*—and when single-handed he maintained the combat and resolutely held his ground during a space of *eight*, had left nothing dependent upon accident, but, providing for the worst contingencies, had formed his calculations with admirable skill.

The apologists for Napoleon lay much stress on Ney's dilatory march on Quatre Bras, and Grouchy's unprofitable movements on the Dyle. The failure of Ney upon the 16th will be best accounted for, by that Marshal's simple statement. His reserve was withdrawn by Napoleon—and when the Prince of Moskwa required, and ordered it forward, to make a grand effort on the wearied English, the corps "was idly parading" between Quatre Bras and Ligny; and during the arduous struggles at both places, that splendid

division had never faced an enemy nor discharged a musket. Ney's failure in his attack was therefore attributable to Napoleon altogether—for had his reserve been at hand, who can suppose that the exhausted battalions of the allies, after a march of two-and-twenty miles, and a long and bloody combat, must not have yielded to fresh troops in overpowering masses, and fallen back from a position no longer tenable? To Grouchy's imputed errors, also, the loss of Waterloo has been mainly ascribed both by Napoleon and his admirers. But neither was that Marshal's conduct obnoxious to the censure so unsparingly bestowed upon it—nor, had he disobeyed orders and acceded to the proposition of his second in command, would a movement by his left have effected anything beyond the delay of Napoleon's overthrow for a night. By following Girard's advice, and marching direct on Waterloo, the day would have ended, probably, in a drawn battle—or even Wellington might have been obliged to retire into the wood of Soignies. But in a few hours Blucher would have been up—in the morning the Anglo-Prussian army would have become assailant—and with numbers far superior, who will pretend to say that Napoleon's defeat upon the 19th, would not have been as certain and as signal as his *déroute* at Waterloo, upon the fatal evening that closed upon a fallen empire and a last field.

The allied loss* was enormous, but it fell infinitely short of that sustained by Napoleon's army. Nothing like an accurate return was ever made—but from the most correct estimates by French and British officers, upwards of five-and-twenty thousand men were rendered *hors de combat;* while multitudes were sabred in their flight, or perished on the roads from sheer fatigue, and in deserted villages for want of sustenance and surgical relief.

On the 19th the Duke of Wellington was again in motion, and having crossed the frontier, he

* Return of killed and wounded, with an abstract of the disposal of the wounded from the War-office, July 1815.

Killed on the spot, non-commissioned and privates,	1715
Died of wounds	856
Missing, supposed killed	353
Total	2924
Wounded	6831
Total killed and wounded	9755

Abstract of the disposal of wounded:—

Wounded by amputation	236
Discharged	506
Transferred to the veteran battalion	167
Rejoined their regiments	5068
In hospitals, under cure, 10th April 1816	854
Total wounded	6831

marched upon the French capital by Binch, Malplaquet, and Catcau Cambresis. Colville's division, composed of part of the sixth British and sixth Hanoverians, took the advance of the army, and carried Cambray by assault on the evening of the 24th. Peronne la Pucelle was on the following day stormed by the Guards—and on the 30th, the Duke of Wellington's light cavalry were close to the walls of Paris.

Grouchy's *corps d'armée*," amounting to forty thousand men, when detached on the 17th by Napoleon to prevent a junction of the Prussians with the British, reached Gembloux immediately after Blucher's rear-guard had quitted that place on its route to Wavre. At Baraque, early next morning, the French cavalry overtook the Prussians, and attacked and drove them back. At one o'clock a heavy cannonade was distinctly heard—and Gerard urged Grouchy to leave a corps of observation in front of the Prussians, and march direct on Waterloo, while Vandamme pressed the Marshal to move at once on Brussels. Grouchy, however, was determined to obey the strict letter of his instructions, and made every effort to bring the Prussians to action. At six in the evening, one of many officers, despatched by Napoleon to order Grouchy to march to his assistance, succeeded in finding the Marshal and delivered the order of the Emperor. It was now six o'clock.

The Marshal crossed the Dyle and moved rapidly towards Waterloo—but all there was lost; and at daybreak, on learning the fatal news, Grouchy abandoned his line of march, repassed the Dyle in four divisions, and joined the cavalry of Excelmans at Namur on the following morning. The Marshal, for a time, held that town; while his rear-guard, commanded by Vandamme, checked the Prussians—and then retiring by Dinant, he brought his corps safely to Paris after a march of eight days, and by a retreat that his enemies admitted to be conducted with admirable skill.

Meanwhile, Blucher, having masked the fortresses of Mauburge, Landrecy, and Phillipville, took possession of St. Quentin, and Zeithen advanced to Guise. On the 29th he halted in front of the French position between St. Denis and Vincennes—having succeeded in gaining a day's march on his indefatigable ally the Duke of Wellington.

On that evening Napoleon quitted the capital never to enter it again. Hostilities ceased immediately — the Bourbons were again recalled, and placed upon the throne—and Europe, after years of anarchy and bloodshed, at last obtained repose—while he, "alike its wonder and its scourge," was removed to a scene far distant from that which had witnessed his triumphs and his reverses — and within the narrow limits

of a paltry island, that haughty spirit, for whom half Europe was too small, dragged out a gloomy existence, until death loosened the chain, and the grave closed upon the Captive of Saint Helena.

DETAILS AND ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

MODERN WARFARE.

DETAILS AND ANECDOTES.

DEFEAT OF COLONEL BAILEY, *page* 13.

On the 24th July 1780, the cavalry of Hyder Aly, being within nine miles of Madras, a despatch was sent off to Colonel Bailey, who was in the Northern Circar, with a force of about three or four thousand men, to join Sir Hector Munro's army at the Mount at Madras. Most unfortunately, however, this order was subsequently changed, and Colonel Bailey was directed to proceed direct to Conjeverone. On his way to join Sir Hector Munro, he fell in with a detachment of Hyder's army, under the command of his son Tippoo, consisting of thirty thousand cavalry, eight thousand foot, and twelve pieces of cannon. Notwithstanding the vast numerical superiority of this force over that of Colonel Bailey, considerably weakened by a mutiny in the first regiment of cavalry, which it had been found necessary to march prisoners to Madras, they were most decisively repulsed. This victory, splendid as was the achievement, was dearly bought; since, by again diminishing the effective strength of this little army,

he considerably added to the dangers and difficulties of his situation. At this juncture Colonel Bailey sent off a messenger to Sir Hector Munro, informing him of the precarious state in which he found himself. In consequence, a detachment was sent to Bailey's assistance, under the command of Colonel Fletcher, consisting of the flank companies of the 73rd, two of European grenadiers, and eleven of Sepoys, making altogether about a thousand men.

Dreading an attack, Colonel Fletcher avoided it by altering his line of march, and making a wide detour, which, although it added to their fatigue, ensured their safety, and enabled them to join Colonel Bailey on the morning of the 9th, having, nevertheless, fallen in with Hyder's pickets close to his position at Perambaukum. The troops of this detachment, wearied as they were, were permitted to halt only till the evening, when the whole force marched under the command of Colonel Bailey to join Sir Hector Munro. Hyder had again obtained the most correct intelligence of their movements, and taking advantage of the necessary delay in the return of this gallant body of troops, enfiladed every part of the road by which they were to march with artillery, and placed his best infantry in ambuscade at every available point. The English troops had not proceeded more than four miles, when an alarm was given that the enemy was on their flank. They

immediately formed, but finding the attack was not serious, continued their march. The road lay through an avenue of banyan trees, with a jungle on either side, and upon their entrance into this road they were again attacked on their flanks by the enemy's opening two or three guns, and commencing a fire of some musketry from the thick part of the jungle. They instantly halted, and immediately afterwards endeavoured to take the guns, but the darkness frustrated their efforts. And then it was that Colonel Bailey determined to halt till daylight; a determination at first sight incompatible with the admitted necessity of making the march by night, and which, while it not only afforded an opportunity to the enemy to draw off his cannon to another and stronger point, which the English had inevitably to pass in the morning, practically announced to Tippoo the exact position in which he had checked them, and, moreover, suggested to Hyder the importance of advancing, in order to take advantage of their unexpected halt. Colonel Bailey's words, explanatory of his decision, which he addressed to Captain Baird, were; "I am determined to halt till daylight, that I may have an opportunity of seeing about me." At daylight they accordingly recommenced their march, and as the column moved out of the avenue into the plain, a battery of eight guns opened upon it, supported by a strong body of cavalry and infantry.

Bailey immediately ordered Captains Kenniedy and Gowdie, with the native grenadiers, to attack them; they did so, and succeeded in taking most of the guns, and in driving back the troops who supported them. But at this moment the heads of the different columns of Hyder's army appeared—Hyder having passed Sir Hector Munro in the night—moving down upon the line, which induced Kennedy and Gowdie immediately to call off their detachment from the captured guns to join the main body. At this juncture Bailey formed his force, consisting of little more than three thousand men, in line upon the bank of an old nullah, or water-course, and opened his guns upon the enemy; but Hyder, too powerful an antagonist for a mere handful of men, so disposed his immense army as completely to surround him, and commenced a destructive fire upon him from his artillery in every direction. The various descriptions of this memorable and most unequal contest all agree in confirming the belief, that vast as was the disparity between the contending armies, and although Hyder had upwards of seventy pieces of cannon in the field, the day would have been won by the English if the fortune of war had not been so decidedly against them. The enemy were repeatedly and continually repulsed, their infantry gave way, while their cavalry were falling in all directions, and it is said, Hyder was only

prevented from retreating by the persuasions of Colonel Lally, who represented to him that retiring would bring him in contact with Sir Hector Munro, who was in his rear; and at this moment, and while the English were actually sustaining the combined attack of Hyder and his son Tippoo, two of their tumbrils exploded, and in an instant the brave men, who were on the eve of gaining one of the most splendid victories ever achieved, were deprived of their ammuniton and the services of all their artillery. In this helpless and dreadful state, under a heavy and tremendous fire of cannon and rockets, these gallant, but unfortunate soldiers, remained from half-past seven until nine o'clock. The slaughter of the British began to be tremendous, as the enemy closed in upon them on every side. Colonel Fletcher had carried off the grenadier company of the 73rd, to support the rear-guard, and was never heard of more. Hyder Aly came with his whole army on their right flank, charging them with columns of horse, while the infantry kept up a heavy fire of musketry. These were followed by the elephants and Mysore cavalry, which completed the overthrow of the gallant band of heroes. In the midst of this, Colonel Bailey, wounded as he was, formed his men into a square, and without ammunition, received and repulsed thirteen different attacks of the enemy's squadrons. At length the case became evidently

hopeless, and the Sepoys, under Captain Lucas, having been broken and dispersed, Colonel Bailey, seeing that further resistance was vain, tied his handkerchief on his sword as a flag-of-truce, and ordered Captain Baird, who was now second in command, to cease firing. Hyder's officers refused to attend to Colonel Bailey's signal, pointing to the Sepoys, who in their confusion were still continuing to fire; this, however, being explained, they agreed to give quarter, and Colonel Bailey directed Captain Baird to order his men to ground their arms. The order was of course obeyed, and the instant it was so, the enemy's cavalry, commanded by Tippoo Saib in person, rushed upon the unarmed troops before they could recover themselves, chopping down every man within their reach.*

EFFECTIVE STRENGTH OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY,
page 47.

Guards,	Major-General Ludlow.
1st, or Royals, 2nd battalions 54th, 92nd,	Major-General Coote.
8th, 13th, 90th,	Major-General Craddock.

* Abridged from Hook's "Life of Baird."

2d, or Queen's 50th, 79th,	Major-General Lord Cavan.
18th, 30th, 44th, 89th,	Brigadier-General Doyle.
Minorca, De Rolde's, Dillon's,	Major-General Stuart.

RESERVE.

40th, Flank Comp. 23rd, 28th, 42nd, 58th, Corsican Rangers,	Major-General Moore.
Detach. 11th Drag. 12th Dragoons, 26th Dragoons,	Brigadier-General Finch.
Artil. and Prince's,	Brigadier-General Lawson.

EXPLOIT OF A FRENCH FRIGATE, *page* 47.

On the morning of the 2nd of March, a frigate was seen standing into Alexandria. Pursuit was unavailing; she reached the harbour, and hoisting French colours, proved unequivocally her na-

tion. It will scarcely be credited that a French frigate, finding herself unexpectedly in the midst of an English fleet, should have been so capable directly to disguise herself, as to continue unsuspected on her course with it, which she did the whole day before, answering the various signals made, and yet never attracted the smallest suspicion; nevertheless it is a fact, and must remain on record as an honourable anecdote to the credit of the French captain of the Regenerée. During the night a brig, the Lodi, also entered, but which was not then known.*

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STRICTURES ON THE ADVANCE BY THE BRITISH, *page 55.*

"Happy would it have been, however, if the army had never advanced beyond the first captured position—as far as that it had gloriously triumphed. The loss which it had sustained was inconsiderable; but it was a fatal movement which brought it so entirely within cannon-shot of the second position, and where it was halted so long. If, instead of finally abandoning so important an object, part of the army had been marched to the left, obliquely over the ground which lay between Lake Maadie and Lake Mariotes, subsequently inundated, and then formed

* Wilson.

to the right, when the left reached the turn of Pompey's Pillar, then attacking the south front of the position, whilst the right of the eastern front was attacked at the same time, no doubt can now exist of its having been easily carried, and most probably the town of Alexandria. Old and New Forts Cretin and Caffarelli could have opposed but little resistance; and if they had held out, must have surrendered long before the arrival of General Menou."†

DIFFICULTIES OF BAIRD'S MARCH AGAINST JANSSENS, *page* 75.

"It is utterly impossible to convey to your lordship an adequate idea of the obstacles which opposed the advance and retarded the success of our army. * * * *
A deep, heavy, and dry sand, covered with shrubs, scarcely pervious by light bodies of infantry; and above all, the total privation of water, under the effect of a burning sun, had nearly exhausted our gallant fellows in the moment of victory; and with the greatest difficulty were we able to reach Reit Valley, where we took up our position for the night."‡

† Wilson. ‡ Baird's Despatches.

ANECDOTES OF THE CALABRESE INSURGENTS, *page* 90.

Manhes, steadfast in his purpose, and closing his ears to pity, became, by the severity of his measures and the novelty of his punishments, the terror of the Calabrese. He was never known to relax from love of gain; and it is but just towards his character to state, that individual interests were never considered in his proscriptions. Faithful to the views of Murat, he accomplished by persevering activity in less than six months what others had only begun in six years.

Manhes, after having ascertained, commune by commune, the number of wandering brigands, suspended all labour throughout the country. The workmen and their cattle were collected in the villages under protection of the regular troops, and the punishment of death was decreed against any individual found in the country with provisions, unless belonging to the armed columns.

The principal possessors of property received orders to arm and march against the brigands, and were made answerable, number for number, and head for head, not to return to their homes without bringing with them, dead or alive, the brigands of their respective communes.

Pursued by famine and the bayonets of their enemies, the greater number of the fugitives sold their lives dearly. The remainder of these un-

fortunate creatures, reduced to the last extremity, preferred a certain but immediate death, to the sharp and protracted sufferings of fear and famine. A prodigious number of them were shot. The heads and limbs of the condemned were, after their execution, fixed on pikes, and the road from Reggio to Naples was garnished with these disgusting trophies.

The river Crati, upon the banks of which a crowd of these victims was executed, and which is very shallow at Cozenza, presented for a long time the disgusting spectacle of their mutilated bodies.

The following anecdotes show the determined spirit that animated the leaders of the band.

"Parafanti could not be secured till dead with a hundred wounds. Perched on the ledge of a rock, which afforded him a certain degree of protection, his thighs fractured but his arms free, he sacrificed many to his vengeance. Not one of his discharges failed of effect. His head was exposed at Rogliano, his birth-place.

"Another, who had taken refuge in a mill, set it on fire himself, with his last cartridge, to prevent his being taken alive.

"Nierello was assassinated on the road of Nicastro by one of the civic guard, who pretended to surrender himself to him.

"Paonese, the terror of the environs of Gasparena and of Montanio, fell a sacrifice to the columns of Manhes—and Masotta, Mescio, Giacinto,

and Antonio, with many others, shared the same fate.

"Murat was not, like his predecessor, lavish of amnesties, nevertheless, he authorized some; and it was observed, that the brigand chiefs who took advantage of them, became the most formidable and bitter persecutors of those in whose dangers and whose crimes they had participated.

"Benincasa, chief of the band of St. Braggio, fleeing with four companions from a French detachment, was stopped by the swelling of the river Angitola; they tried to effect their passage on a bullock-car, which, however, was stopped in the middle of the current. To a summons to surrender, they only returned discharges of their muskets. At last, after a long and desperate resistance, being all wounded, and having expended their ammunition, they mutually assisted each other in falling into the river, where their mangled bodies were afterwards found.

"A brigand chief, of the band of Foggia, was condemned to have his wrist severed. The executioner having failed in the first blow, the sufferer begged to be permitted to do it himself. He coolly cut off his hand at one blow, and, turning to the executioner, said, 'Endeavour to learn your trade better.'"*

* Memoir of Stuart's Campaign in Calabria.

ORIGIN OF THE GUERILLAS, *page* 97.

"At this time, also, that system of warfare began, which soon extended through Spain, and occasioned greater losses to the French than they suffered in all their pitched battles. The first adventurers attracted notice, by collecting stragglers from their own dispersed armies, deserters from the enemy, and men who, made desperate by the ruin of their private affairs in the general wreck, were ready for any service in which they could at the same time gratify their just vengeance and find subsistence."*

CASUALTIES AT ROLICA, *page* 105.

Killed	70
Wounded	335
Missing	74
Total .	479†

CASUALTIES AT VIMEIRO, *page* 115.

Killed	135
Wounded	534
Missing	51
Total. .	720‡

* Southey. † Wellington's Despatches. ‡ Ibid.

SUFFERINGS ON THE RETREAT, *page* 135.

"A few were got away, but many were so tired and lame from sore feet, that they did not care if the French sabres and bayonets were at their breast, so completely did most of them give themselves up to despair. The rear-guard was at length forced to retire and leave these unfortunate people to their fate. Some of these poor fellows who had thought better of it, and were endeavouring to overtake their countrymen, were unmercifully sabred by the French cavalry, many of them in a defenceless state.

"One of the handsomest men in the grenadier company, of the name of M'Gee, was coming along the road lame from an accident, his firelock and pack having been taken by his messmates to enable him to keep up; he was, however, overtaken by two French dragoons, and, although unarmed and helpless, was inhumanly cut to pieces almost within sight."*

DESTRUCTION OF TREASURE, *page* 135.

"Under these circumstances Sir John Moore decided that the whole should be thrown down the mountain; most judiciously considering, that if the casks were broken the men would make a

* Cadell.

rush for the money, which would have caused great confusion, and might have cost the lives of many. The rear-guard, therefore, was halted; Lieutenant Bennet, of the light company 28th regiment, was placed over the money, with strict orders from Sir John Moore to shoot the first person who attempted to touch it. It was then rolled over the precipice, the casks were soon broken by the rugged rocks, and the dollars falling out, rolled over the height a sparkling cascade of silver. The French advanced guard coming up shortly after to the spot, were detained for a time picking up a few dollars that had been scattered on the road."*

BIVOUAC AT BETANZOS, *page* 140.

"We bivouacked on the heights above Betanzos. Here we met with a God-send for the night. Just as we had taken up our ground, we found a number of waggons laden with dry bullocks'-skins, on their way to Corunna; we made beds of some and covering of others, which gave us for once a dry sleep."†

* Cadell. † Ibid.

EXPLOSION OF A MAGAZINE, *page* 142.

"The French were in as great a panic as we were, their army was under arms, and aides-de-camp flying in all directions. In a short time everything was quiet, but a shower of white ashes began to fall, and continued for some time afterwards."*

MEMORIALS OF SIR JOHN MOORE, *page* 147.

The following simple inscriptions are the only memorials which as yet have marked the field of Corunna, or the grave of the departed General:—

A la Gloria
del
Ex^mo S^r D. Juan Moore, Gen^l del Ex^to Ingleso,
Y a la de sus valientes compatriotas,
la
España agradecida.

On the other side,

Batalla de Coruña a 18 de Enero,
Año 1809.

Marshal Soult also ordered the following inscription to be engraved upon a rock, near the spot where Sir John Moore fell:—

* Cadell.

Hìc cecidit Johannes Moore, Dux Exercitus,
In pugnâ Januarii xvi. 1809,
Contra Gallos, à Duce Dalmatiæ ductos.

SUPPOSED CAUSE OF SIR JOHN MOORE'S FAILURE, *page* 149.

"A striking instance may be selected in the various accounts of the train of disasters which preceded the fall of a much-esteemed officer at the commencement of the war. Every sufferer on that occasion taxed the natives with having been in some mode or other the authors of his misfortunes; and the numerous military friends of that respected chief, influenced by his desponding feelings, and desirous to exonerate his conduct and sustain his reputation, even went farther, representing the Spaniards not only as apathetic and cowardly, but as totally devoid of good will."*

EXAGGERATED ACCOUNTS OF THE FRENCH, *page* 150.

Disastrous as Sir John Moore's campaign proved, the French accounts circulated over the Continent grossly exaggerated the real loss of our army, and heavy indeed it was. "Three British

* Jones's Account of the War.

regiments," they said, "the 42nd, 50th, and 52nd, had been entirely destroyed in the action—and Sir John Moore killed in attempting to charge at their head with the vain hope of restoring the fortune of the day. The English had lost everything which constitutes an army, artillery, horses, baggage, ammunition, magazines, and military chests. Of eighty pieces of cannon they had landed, they had re-embarked no more than 12,—200,000, weight of powder, 16,000 muskets, and 2,000,000 of treasure, (about 83,000*l.*) had fallen into the hands of the pursuers, and treasure yet more considerable had been thrown down the precipices along the road between Astorga and Corunna, where the peasantry and the soldiers were now collecting it. Five thousand horses had been counted which they had slaughtered upon the way—five hundred were taken at Corunna, and the carcases of twelve hundred were infecting the streets when the conquerors entered that town. The English would have occupied Ferrol and seized the squadron there, had it not been for the precipitance of their retreat, and the result of the battle to which they had been brought at last. Thus, then, had terminated their expedition into Spain! Thus, after having fomented the war in that unhappy country, had they abandoned it to its fate! In another season of the year not a man of them would have escaped; now, the facility of breaking up the bridges, the rapidity of the winter

torrents, shortness of days, and length of nights, had favoured their retreat."

MEMOIR OF THE GUERILLAS, *page* 151.

The Spanish armies in the course of the Peninsular campaign had met so many and discouraging defeats, that their military reputation sunk below the standard of mediocrity. They were despised by their enemies, and distrusted by their allies; and whether from the imbecility of the government, the ignorance of their leaders, or some national peculiarity, their inefficiency became so notorious, that no important operation could be intrusted to them with any certainty of its being successful. As an organized force, the Spanish army was contemptible; while, in desultory warfare, the peasantry were invaluable. With few exceptions, the history of Spanish service would be a mere detail of presumption and defeat; while their neighbours, the Portuguese, merited the perfect approbation of their officers, and proved worthy of standing in the battle-field by the side of British soldiers.

The irregular bands, termed Partidas and Quadrillas, partly formed from peasant volunteers and smugglers, and enlisted and paid by government, were embodied originally by order of the Central Junta. At first their numbers

were few, and their efficiency as military partisans not very remarkable—but as the Spanish armies declined in strength and reputation, the guerillas proportionately increased. The most determined spirits would naturally select a life of wild and desperate adventure* — and a love of country and religion, an unextinguishable hatred of oppression, inflamed the passions of a people, proverbial for the intensity of feeling with which they regarded even an imaginary insult. They had now deep and heart-burning injuries to stimulate them to hatred and revenge,— and the ferocity with which they retaliated for past and present wrong, gained for these formidable partisans a name that made the boldest of their oppressors tremble.

A brief sketch of this wild and devoted confederacy, so connected with the Peninsular operations during that arduous struggle, will not be irrelevant.

"There was in the whole system of guerilla warfare a wild and romantic character which, could its cruelty have been overlooked, would have rendered it both chivalrous and exciting— and men, totally unfitted by previous habits and

* "Successes of this kind made Mina dangerous in more ways than one to the invaders. Germans, Italians, and even French, deserted to him. In the course of five days, fifteen hussars came over with their arms and horses, and fourteen foot soldiers."— *Life of Mina.*

education, suddenly appeared upon the stage, and developed talent and determination, that made them the scourge and terror of the invaders.

"But theirs was a combat of extermination,—none of those courtesies, which render modern warfare endurable, were granted to their opponents,—the deadliest hostility was unmitigated by success,—and, when vanquished, expecting no quarter from the French, they never thought of extending it to those who unfortunately became their prisoners. A sanguinary struggle was waging, and *væ victis* seemed, with 'war to the knife,' to be the only mottos of the Guerilla.

"The strange exploits of many of these daring partisans,* though true to the letter, are perfectly romantic; and their patient endurance, and the deep artifice with which their objects were affected, appear to be almost incredible. Persons, whose ages and professions were best calculated to evade suspicion, were invariably their chosen agents. The village priest was commonly a confederate of the neighbouring guerilla,—the postmaster betrayed the intelligence that reached him in his office,—the fairest peasant of Estremadura would tempt the thoughtless soldier with her beauty, and decoy him within range of the bullet, even childhood was frequently and successfully employed in leading the unsuspecting victim into some

* "The Bivouac."

pass or ambuscade, where the knife or musket closed his earthly career."*

In every community, however fierce and lawless, different gradations of good and evil will be discovered, and nothing could be more opposite than the feelings and actions of some of the guerillas and their leaders.

Many of these desperate bands were actuated in every enterprise by a love of bloodshed and spoliation, and their own countrymen suffered as heavily from their rapacity, as their enemies from their swords. Others took the field from nobler motives; an enthusiastic attachment to their country and religion roused them to vengeance against a tyranny which had now become insufferable, —every feeling but ardent patriotism was forgotten,—private and dearer ties were snapped asunder,—homes, and wives, and children, were abandoned,—privations, that appear almost incredible, were patiently endured, until treachery delivered them to the executioner, or in some wild attempt they were overpowered by numbers and died resisting to the last.

Dreadful as the retaliation was which French cruelty and oppression had provoked, the guerilla

* "Many of the Guerilla leaders were accompanied in the field by females, who, as is not unfrequent in camps, wore male attire. These, after a time, habituated to danger, became very daring, frequently fighting amongst the foremost, on which circumstance most of the tales of the bands being commanded by Amazons had their origin."—*Jones.*

vengeance against domestic treachery was neither less certain nor less severe.* To collect money or supplies for the invaders, convey any information, conceal their motions, and not betray them when opportunity occurred, was certain death to the offender. Sometimes the delinquent was brought, with considerable difficulty and risk, before a neighbouring tribunal, and executed with all the formalities of justice; but, generally, a more summary vengeance was exacted, and the traitor executed upon the spot. In these cases, neither calling nor age were respected — and, if found false to his country, the sanctity of his order was no protection to the priest.

The daughter of the Collector of Almagro, for professing attachment to the usurper, was stabbed by Urena to the heart, — and a secret correspondence between the wife of the Alcalde of Birhue-

* "In this pursuit the Corredigor of Cervera was taken attempting to escape with the enemy; a man who had joined the French, and, with the malevolence of a traitor, persecuted his own countrymen. He had invented a cage in which to imprison those who did not pay their contributions, or were in any way obnoxious to him: it was so constructed as to confine the whole body, leaving the head exposed to be buffeted and spit upon; and sometimes this devilish villain anointed the face of his victim with honey to attract the flies and wasps. 'To-morrow,' said Eroles in his despatches, 'the Señor Corregidor will go out to parade the streets in this same cage, where the persons who have suffered this grievous torment may behold him: *Discite justiciam moniti, et non temnere Divos!*' The capture of this man was worth as much, in the feelings of the people, as all the preceding success."

da and the French General in the next command, having been detected by an intercepted despatch, the wretched woman, by order of Juan Martin Diez, "the Empecinado,"* was dragged by a guerilla party from her house, her hair shaven, her denuded person tarred and feathered, and disgracefully exhibited in the public market-place,—and she was then put to death amid the execreations of her tormentors. Nor was there any security for a traitor, even were his residence in the capital, or almost within the camp of the enemy. One of the favourites of Joseph Buonaparte, Don Jose Riego, was torn from his home in the suburbs of Madrid, while celebrating his wedding, by the Empecinado, and hanged in the square of Cadiz. The usurper himself, on two occasions, narrowly escaped from this desperate partisan. Dining at Almeida, some two leagues' distance from the capital, with one of the generals of division, their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the unwelcome intelligence that

* "Various explanations have been offered of this name. One account says, that upon finding his family murdered by the French, he smeared his face with pitch, and made a vow of vengeance. Another, that he was so called because of his swarthy complexion. But in the account of his life, it is said that all the inhabitants of Cashillo de Duero, where he was born, have this nickname indiscriminately given them by their neighbours, in consequence of a black mud, called pecina, deposited by a little stream which runs through the place; and the appellation became peculiar to him from his celebrity."—*Southey.*

the Empecinado was at hand, and nothing but a hasty retreat preserved the pseudo-King from capture. On another occasion, he was surprised upon the Guadalaxara road, and so rapid was the guerilla movement, so determined the pursuit, that before the French could be succoured by the garrison of Madrid, forty of the royal escort were sabred between Torrejon and El Molar.

A war of extermination raged, and on both sides blood flowed in torrents. One act of cruelty was as promptly answered by another; and a French decree, ordering that every Spaniard taken in arms should be executed, appeared to be a signal to the guerillas to exclude from mercy every enemy who fell into their hands. The French had shown the example; the Junta were denounced, their houses burned, and their wives and children driven to the woods. If prisoners received quarter in the field,—if they fell lame upon the march, or the remotest chance of a rescue appeared, they were shot like dogs. Others were butchered in the towns, their bodies left rotting on the highways, and their heads exhibited on poles. That respect, which even the most depraved of men usually pay to female honour, was shamefully disregarded,—and more than one Spaniard, like the postmaster of Medina, was driven to the most desperate courses, by the violation of a wife and the murder of a child." *

* Southey.

It would be sickening to describe the horrid scenes which mutual retaliation produced. Several of the Empecinado's followers, who were surprised in the mountains of Guadarama, were nailed to the trees, and left there to expire slowly by hunger and thirst. To the same trees, before a week elapsed, a similar number of French soldiers were affixed by the guerillas. Two of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were suspected of communicating with the brigands, as the French termed the armed Spaniards, were tried by court-martial, and executed at their own door. The next morning, six of the garrison were seen hanging from walls beside the high road. Some females related to Palarea, surnamed the Medico, had been abused most scandalously by the escort of a convoy, who had seized them in a wood; and in return the guerilla general drove into an Ermida eighty Frenchmen and their officers, set fire to the thatch, and burned them to death, or shot them in their endeavours to leave the blazing chapel. Such were the dreadful enormities a system of retaliation caused.

These desperate adventurers were commanded by men of the most dissimilar professions. All were distinguished by some *sobriquet*, and these were of the most opposite descriptions. Among the leaders were friars and physicians, cooks and artisans; while some were characterized by a deformity, and others named after the form of their

waistcoat or hat. Worse epithets described many of the minor chiefs,— truculence and spoliation obtained them titles; and, strange as it may appear, the most ferocious band that infested Biscay was commanded by a woman named Martina. So indiscriminating and unrelenting was this female monster in her murder of friends and foes, that Mina was obliged to direct his force against her. She was surprised, with the greater part of her banditti, and the whole were shot upon the spot.

Of all the guerilla leaders the two Minas were the most remarkable for their daring, their talents, and their successes. The younger, Xavier, had a short career—but nothing could be more chivalrous and romantic than many of the incidents that marked it. His band amounted to a thousand—and with this force he kept Navarre, Biscay, and Aragon in confusion; intercepted convoys, levied contributions, plundered the custom-houses, and harassed the enemy incessantly. The villages were obliged to furnish rations for his troops, and the French convoys supplied him with money and ammunition. His escapes were often marvellous.* He swam flooded rivers deem-

* "He himself was in the most imminent peril, a party of hussars having surrounded him; and one of them aimed a blow which he had no other means of avoiding but by stretching himself out upon his horse. The horse at the same moment sprang forward and threw him; he recovered his feet and ran;

ed impassable, and climbed precipices hitherto untraversed by a human foot. Near Estella he was forced by numbers to take refuge on a lofty rock; the only accessible side he defended till nightfall, when, lowering himself and followers by a rope, he brought his party off without the loss of a man.

This was among his last exploits; for, when reconnoitring by moonlight, in the hope of capturing a valuable convoy, he fell unexpectedly into the hands of an enemy's patrol. Proscribed by the French as a bandit, it was surprising that his life was spared; but his loss to the guerillas was regarded as a great misfortune.

While disputing as to the choice of a leader, where so many aspired to a command to which each could offer an equal claim, an adventurer worthy to succeed their lost chief was happily discovered in his uncle, the elder Mina. Educated as a husbandman, and scarcely able to read or write, the new leader had lived in great retirement, until the Junta's call to arms induced him to join his nephew's band. He reluctantly acceded to the general wish to become Xavier's successor; but when he assumed the command, his

the horse, whether by mere good fortune, or that, in the wild life to which Mina was reduced, like an Arab he had taught the beast to love him, followed his master, who then lightly leaped into his seat, and, though closely pursued, saved himself."—*Life of Mina.*

firm and daring character was rapidly developed. Echeverria, with a strong following, had started as a rival chief; but Mina surprised him—had three of his subordinates shot with their leader—and united the remainder of the band with his own. Although he narrowly escaped becoming a victim to the treachery of a comrade, the prompt and severe justice with which he visited the offender, effectually restrained other adventurers from making any similar attempt.

The traitor was a sergeant of his own, who, from the bad expression of his face, had received among his companions the sobriquet of Malcarado. Discontented with the new commander, he determined to betray him to the enemy, and concerted measures with Pannetti, whose brigade was near the village of Robres, to surprise the guerilla chieftain in his bed. Partial success attended the treacherous attempt; but Mina defended himself desperately with the bar of the door, and kept the French at bay till Gustra, his chosen comrade, assisted him to escape. The guerilla rallied his followers, repulsed the enemy, took Malcarado, and shot him instantly; while the village cure and three alcades implicated in the traitorous design, were hanged side by side upon a tree, and their houses rased to the ground.

An example of severity like this gave confidence to his own followers, and exacted submis-

sion from the peasantry. Everywhere Mina had a faithful spy—every movement of the enemy was reported; and if a village magistrate received a requisition from a French commandant, it was communicated to the guerilla chief with due despatch, or woe to the alcade that neglected it.

Nature had formed Mina* for the service to which he had devoted himself. His constitution was equal to every privation and fatigue, and his courage was of that prompt and daring character which no circumstance, however sudden and disheartening, could overcome. Careless as to dress or food, he depended for a change of linen on the capture of French baggage or any accidental supply; and for days he could subsist on a few biscuits, or anything chance threw in his way. He guarded carefully against surprise—slept with a dagger and pistols in his girdle; and such were his active habits, that he rarely took more than two hours of repose. Remote caverns were the depositories of his ammunition and plunder; and in a mountain fastness he established an hospital for his wounded, to which

* "The French attacked Mina a few days after his exploit before Estella, near Arcos. His inferiority in numbers was compensated by his perfect knowledge of every foot of the ground, experience of his officers in their own mode of warfare, and his confidence in all his followers. After an action which continued nearly the whole day, he drew off in good order, and scarcely with any loss, having killed and wounded nearly four hundred of the enemy."—*Life of Mina.*

they were carried on litters across the heights, and placed in perfect safety until their cure could be completed. Gaming and plunder were prohibited, and even love forbidden, lest the guerilla might be too communicative to the object of his affection, and any of his chieftain's secrets should thus transpire.

Of the minor chiefs many strange and chivalrous adventures are on record. The daring plans, often tried and generally successful, and the hair-breadth escapes of several, are almost beyond belief. No means, however repugnant to the laws of modern warfare, were unemployed; while the ingenuity with which intelligence of a hostile movement was transmitted—the artifice with which an enemy was delayed, until he could be surrounded or surprised, appear incredible. Of individual ferocity a few instances will be sufficient. At the execution of an alcade and his son at Mondragon, the old man boasted that two hundred French had perished by their hands; and the Chaleco, Francis Moreno, in a record of his services, boasts of his having waited for a cavalry patrol in a ravine, and by the discharge of a huge blunderbluss, loaded nearly to the muzzle, dislocated his own shoulder, and killed or wounded nine of the French. The same chief presented to Villafranca a rich booty of plate and quicksilver, and added to the gift a parcel of ears cut from the prisoners whom on that occasion he had slaughtered.

Profiting by the anarchy that reigned in this afflicted country, wretches, under political excuses, committed murder and devastation on a scale of frightful magnitude. One, pretending to be a functionary of the Junta, made Ladrada a scene of bloodshed. By night his victims were despatched; and, to the disgrace of woman, his wife was more sanguinary than himself. Castanos at length arrested their blood-stained career; and Pedrazeula was hanged and beheaded, and Maria, his infamous confederate, gavotted.

Castile was overrun by banditti; and one gang, destroyed by a guerilla chief named Juan Abril, had accumulated plunder, principally in specie, amounting in value to half a million of reals. One of the band, when captured by the French, to save his life discovered the secret, and offered to lead a party to the place where the treasure was deposited. His proposal was accepted. An alguazil, with an escort of cavalry, proceeded to the wood of Villa Viciosa, and there booty was found worth more than the value affixed to it by the deserter. Returning in unsuspecting confidence, the party were drawn into an ambuscade by the Medico, who had been acquainted with the expedition; and of the escort and officials, with the exception of five who managed to escape, every one was butchered without mercy.

Such were the wild and relentless foes to whom the invaders were exposed—such were the Spa-

niards, who had made themselves remarkable for patriotism and endurance — surpassing courage, and unmitigated cruelty.*

SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA, *page* 155.

"Before the further actions of the British are narrated, a few pages will be well bestowed to recount the heroic, but unconnected efforts of resistance made by the Spaniards themselves, of which the siege of Zaragoza stands foremost. Immediately after the repulse of the French in the preceding summer, Palafox directed the execution of various defensive works, which, thrown up in haste, and executed with greater zeal than judgment, gave more the appearance than the reality of additional strength to the place; yet, in the defence of them, Palafox added much to his previously high fame,—this second defence being far more arduous than the former; as thirty-six thousand men were employed in the attack, and such a provision of artillery and stores brought against the town, as rendered success certain. From the day succeeding the unfortunate action at Tudela, constant skirmishing and small affairs of posts took place, whilst the French were bringing up the supplies for the attack; which

* Abridged from "The Bivouac."

having accomplished, the siege commenced on the 20th December, by the assault and capture of the outposts of the Torrero and Casa-blanca; and by an attempt to lodge in the suburbs on the left of the Elbro, from which, after several hours' fighting, and a dreadful slaughter of the Spaniards, the French were ultimately repulsed. On the 10th January a violent bombardment began, and frequently three thousand shells were thrown into the devoted town in twenty-four hours. On the 26th, fifty-five pieces of heavy ordnance battered the newly-raised works of the *enceinte*, and quickly formed a practicable breach: the French vigorously assaulted it the following morning, and, after a desperate resistance, gained the summit; where, however, they could not maintain themselves, as the citizens, from behind an interior retrenchment, kept up an incessant fire, and every moment sallied forth and fought hand to hand with the troops and workmen endeavouring to form the lodgment. In these fierce encounters, women and priests were observed among the foremost and most courageous; and openly to contend with such enthusiasm was hopeless. The besiegers, therefore, confined themselves to the slow but certain operations of the sap, and by its insidious advances on the 6th, penetrated into the principal street, named the Corso, where the buildings are of great solidity. Then the conflict assumed the greatest degree of obstinacy—

each house became a citadel, and required to be separately attacked; mining was the art employed, and the courage of the unpractised Arragonese failed before the skill of their more experienced antagonists. They nevertheless made the most surprising efforts: when forced from one room they renewed the combat in the next; and frequently, when driven inch by inch out of a building, Palafox, by a desperate and bold offensive movement, recovered it, and the enemy had the same resistance a second time to overcome. But courage alone is of little avail against courage and science united: daily and hourly the French made some advance; and when exertion was most required, a pestilential disorder, arising from the number of the unburied slain, broke out among the defenders, causing far more havoc than the sword. At last the heroic Palafox himself sickened, and affairs became desperate. Still the constancy of these dauntless Spaniards remained unshaken; and a priest of the name of Ric, by his personal example and the enthusiasm he inspired, directed the defence of the few remaining streets with undiminished bravery; and at last, on the 20th February, after thirty thousand citizens had buried themselves under the ruins of their houses, he, by firmness of conduct, forced Marshal Lannes to promise good treatment to the survivors.

"The garrison, fifteen thousand in number,

marched out, and laid down their arms, after a resistance of fifty-two days open trenches, twenty-three of which were a war of houses. The town, on entering it, presented a dreadful and melancholy spectacle: entire districts of it were demolished by repeated explosions, and presented merely a mass of ruins, thickly spread over with mutilated limbs and carcasses; the few houses which fire and the mine had spared, were riddled by shot and shells; their interiors were cut through with communications, the walls loop-holed, the doors and windows barricaded, and the streets blocked up with numberless traverses. The dirt, corruption, and misery, attending the crowding together of more than one hundred thousand souls into a city calculated for only forty thousand, with all the hardships attendant on a long siege, had generated a frightful epidemic, more relentless than the sword.

"In the midst of the ruins and bodies with which the streets were filled, were observed here and there crawling along a few inhabitants, pale, emaciated, and cast down, who seemed on the point of following their dead comrades whom they had been unable to remove. From an enumeration made at the commencement and at the termination of this extraordinary and terrible siege, it has been ascertained that in fifty-two days, fifty-four thousand individuals perished; being two-thirds of the military, and the half of

the inhabitants or refugees. The loss of the besiegers did not exceed three thousand.

* * * * *

"In no place would they have imagined themselves so secure as in Zaragoza itself, which had been so wonderfully defended and delivered, and which they believed to be invincible through the protection of Our Lady of the Pillar, who had chosen it for the seat of her peculiar worship. During the former siege, prints of that idol had been distributed by women in the heat of action, and worn by the men in their hats both as a badge and an amulet. The many remarkable escapes and deliverances which had occurred were ascribed not to all-ruling and omnipotent Providence, but to the immediate interference of the *Magna Mater* of Zaragoza.

"Palafox himself had been trained up with more than common care in the superstition of the place; he and his brethren in their childhood had been taken every day to attend mass in the Holy Chapel where the image was enshrined, dressed at such times in the proper costume of the Infantes, as a mark of greater honour to the present goddess. An appearance in the sky, which at other times might have passed unremembered, and perhaps unnoticed, had given strong confirmation to the popular faith. About a month before the commencement of the first siege, a white cloud appeared at noon, and gradually assumed the form of a

palm tree; the sky being in all other parts clear, except that a few specks of fleecy cloud hovered about the larger one. It was first observed over the church of N. Lenora del Portillo, and moving from thence till it seemed to be immediately above that of the pillar, continued in the same form about half an hour, and then dispersed. The inhabitants were in a state of such excitement, that crowds joined in the acclamation of the first beholder, who cried out, a miracle! and after the defeat of the besiegers had confirmed the omen, a miracle it was universally pronounced to have been, the people proclaiming with exultation that the Virgin had by this token prefigured the victory she had given them, and promised Zaragoza her protection as long as the world should endure."*

BRIDGE OF AMARANTE, *page* 159.

"In all this view of the case, the loss of the bridge of Amarante is a great misfortune, and is the greater from the manner in which is was lost. Our friend says, it was carried by the French making two false attacks on the right, under cover of which they mined the barricade on the bridge, which was very strong, and blew it up in the morning at daylight; threw a column over it,

* Southey.

which surprised the Portuguese asleep; and they were unable to blow it up as was intended. The French carried everything before them."*

"To call off the attention of the Portuguese guard, some twenty men were stationed to keep up a fire upon the intrenchments, so directed as not to endanger the sappers, who had volunteered for the real service of the hour. It was a service so hopeful and hazardous as to excite the liveliest solicitude for its success. The barrel was covered with a gray cloak, that it might neither be heard nor seen, and the man who undertook to deposit it in its place wore a cloak of the same colour. The clear moonlight was favourable to the adventure, by the blackness of the shadow which the parapet on one side produced. In that line of darkness the sapper crept along at full-length, pushing the barrel before him with his head, and guiding it with his hands. His instructions were to stop if he heard the slightest movement on the Portuguese side: and a string was fastened to one of his feet by which the French were enabled to know how far he had advanced, and to communicate with him. Having placed the barrel, and uncovered that part where it was to be kindled, he returned with the same caution. Four barrels, one after the other, were thus arranged without alarming the Portuguese. The

* Wellington's Despatches.

fourth adventurer had not the same command of himself as his predecessors had evinced. Possessed either with fear, or premature exultation, as soon as he had deposited the barrel in its place, instead of making his way back slowly and silently along the line of shadow, he rose and ran along the middle of the bridge in the moonlight. He was seen, fired at, and shot in the thigh. But the Portuguese did not take the alarm as they ought to have done; they kept up a fire upon the entrance of the bridge, and made no attempt to discover for what purpose their intrenchments had been approached so closely.

"Four hours had elapsed before the four barrels were placed: by that time it was midnight, and in another hour, when the Portuguese had ceased their fire, a fifth volunteer proceeded in the same manner with a saucisson* fastened to his body; this he fixed in its place, and returned safely. By two o'clock this part of the business was completed, and Laborde was informed that all was ready. Between three and four a fog arose from the river and filled the valley, so that the houses on the opposite shore could scarcely be discerned through it. This was favourable for the assailants. The saucisson was fired, and the explosion, as Bouchard had expected, threw down the intrenchments, and

* *Saucisson*, is a pipe or hose filled with gunpowder, which reaches from the chamber of the mine to the gallery. It is used for firing mines, bomb-chests, &c. &c.

destroyed also the apparatus for communicating with the mine. The French rushed forward: some threw water into the mine, others cleared the way; the fog increased the confusion into which the Portuguese were thrown by being thus surprised: they made so little resistance that the French lost only nine men."

VISIT TO CUESTA'S CAMP, *page* 172.

"Our arrival at the camp was announced by a general discharge of artillery, upon which an immense number of torches were made to blaze up, and we passed the entire Spanish line in review by their light. The effect produced by these arrangements was one of no ordinary character. As the torches were held aloft, at moderate intervals from one another, they threw a red and wavering light over the whole scene, permitting, at the same time, its minuter parts to be here and there cast into shade; whilst the grim and swarthy visages of the soldiers, their bright arms and dark uniforms, appeared peculiarly picturesque as often as the flashes fell upon them. Then there was the frequent roar of cannon, the shouldering of firelocks, mingled with the brief word of command, and rattling of accoutrements and arms, as we passed from bat-

* Southey.

talion to battalion; all these served to interest the sense of hearing to the full as much as the spectacle attracted the sense of sight. Nor was old Cuesta himself an object to be passed by without notice, even at such a moment and under such circumstances as these. The old man preceded us,—not so much sitting on his horse as held upon it by two pages,—at the imminent hazard of being overthrown whenever a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared out with peculiar brightness; indeed his physical debility was so remarkable, as clearly to mark his total unfitness for the situation which he then held. As to his mental powers, he gave us little opportunity of judging; inasmuch as he scarcely uttered five words during the continuance of our visit; but his corporal infirmities alone were at absolute variance with all a general's duties, and showed that he was now fit only for the retirement of private life.

"In this manner we passed about six thousand cavalry, drawn up in rank entire, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry, each consisting of perhaps from seven to eight hundred men. These formed but one portion of the army, the rest being either at the bridge of Arrobispo, or in position along the Tagus; and they were all, with a few exceptions, remarkably fine men: speaking of them in the aggregate, they were little better than bold peasantry, armed partially

like soldiers, but completely unacquainted with a soldier's duty. This remark applied fully as much to the cavalry as to the infantry. The horses were many of them good, but their riders manifestly knew nothing of movement or discipline; and they were, as well on this account as on the score of a miserable equipment, quite unfit for general service. The artillery, again, was numerous, but totally unlike, both in order and arrangement, to that of other armies; and the generals appeared to have been selected according to one rule alone, namely, that of seniority. They were almost all old men; and except O'Donaju and Largas, evidently incapable of bearing the fatigues or surmounting the difficulties of one hard campaign.

"The place at which we paid this visit, and witnessed these events, was called Casa del Puertos; where the head-quarters of the Spanish army were established in a wretched hovel. We alighted here after the review had ended, and as soon as we entered, Cuesta, who seemed quite overpowered by fatigue, retired to rest; but he returned again at eleven o'clock to supper, and sat with us till past midnight. He sat, however, as he always did under similar circumstances, in profound silence, neither seeking to take a share in the conversation, nor, apparently at least, paying the slightest attention to it.

"After a secret conference between Cuesta and

Sir Arthur ended, dinner was announced; and we sat down, at three o'clock, to about forty dishes, the principal ingredients in which were garlic and onions. Our meal did not occupy us long; and on Cuesta retiring, as was his custom, to enjoy his siesta, we mounted our horses, and rode out into the camp. By this means we were enabled to see more of the regiments separately, than we had seen during the torch-light review. We saw, however, nothing which served in any degree to raise our opinion of the general efficiency of our allies; and we returned to our host at a late hour, more than ever impressed with the persuasion, that if the deliverance of the Peninsula was to be effected at all, it must be done, not by the Spaniards, but by ourselves."*

CUESTA'S OBSTINACY, *page* 174.

"I find General Cuesta more and more impracticable every day. It is impossible to do business with him, and very uncertain that any operation will succeed in which he has any concern. O'Donoju expresses himself to be heartily tired of him, and has declared that he will quit him at the first moment he is unsuccessful. He has quarrelled with some of his principal officers; and I understand that all are dissatisfied with

* Lord Londonderry.

him, for the manner in which he has conducted his operations near this place.

"He contrived to lose the whole of yesterday, in which, although his troops were under arms, and mine in march, we did nothing owing to the whimsical perverseness of his disposition; but that omission I consider fortunate, as we have dislodged the enemy without a battle, in which the chances were not much in our favour. His want of communication with his officers of the plan settled with me for the 22nd, and his absence from the field, were the cause that we did the French but little mischief on that day; and of these circumstances his officers are aware." *

TRAITS OF GOOD FEELING BETWEEN THE ARMIES, *page* 180.

Between the British and French, even in military duty, the courtesies of society were respected, and an interchange of kind and gentlemanly civilities was not infrequent, as will be evidenced by the following anecdotes:—

"While Hasparen was the head-quarters of the fifth division, the pickets of both armies avoided every appearance of hostility. Each occupied a hill with sentries about two hundred yards apart. The French on one occasion pushed forward their

* Wellington's Despatches.

videttes, and seemed as if they designed to trespass on the neutral ground. The captain of the English picket reported this encroachment, and received orders not to allow it. On the following morning, he observed that the French vidette had been advanced about fifty yards, and he thought it most advisable to demand an interview with the French captain of chasseurs. A peasant was despatched, and returned with a message, that the commandant would wait upon the British officer immediately; and, in a few minutes, the parties met on the neutral ground. The Briton stated the orders he had received and explained, that, to avoid so *lâche* a proceeding as to fire upon a vidette, he had solicited a meeting with the brave chasseur. The Frenchman expressed himself in the most flattering terms, and begged that the hussar might point out a situation which would be agreeable to him. A thorn bush, about one hundred yards behind the spot the French vidette was posted upon, was mentioned as equally advantageous for the security of the French picket; while it would be such as the hussar was permitted by his orders to allow. The chasseur gave orders accordingly, the vidette was placed at the very spot which was recommended, and the Frenchman, having expressed his satisfaction at the interview, produced a bottle of cogniac; two or three officers on each side now joined the party; a happy termination to the war was

drunk; and the captain, whose name was (we think) Le Brun, said, he trusted that it would not be the fate of war to bring into collision the parties who had met in so amicable a manner."

Again. "I have known several instances of right feeling evinced by the enemy, worthy of gentlemen who are above turning into individual strife the quarrels of the two countries. While the light division was at Gallegos, some greyhounds belonging to an officer strayed into the enemies' lines, and an opportunity was found, by means of the first flag of truce, to request their being returned. The answer was favourable, stating that they should be sent in on the first opportunity. A day or two after the enemy made a *reconnoissance*, and when their skirmishers were thrown out, the greyhounds were seen in couples in the rear, and on the first carbine being fired, they were let slip, (the dogs of war?) and came curveting through the whistling balls to their old masters."*

There seemed to have existed between these noble armies an honourable confidence, that was often tried and never violated.

A descriptive passage of the advance across the Pyrenées runs thus:—"We perceived, not twenty yards off, a wounded voltigeur extended on the ground, and a young comrade supporting him. The Frenchman never attempted to retreat, but

* "Recollections by a Subaltern."

smiled when we came up, as if he had been expecting us. 'Good morning,' he said; 'I have been waiting for you, gentlemen. My poor friend's leg is broken by a shot, and I could not leave him till you arrived, lest some of these Portuguese brigands should murder him. — Pierre,' he continued, as he addressed his companion, 'here are the brave English, and you will be taken care of. I will leave you a flask of water, and you will soon be succoured by our noble enemy. Gentlemen, will you honour me by emptying this canteen. You will find it excellent, for I took it from a portly friar two days ago.' There was no need to repeat the invitation. I set the example, the canteen passed from mouth to mouth, and the monk's brandy vanished. The conscript—for he had not joined above a month—replenished the flask with water from a spring just by. He placed it in his comrade's hand, bade him an affectionate farewell, bowed gracefully to us, threw his musket over his shoulder, and trotted off to join his regiment which he pointed out upon a distant height. He seemed never for a moment to contemplate the possibility of our sending him in durance to the rear; and there were about him such kindness and confidence, that on our part no one ever dreamed of detaining him."*

Again. "From the 3rd until the 12th of July

* "The Bivouac."

the two armies remained in presence of each other, encamped on the sides of a river, which at times is a formidable sheet of water, but which was then little more than an insignificant stream. Nevertheless, although both armies kept their guards on their respective sides of the water, and that the movements of each were cautiously watched, not one life was lost, nor one shot fired by either army.

"Indeed, so different from hostility was the conduct of both nations, that the French and British lived upon the most amicable terms. If we wanted wood for the construction of huts, our men were allowed to pass without molestation to the French side of the river to cut it. Each day the soldiers of both armies used to bathe together in the same stream, and an exchange of rations, such as biscuit and rum, between the French and our men, was by no means uncommon."*

The reverses which attend even successful warfare occasionally require its rigours to be softened. The French and English felt this — and those who had the misfortune to be prisoners or wounded, received the greatest care circumstances would allow, and had baggage or money conveyed to them from their friends with strict fidelity. The tables of the commanding officers were open to their captives—their wounds were carefully dressed—and in some cases their escape connived at.

* "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

A parole of honour insured the fullest liberty to the giver; but when it was not required or was refused, the prisoners were subjected to the least possible restraint consistent with security, and treated with gentlemanly attention.

"During three days that some British officers were at Castel Legos as prisoners of war, with a very slender guard, indeed almost nominal, they were treated by General Villatte with the *utmost kindness.* He sent dinner to them from his own table, with abundance of wine. His aide-de-camp and brother-in-law, Captain Cholet, visited them twice each day, to see that they wanted for nothing; and two, and sometimes three, surgeons visited them (by order) twice a day to dress their wounds. In fine, the greatest possible kindness and attention were shown to them;* and even their escape, on the night of the 31st of August, was easily effected, if not connived at, as the French retired without insisting on the officers being taken away, although carts had been provided."

But a noble instance of an enemy's humanity remains to be recorded—and with a similar instance of humane feeling displayed to a friend and not an enemy, we shall close these anecdotes.

"When the assault on St. Sebastian failed, and our troops retreated to the trenches, the enemy advanced beyond his defences, or clustered on

the ramparts, shouting defiance, and threatening a descent in pursuit. To check this movement, an animated fire of round and grape was opened from our battery, the thickest of which fell on a particular part of the breach where lay a solitary grenadier of the Royals, shot through both legs, and unable to extricate himself from his awfully perilous situation. His fate appeared inevitable; when a French officer stepped forward, walked coolly through the hottest of our fire, lifted his wounded enemy in his arms, and bore him off, himself unhurt."

The subsequent history of Colonel St. Angelo, as the gallant Frenchman was named, is curious, and instances the vicissitudes of fortune to which a soldier is exposed. On the fall of the fortress he was sent a prisoner to England, but, as his humanity well deserved, he was instantly liberated and sent home. On his arrival in Paris, Napoleon, having been apprised of his gallant conduct, promoted him to a regiment on service in the Peninsula. Thither he repaired—joined his new regiment, and in an attack on our posts was a second time made prisoner. Thus, as a prisoner he had visited England—had resided in Paris—been presented to the Emperor—promoted to a regiment—and made a prisoner again—and all within the space of six weeks from the taking of Saint Sebastian!

The following interesting anecdote is thus told

by Mr. Grattan :—" Nearly at the opening of the battle of Salamanca, a considerable body of the enemy's tirailleurs pressed forward to that part of the ridge occupied by the third division, and immediately in front of the 88th regiment, the light infantry company of which, commanded by Captain Robert Nickle, was ordered to drive back this force: he did so in the most gallant manner; but the enemy could ill brook such a defeat, the more annoying, as it was witnessed by the whole division, as also by a considerable portion of one of the enemy's *corps d'armée.* A reinforcement, commanded by an officer of distinction, rushed forward to redeem the tarnished honour of their nation, while some of the battalion-men of the Connaught Rangers, seeing the unequal contest their light infantry company were about to be engaged in—for the French were upwards of one hundred to sixty of ours—hastened to take a part in the fray. The detachment of the 88th lay behind a low ditch, and waited until the French approached to within a few yards of them; they came on in gallant style, headed by their brave commanding officer, who was most conspicuous, being several paces in front of his men. The soldiers of the two armies, posted at a distance, and lookers-on at this national trial, shouted with joy as they beheld their respective comrades on the eve of engaging with each other. But this feeling on the

part of the French was of but short duration, for at the first fire their detachment turned tail, and were what they themselves would term 'culbutés,' leaving their brave commandant, with many others, mortally wounded behind. Captain Robert Nickle ran up to his bleeding opponent, and rendered him every assistance in his power. He then advanced alone, with his handkerchief tied on the point of his sword, which he held up as a token of amity, and, thus re-assured, some of the French soldiers returned without their arms, and carried away their officer with them. They were delighted with the considerate conduct of Captain Nickle, and embraced our men on parting."*

"The terms of mutual respect in which the British and French soldiers held each other, and the friendly intercourse it frequently led to, have been noticed by every writer on the Peninsular war. Nor was this confined to out-post duty only —the soldiers engaged on which seemed by a tacit agreement, and as a point of honour perfectly understood on both sides, to have agreed to avoid the unnecessary destruction of life; and, as far as consistent with duty, perhaps a little beyond what was strictly so, to testify the respect with which they had inspired each other. The officers of the two armies were also not unfrequently thrown into situations where they had the opportunity of evincing similar feelings. Of this an

* "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

instance comes to the writer's* recollection, as happening, among others, at the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. On the morning of the 5th, when the French made their attack upon the right of our position, the writer of this note was at the time in conversation with an officer of a picket of the enemy in his front, where there was no prospect of the lines being immediately engaged; seeing the state of things which then ensued, after a mutual exchange of civilities, both parties retired to their respective posts, and were soon after engaged in warm conflict."

The following anecdote is highly honourable to the Duke of Belluno:—When Victor entered the town† he found some of the wounded, French and English alike, lying on the ground in the Plaza. After complimenting the English, and observing that they understood the laws and courtesies of war, he told them there was one thing which they did not understand, and that was how to deal with the Spaniards. He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one English and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishmen should always be served first.

* Mackie. † Talavera.

SIEGE OF GERONA, *page* 196.

"Every day now added to the distress of the besieged. Their flour was exhausted—wheat they had still in store, but men are so much the slaves of habit, that it was considered as one great evil of the siege that they had no means of grinding it: two horse-mills, which had been erected, were of such clumsy construction, that they did not perform half the needful work; and the Geronans, rather than prepare the unground corn in any way to which they had not been accustomed, submitted to the labour of grinding it between two stones, or pounding it in the shell of a bomb with a cannon-ball. For want of other animal food, mules and horses were slaughtered for the hospital and for the shambles; a list was made of all within the city, and they were taken by lot. Fuel was exceedingly scarce, yet the heaps which were placed in cressets at the corners of the principal streets, to illuminate them in case of danger, remained untouched, and not a billet was taken from them during the whole siege. The summer fever became more prevalent; the bodies of the sufferers were frequently covered with a minute eruption, which was usually a fatal symptom: fluxes also began to prevail.

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"Augereau now straitened the blockade; and,

that the garrison might neither follow the example of O'Donnell, nor receive any supplies, however small, he drew his lines closer, stretched cords with bells along the interspaces, and kept watch-dogs at all the posts. The bombardment was continued, and always with greater violence during the night than the day, as if to exhaust the Geronans by depriving them of sleep.

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"There did not remain a single building in Gerona which had not been injured by the bombardment; not a house was habitable; the people slept in cellars, and vaults, and holes, amid the ruins; and it had not unfrequently happened that the wounded were killed in the hospitals. The streets were broken up, so that the rain-water and the sewers stagnated there; and the pestilential vapours which arose were rendered more noxious by the dead bodies which lay rolling amid the ruins. The siege had now endured seven months; scarcely a woman had become pregnant during that time; the very dogs, before hunger consumed them, had ceased to follow after their kind; they did not even fawn upon their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city, and the unnatural atmosphere affected them as well as human kind. It even affected vegetation. In the gardens within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetable could be

raised. Within the last three weeks above five hundred of the garrison had died in the hospitals: a dysentery was raging and spreading; the sick were lying upon the ground, without beds, almost without food; and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat that remained, and the few horses which were yet unconsumed." *

FALL OF GERONA.

"Gerona surrendered on the 10th December, after a memorable defence of six months, which places the name of the governor, Don Marian Alvarez, on a level with that of Palafox; and some particulars of his heroic conduct deserve to be recorded. The town stands low, at the confluence of the Ona and Ter rivers, which cover and protect the northern side; and on the opposite quarter the approaches are commanded by a small square fort of ninety toises exterior side, situated on a height of five hundred and fifty yards from the place called Montjuic. In this petty work, Alvarez, not having altogether five thousand men under his command, defied for three months the utmost efforts of General St. Cyr with twenty thousand French. Sixty pieces of heavy ordnance fired against the fort incessantly for twenty-two days, which, besides effecting an enormous breach, levelled all the upper works. The enemy then offered terms, which

* Southey.

being rejected, they gave the assault, and were repulsed with loss. During the three succeeding days the besiegers' batteries thundered without intermission, and on the fourth morning they again tried the force of arms. Several heavy columns advanced to the breach and persisted in their attempts to ascend it with so much courage and obstinacy, that success was long balanced, and on their repulse, sixteen hundred killed and wounded remained in the ditch. After this effort, the French, finding all open attacks useless, resorted to the sap and the mine, and one entire month passed in the dispute of a ravelin, which (after several attempts to form a lodgment in it had failed) remained, as if by tacit agreement, unoccupied by either party, and all personal conflict ceased. The fire of artillery and the mine, however, gradually levelled the walls, and blew up the very interior of the place; when, there being no longer anything worth disputing, the garrison withdrew on the 11th of August.

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"The walls of Hostalrich fell shortly afterwards, an ignoble conquest to the same officer. The siege commenced on the 20th January, and the place was contested with the greatest obstinacy till the 12th May following, when the brave garrison, having consumed their last day's food, sallied out to cut their way through the blockading corps. A large proportion nobly fell in the

attempt; amongst others the heroic Don Juan de Estrada, the governor; but many hundreds restored themselves to liberty."*

JULIAN SANCHEZ, *page* 201.

"A little before midnight Sanchez collected his troops in the Plaza; the two of his company who were married men, took their wives behind them; they sallied out, and their leader, in the spirit of Scanderbeg, instead of contenting himself with merely effecting his own retreat, charged a post of cavalry, routed them, and carried away eight prisoners with their horses. The two women were armed with pistols; and one of them, by name Maria Fraile, saved her husband by shooting a dragoon who was about to attack him on one side."

One of Julian's exploits is thus related:—"It was the custom of the French garrison of Badajoz to send out their cattle every morning beyond the walls for the purpose of grazing, under the protection of a guard, which at once tended them, and watched the movements of our parties. Don Julian determined, if possible, to surprise the herd; for which purpose he concealed his people, day after day, among the broken ground on the

* Jones's Account of the War.

bank of the river, not far from the town; but the guard proved for a time so vigilant, that no opportunity occurred of effecting his design. At last, however, an accident occurred which enabled him to accomplish, not only his original purpose, but one which he did not dream of accomplishing. It so happened, that on the morning of the 15th of October, General Regnaud, the governor of the place, rode out, attended by his staff and a slender escort, and ventured incautiously to pass the Agueda, at the very spot where Don Julian's ambuscade lay concealed. He was instantly surrounded by the Spanish cavalry and made prisoner; and, as if fortune had determined to reward the latter for their patience, the cattle appeared at the same moment at a sufficient distance from the walls to authorise an attack. The attack was made with the most perfect success, and both Governor and cattle were conveyed in triumph to our headquarters. In a native of any country, except France, such an unlucky coincidence would have produced a degree of gloom not to be shaken off; but by General Regnaud his misfortunes were borne with the utmost philosophy and good-humour. He became a frequent guest at Lord Wellington's table, and we found him an extremely entertaining as well as intelligent companion."*

* Lord Londonderry.

AFFAIR WITH A FRENCH PATROL, *page* 202.

"The enemy's force did not exceed thirty cavalry and two hundred infantry; but they were advantageously posted in an open space, just beyond a narrow defile; and to reach them it was necessary to thread that defile in a long line. The consequence was, that though the hussars who led, formed up in succession as they got through, and charged their opponents with great gallantry, they effected nothing more than the dispersion of the handful of horse; for the infantry had time to form a square, and not all the efforts of our people could succeed in breaking it. The hussars rode bravely up to the bayonets, but were repulsed by a volley closely thrown in, which killed or wounded upwards of a dozen men. The remainder wheeled off, and pursuing the French cavalry, made way for a squadron of the 16th. These galloped forward, but also took to the left, and leaving the infantry uninjured, joined in pursuit of the cavalry. When the last charge was made, the French square was without fire, every man having discharged his piece, and none having been able to load again; but when a third attempt was made, they were better prepared to receive it. It fell to the lot of Colonel Talbot of the 14th to lead this attack. It was made with daring intrepidity; but the enemy remained per-

fectly steady, and reserving their fire till the bridles of the horses touched their bayonëts, gave it with such effect, that Colonel Talbot, with several of his men, were killed on the spot. The rest drew off—upon which General Crawfurd, despairing of success by the exertions of cavalry alone, despatched an orderly to bring up a detachment of the 43rd, which chanced to be at no great distance.

"Whilst this was doing, the enemy's little column began its retreat, which it conducted with singular steadiness and great order. The 14th dragoons seeing this, prepared to launch another squadron against it; and it was already in speed for the purpose, when Colonel Arenschild, of the hussars, observed cavalry advancing both in front and flank, and checked the movement. It was much to be regretted afterwards that he took this step, for the horse which alarmed him proved to be detachments from our own people on their return from pursuing the enemy's dragoons, the whole of whom they had captured. The French infantry lost no time in availing themselves of the indecision of our cavalry. They marched on, and returned to their main body, without having lost a single prisoner, or suffered in killed or wounded."*

* Lord Londonderry.

CAVALRY AFFAIR, *page* 205.

"They passed Azava at sunrise, and their cavalry, driving in our advanced videttes, came on with great rapidity; three regiments on the direct road from Gallegos to Almeida, and two by a path to the left, with the view of turning our right flank. There were two pieces of cannon, of the horse-artillery, stationed at a small brook, about half a mile to the rear of Gallegos. These instantly opened upon the French column; but though the fire was well-directed, and evidently galled them, it did not succeed in stopping them. Our cavalry, in the mean while, formed in the rear of the guns, sending out three or four squadrons, with the hussars, to skirmish; and rather a sharp contest took place near a bridge which crossed the brook. The French made a dash to secure it, and passed some officers, with about thirty or forty men, to the other side; in accomplishing which however, as the bridge was extremely narrow, they were compelled to defile from column. An opportunity was thus afforded of attacking them to advantage, which was not permitted to escape. Captain Crackenbourg, of the German hussars, an officer of gallantry and high character, saw in a moment the predicament into which they had thrust themselves. He instantly drew out two divisions of the hussars, and charging the

body which had passed the bridge, cut down their officer, and drove the rest, with the loss of several killed and wounded, back upon the column. The affair was accomplished in an instant, but the promptitude and vigour which characterised its execution both merited and received the approbation of all present. The brave men were saluted by the cheers of their comrades as they returned, and the officer's name was justly and honourably mentioned at head-quarters."*

ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE OF THE COA, *page* 208.

"At this moment the right wing of the 52nd was seen marching towards the bridge, which was still crowded with the passing troops. M'Leod, a very young man, but with a natural genius for war, immediately turned his horse round, called to the troops to follow, and taking off his cap, rode with a shout towards the enemy: the suddenness of the thing, and the distinguished action of the man, produced the effect he designed—a mob of soldiers rushed after him, cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs, and the enemy's skirmishers, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped short. Before they could recover from their surprise, the 52nd cross-

* Lord Londonderry.

ed the river, and M'Leod, following at full speed, gained the other side also without disaster."

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"During the fight, General Picton came up alone from Pinhel. Crawfurd desired the support of the third division, it was refused, and, excited by some previous disputes, the generals separated after a sharp altercation. Picton was decidedly wrong, because Crawfurd's situation was one of extreme danger; he durst not retire, and Massena might, undoubtedly, have thrown his reserves by the bridge of Castello Bom upon the right flank of the division and destroyed it."

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"It was at first supposed that Lieutenant Dawson and half a company of the 52nd, which had been posted in the unfinished tower, were also captured; but that officer kept close until the evening, and then, with great intelligence, passed all the enemy's posts, and crossing the Coa at a ford, rejoined his regiment."†

FALL OF ALMEIDA, *page* 210.

"The Colonel reports, that the explosion of the magazine destroyed the whole town, made a breach in the place, blew all the guns, excepting

† Napier.

three, into the ditch, destroyed all the ammunition, excepting ten or twelve barrels of powder, and killed or wounded the greater part of the artillerymen. The garrison, till this accident, had sustained no loss, and was in the best order and spirits, and had no thoughts of surrender, and expected to hold the place for two months. The Colonel talks highly of the conduct of Governor Cox.

"The Major commanding the artillery was the person employed by Cox to settle the capitulation for him. He went out and informed the French of the exact state of the place after the explosion, and never returned!! Massena has made him a colonel!!"*

BUSACO, *page* 213.

"It is the only place in that kingdom where the bare-footed Carmelites possessed what, in monastic language, is called a desert; by which term an establishment is designated where those brethren, whose piety flies the highest pitch, may at once enjoy the advantages of the eremite and the discipline of the cenobite life, and thus indulge the heroism of ascetic devotion in security. The convent, surrounded by an extensive and almost impervious wood, stands in what may be called

* Wellington's Despatches.

the crater of the loftiest part of the ridge; its precincts, which included a circumference of about four miles, were walled in. Within that circuit were various chapels and religious stations; and on the summit of the mountain, which is within the inclosure, a stone cross was erected of enormous size upon so huge a foundation that three thousand cart-loads of stone were employed in constructing its base. The cells of the brethren were round the church, not in a regular building, but accommodated to the irregularities of the ground, and lined with cork, which was everywhere used instead of wood, because of the dampness of the situation. Every cell had its garden and its water-course for irrigating it, the cultivation of these little spots being the only recreation which the inhabitants allowed themselves as lawful. In one of these gardens the first cedars which grew in Portugal were raised. It was indeed one of those places where man has converted an earthly paradise into a purgatory for himself, but where superstition almost seems sanctified by everything around it. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were in the convent; and the solitude and silence of Busaco were now broken by events, in which its hermits, dead as they were to the world, might be permitted to partake all the agitations of earthly hope and fear."*

* Southey.

ANECDOTE OF BUSACO, *page* 217.

"At this time the 45th were engaged with numbers out of proportion, but they gallantly maintained their ground. The 5th, 74th, and 83rd, were likewise attacked; but the 88th, from the nature of their situation, came in contact with the full body of the enemy, and, while opposed to three times their own number in front, were assailed on their left by a couple of hundred riflemen stationed in the rocks. Colonel Wallace changed his front, but had scarcely reached the rocks, when a fire, destructive as it was animated, assailed him. The moment was a critical one, but he never lost his presence of mind. He ordered his two first companies to attack the rocks, while he pressed forward with the remainder of his regiment against the main body. The 8th Portuguese were close on the enemy, and opened a well-directed fire, while the 45th were performing prodigies of valour. At this moment the 88th came up to the assistance of their comrades, and the three regiments pressed on: a terrific contest took place; the French fought well, but they had no chance with our men when we grappled close with them; and they were overthrown, leaving half of their column on the heath with which the hill was covered.

"The French, ranged amphitheatrically one

above another, took a murderous aim at our soldiers in their advance to dislodge them—officers as well as privates became personally engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Captain Dunne fought with his sabre, while Captain Dansey made use of a firelock and bayonet; he received three wounds, and Captain Dunne owed his life to a sergeant of his company named Brazill, who, seeing his officer in danger of being overpowered, scrambled to his assistance, and making a thrust of his halbert at the Frenchman, transfixed him against the rock he was standing on.

"Although they combated with a desperation suited to the situation in which they were placed, the heroes of Austerlitz, Esling, and Wagram, were hurled from the rocks by the Rangers of Connaught."†

* * * * *

"The 88th arriving to the assistance of their comrades, instantly charged, and the enemy were borne over the cliffs and crags with fearful rapidity, many of them being literally picked out of the holes in the rocks by the bayonets of our soldiers."‡

* * * * *

"Referring to their conduct on this occasion, the Duke of Wellington observes in his despatch, that he never witnessed a more gallant attack than

† "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

‡ Lord Londonderry.

that made by these two regiments on the division of the enemy which had then reached the ridge of the Sierra. In addition to this flattering testimony of his Grace, and in further evidence of the gallantry they displayed, it will be sufficient to state, that the loss sustained by these two corps on the occasion amounted to sixteen officers, seven sergeants, and two hundred and sixty-one men, being nearly one-half of the whole British loss in the battle." *

SUFFERINGS OF THE SPANIARDS, *page* 224.

"Fifty thousand of these fugitives found support and consolation in the hospitality and kindness of the citizens of Lisbon; but an equal number, who fled to the left bank of the Tagus, long remained exposed to the weather; and a large proportion miserably perished from hunger and disease before relief could be administered. Hard as was their lot, it was far more happy than that of the villagers in the rear, and on the skirts of the enemy's cantonments, whose habitations, plundered of everything, and occasionally occupied by detachments of French, afforded their owners no supplies, and only a precarious shelter. Many of these wretched creatures passed the whole sea-

* Mackie.

son of winter exposed to its inclemencies in the neighbouring woods or mountains, subsisting merely on roots and herbs; and on the advance of the allies returned to their homes, their bodies emaciated from abstinence, and their intellects impaired by long continued apprehension; amongst them were girls of sixteen, who, become idiots, resembled in person women of fifty. Numbers of children of either sex, who had survived the severe trial, flocked to the road-side as the army approached to demand relief; appearing so thin, pale, and haggard, that many a hardened veteran was observed to turn from the sight with disgust, as he compassionately bestowed on them a portion of the biscuit intended as his next day's support."*

CONCEALMENT OF PROPERTY, *page* 224.

"The patron of a house, occupied by an officer of the adjutant-general's department, on arriving for other purposes, requested the servants to remove for a short time one of the horses out of a stall, where it had been standing for some days. As soon as the animal was removed, he proceeded to dig, and speedily exhumed three thousand crusada novas, which he had buried some months previous."†

* Jones's Account of the War.

† "Life on Service."

SPANISH DEVOTION, *page* 224.

"The monks of Alcobaca performed on this occasion towards the British officers their last act of hospitality. Most of them had already departed from the magnificent and ancient abode, where the greater part of their lives had been spent peacefully and inoffensively, to seek an asylum where they could; the few who remained prepared dinner for their guests in the great hall and in the apartments reserved for strangers, after which they brought them the keys, and desired them to take whatever they liked.

* * * * *

"Leiria was forsaken by its whole population: a city thus deserted offered such temptation that discipline could not be maintained in the retreating army without some examples of severity, and one British and one native soldier were punished with death for breaking into a chapel, and plundering it."†

CAPTURE OF THE FRENCH HOSPITALS AT COIMBRA, *page* 226.

"Above one hundred and fifty officers and five thousand men were made prisoners by this well-

† Southey.

timed enterprise; three thousand five hundred muskets were taken, *nearly the whole of which were charged,* and hence the number of effective men may be estimated."

[A curious inference of Doctor Southey. Surely the muskets of wounded men would be just as likely to be found loaded, as those of soldiers who had escaped unhurt.]—*M.*

TORRES VEDRAS,—*page* 226.

After driving the allied rear-guard from Sobral, "the French were pursuing their advantage," says Doctor Southey; "when a peasant fell into their hands, who, unlike his countrymen, answered without hesitation all the interrogatories which were put to him; he told the commander that they were close upon the British lines, and pointed out to him where the batteries were, in constructing which he had himself laboured. Had it not been for this warning," &c.—[Surely works that extended nearly thirty miles, for which fifty thousand trees had been allotted—on which three thousand artillerymen and engineers, and seven thousand peasants, had laboured—and on whose armament three hundred and nineteen heavy guns had been employed; works like these could not have been involved in all this mystery, and their very locality

kept a secret from an officer like Massena, who commanded the most unbounded sources of information?]—*M.*

ANECDOTES OF PLUNDERING, *page* 242.

The French soldiers had been so long accustomed to plunder, that they proceeded in their researches for booty of every kind upon a regular system. They were provided with tools for the work of pillage, and every piece of furniture in which places of concealment could be constructed they broke open from behind, so that no valuables could be hidden from them by any contrivance of that kind. Having satisfied themselves that nothing was secreted above ground, they proceeded to examine whether there was any new masonry, or if any part of the cellar or ground-floor had been disturbed; if it appeared uneven, they dug there: where there was no such indication, they poured water, and if it were absorbed in one place faster than another, there they broke the earth. There were men who at the first glance could pronounce whether anything had been buried beneath the soil, and when they probed with an iron rod, or, in default of it, with sword or bayonet, it was found that they were seldom mistaken in their judgment. The habit of living by prey called forth, as in

beasts, a faculty of discovering it: there was one soldier whose scent became so acute, that if he approached the place where wine had been concealed, he would go unerringly to the spot.

"Wherever the French bivouacked, the scene was such as might rather have been looked for in a camp of predatory Tartars than in that of a civilized people. Food, and forage, and skins of wine, and clothes and church vestments, books and guitars, and all the bulkier articles of wasteful spoil, were heaped together in their huts with the planks and doors of the habitations which they had demolished. Some of the men, retaining amid this brutal service the characteristic activity and cleverness of their nation, fitted up their huts with hangings from their last scene of pillage, with a regard to comfort hardly to have been expected in their situation, and a love of gaiety only to be found in Frenchmen. The idlers were contented with a tub, and, *if the tub were large enough, three or four would stow themselves in it!*"*

It would appear that the English had some little experience in this line of business as well as the French.

"Some of the dragoons, with a quarter-master, immediately mounted and followed the French, who were now approaching their goal, and took little notice of these few horsemen. The quarter-

* Southey.

master, however, saw an opportunity of doing a little business; observing, among those who lagged in the rear, one man with a ledger in the slings of his knapsack, he naturally concluded that such gear in the French, as in our service, belonged to those who carried the purse, and, on the strength of this analogy, he by degrees approached him of the ledger, and returning his sword, and advancing at speed, he pounced upon his prey, and seizing him by the collar, shook the musket out of his hands, and bore him off. He proved to be a paymaster's clerk, and carried sixty doubloons, then worth about four guineas each."*

VILLA FORMOSA, *page* 242.

"For some time we contented ourselves with keeping pointers and greyhounds, and indulging as often as opportunities offered in the sports of shooting, coursing, and fishing; but now a taste for hunting began to prevail amongst us, and fox-hounds and harriers, more or less numerous and good, were established in the different divisions of the army. At head-quarters we were fortunate enough to become possessed of an excellent pack, which afforded us much amusement, and occupied time which otherwise would have

* "The Hussar."

hung heavily on our hands. In our quarters we lived gaily and well: a spirit of good-fellowship and hospitality everywhere prevailed; and in them, war, balls, private theatricals, and agreeable parties, were things of continual occurrence." *

ANECDOTE OF A DOG, *page* 253.

After the battle of Barossa, the wounded of both nations were, from want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field of action the whole night, and part of the following day. General Rosseau, a French general of division, was of the number; his dog, a white one of the poodle kind, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the general returned not with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him; found him at night in his dreary resting-place, and expressed his affliction by moans, and by licking the hands and feet of his dying master. When the fatal crisis took place, some hours after, he seemed fully aware of the dreadful change, attached himself closely to the body, and for three days refused the sustenance which was offered him.

Arrangements having been made for the inter-

* Lord Londonderry

ment of the dead, the body of the General was, like the rest, committed to its honourable grave; the dog lay down upon the earth, which covered the beloved remains, and evinced by silence and deep dejection his sorrow for the loss he had sustained. The English commander, General Graham, whose fine feelings had prompted him to superintend the last duties due to the gallant slain, observed the friendless mourner, drew him, now no longer resisting, from the spot, and gave him his protection, which he continued to him until his death, many years after, at the General's residence in Perthshire.

FUENTES D'ONORO, *page* 259.

The final charge that decided the possession of the village, on the evening of the 5th, was made by the 88th. That it was a splendid affair may be inferred from the praise bestowed upon it by a man, who for some unknown reason detested that gallant regiment, and sought every opportunity of exhibiting his feelings of dislike.

Speaking of the attack on Fuentes d'Onoro, Picton, in a letter to his uncle, says: "It was defended in the most determined manner by the 71st, 24th, and 79th. About two o'clock, however, these regiments began to give way, and fell back on more defensible ground in the rear of

the village; when at this moment the 88th, under Colonel Wallace, and led on by Major-general Mackinnon, was ordered to move up and support them. This was done in admirable order; and they made so overwhelming a charge through the streets, that they drove the enemy from the village with immense loss." In fact, the charge of the 88th was so brilliant and decisive, that the French never ventured to enter the streets again.

Page 261.—Official return of casualties at Fuentes d'Onoro, 3rd and 5th May 1811.

Killed 235; wounded 1,234; missing 317; total 1786.*

ANECDOTE OF BRENNIER'S ESCAPE, *page* 268.

When Brennier's escape was reported to Picton by an Irish officer, the general, never remarkable for suavity of temper, hastily inquired, "What the devil were the ——th doing?"—"Faith," returned his informant, "I suppose they were asleep." "Asleep!—What then was the ——th about?" and he named the next regiment in the line.—"Devil a one of me can tell," replied the Irishman coolly; "but maybe they were watching the ——th, for fear somebody would waken them!"

* Wellington's Despatches, vol, vii. p. 528.

INVESTMENT OF BADAJOZ, *page* 268.

"Observing that all the interior of the castle could be seen from a small fort situated on the heights of Christoval, on the Portuguese side of the Guadiana, and that the back of the front defence of the castle might be enfiladed from thence, it became clear, that should the fort be reduced, and heavy batteries erected within it, no body of men, exposed to their fire, could stand to dispute a breach in the wall, which formed the sole defence of the castle. That wall, from its uncovered position, appeared liable to be battered down from a distance; and as, when in possession of the castle, the resistance of the town must, under its commanding influence, cease, Badajoz might by this mode of attack be captured in a fortnight."*

SIEGE OF BADAJOZ, *page* 269.

Much of the success of a siege depends on the quality and endurance of its battering train, as well as the accurate service of the guns. In some of the sieges undertaken by the Duke of Wellington, his artillery were miserably deficient—and

* Jones's Account of the War.

the wonder is how, with such inadequate means, he effected successful results in such brief time, and under the greatest disadvantages. A French Engineer, in alluding to the sieges, makes the following observations:—"There sat down before the place a besieging army of fourteen or fifteen thousand men, including three thousand Spaniards, and two thousand Portuguese militia; and the artillery to be employed amounted to forty pieces, among which are to be numbered four 10-inch and six 8-inch howitzers. Of mortars we possessed none; eight, therefore, out of the ten howitzers were directed to be used as such; and our guns, of which two were 24-pounders, and four 16-pounders, were all brass, and of Portuguese manufacture. The engineers' stores collected on the occasion comprised three thousand five hundred entrenching tools, sixty thousand sand-bags, six hundred gabions, a very few fascines, and an extremely inadequate quantity of splinter-proof timber and planks; whilst, independently of the officers, there were attached to the department, one hundred and sixty-nine men of the line, to act as overseers, forty-eight carpenters, forty-eight miners, and twenty-five rank and file, of the corps of royal artificers. The chief engineer and principal director of the operations was Lieutenant-colonel Fletcher. Major Dixon, of the Portuguese artillery, was at the head of that department; and Captains Ross

and Mac Leod were put in charge of two depôts, which were established on each side of the river."

* * * * *

"The first siege of Badajos by the English, being attempted with forty bronze cannon of Portuguese construction, the whole were rendered unserviceable in a very short space of time, though loaded with powder not more than one-third of the weight of the balls, and discharged at the moderate rate of once only in eight minutes; and the siege miscarried. The English attributed the quick deterioration of the cannon to the strength of their powder, and consequently they determined to have no parks but such as were composed of cast-iron cannon from England. The latter was the description of artillery which they employed when they attacked Ciudad Rodrigo in the January following. They established their batteries at a distance of about 500 yards (*mètres*), from the escarp, and fired upon it incessantly, until they had opened two practicable breaches; this they effected in two-and-thirty hours and a half's firing, and they carried the place in five days. There was not a single cannon which burst, or suffered injury, though each was fired a very considerable number of times in constant succession. The siege of Badajoz was resumed a second time, and the breaching batteries were established at about 710 yards' distance (*mètres*). The number of cannon brought to bear was

sixteen 24-pounders, twenty-four 18-pounders, and six mortars of five inches and a half diameter. The attack began on the 30th of March, and by the 6th of April three practicable breaches were effected; that in the curtain was forty feet broad; that on the flank ninety feet; and the third, which was on the face of the bastion, was 150 feet. The number of hours' firing was 104, and the number of projectiles discharged 35,246. The results were the same during this siege as at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; not a single cannon burst, or became unserviceable, though the 24-pounders were fired in constant succession, at the rate of 1249 discharges each."

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"The siege of St. Sebastian affords a third instance of the extreme endurance of English cast-iron cannon. The breaching batteries, which were established at a distance of about 660 yards (*mètres*) from the place, opened a breach 100 feet broad in the escarp, against which they were directed, and it was rendered practicable on the third day after the firing was first opened. The batteries were composed of thirty-four cannon, of which twenty were 24-pounders. The same batteries being opened the next morning, to make a second breach, effected one of thirty feet in breadth, after fifteen hours and a half's firing. During this interval each cannon discharged from 300 to 350 shot without being injured. Had it

been required to produce the same result with brass cannon, three times as many cannon would have been necessary, supposing the ordinary rate of firing to have been observed. During this siege, which was twice resumed, several of the pieces withstood the discharge upwards of 9000 times in uninterrupted succession, without experiencing any material damage. Their fire was so accurate at the last attack, that they were employed in throwing shrapnel-shells, filled with powder and balls, over the heads of the besiegers, for the purpose of driving away the besieged who lined the top of the breach. It was one of these shells which set fire to a quantity of obusses and bombs that stood on the rampart, and occasioned an explosion, which created so much confusion in the place as to produce its fall."*

POLISH LANCERS AT ALBUERA, *page* 276.

"During the hottest of the action, Marshal Beresford exposed himself with a degree of intrepidity, which could hardly fail of spreading an example of heroism around. He repeatedly dragged the Spanish officers from their ranks, compelling them to lead their men forward, and show them the way; and when individually charged by a Polish lancer, he grappled his adversary by the

* Thierry.

throat, and threw him from his saddle. A very different fate attended the personal exertions of the Portuguese staff. They, too, were charged by a single lancer, who knocked down one with the butt of his pike, overset another man and horse, and gave ample employment to the entire head-quarters before he was finally despatched. These heroes declared that the man seemed possessed by an evil spirit; and that when he fell at last, he literally bit the ground."

* * * * *

"Fields far on the rear of the allies were strewed with the bodies of Polish lancers who had penetrated singly beyond the contending parties. These desperadoes galloped about in all directions, spearing the wounded men and their defenceless supporters."†

CHARACTER OF LE MARCHANT, *page* 280.

General le Marchant was a native of Guernsey, and first attracted the notice of the late Duke of York, by assiduous attention to the duties of his profession, and a subsequent introduction of a new system of sword-exercise into the British cavalry. He was greatly instrumental in establishing the Royal Military College, of which he became Lieutenant-governor. In 1811 he was

† Jones's History.

made a Major-general, and joined the army of Portugal, in command of a brigade.

The death of his lady obliged him to come home; but immediately on the arrangement of some domestic affairs, he resumed his former command, and returned to the Peninsula. His son, an ensign in the Guards, was beside him when he fell. His country marked how highly it estimated Le Marchant's value, by the munificent provision it made for his family, upon whom a pension of 1,200*l.* a year was settled at the suggestion of George IV, then Prince Regent.

THE WOUNDED AT ALBUERA, *page* 283.

"The wounded of both armies were brought in promiscuously, and many of them laid in the streets and in the squares, till shelter could be allotted them; even for this inevitable necessity no order having been taken by the Spanish authorities. It is worthy of notice, that a greater proportion recovered of those who were left a night upon the field than of such as were earlier housed; and this is explained by the effect of free air in preventing fever."

LORD WELLINGTON'S ATTENTION TO THE WOUNDED, *page* 290.

"In case I should move, I must leave behind me two-thirds of the small quantity of ammunition I have remaining, having been obliged to give all the Portuguese carts, which had hitherto carried the ammunition, to move the wounded, and not having been able to procure in this country means of transport for anything."*

The following is a graphic but faithful description of a military hospital after a battle:—

"In the yard of a quinta, or nobleman's house, I looked through the grating and saw about 200 wounded soldiers waiting to have their limbs amputated, while others were arriving every moment. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the frightful appearance of these men; they had been wounded on the 5th, and this was the 7th; their limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and the smell from the gun-shot wounds was dreadful. Some were sitting upright against a wall, under the shade of a number of chestnut-trees, and, as many of them were wounded in the head as well as in limbs, the ghastly countenances of those poor fellows presented a dismal sight. The streams of gore which had trickled down their

* Wellington's Despatches, vol. v. p. 36.

cheeks were quite hardened with the sun, and gave their faces a glazed and copper-coloured hue; their eyes were sunk and fixed; and what between the effects of the sun, of exhaustion, and despair, they resembled more a group of bronze figures than anything human. There they sat, silent and statue-like, waiting for their turn to be carried to the amputating tables. At the other side of the yard lay several whose state was too hopeless for them to sit up; a feeble cry from them occasionally, to those who were passing, for a drink of water, was all they uttered.

"A little farther on, in an inner court, were the surgeons. They were stripped to their shirts and bloody. Curiosity led me forward: a number of doors, placed on barrels, served as temporary tables, and on these lay the different subjects upon whom the surgeons were operating; to the right and left were arms and legs, flung here and there without distinction, and the ground was dyed with blood."

* * * * *

"In an inner room was a young officer shot through the head,—his was a hopeless case. He was quite delirious, and obliged to be held down by two men; his strength was astonishing, and more than once, while I remained, he succeeded in escaping from the grasp of his attendants. The Scotch officer's servant soon after came in, and

stooping down inquired of his master how he felt, but received no reply; he had half turned on his face; the man took hold of his master's hand—it was still warm, but the pulse had ceased —he was dead." †

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"We were about to leave the room when we perceived a *paillasse* in the corner, which had hitherto escaped our notice; a pelisse of the 18th hussars served as a coverlet, a little round head was upon the pillow; a vivid eye, with the countenance of a deadly pallid hue, bespoke a wounded Irishman. 'Do you belong to the 18th?'—'Yes, plase your honour;' (the right hand at the same time carried up to the forelock.) 'Are you wounded?'—'Yes, plase your honour;' (again the hand to the head.) 'Where?'—'Run through the body, plase your honour.' (We verily believe he said twice through the body, but cannot charge our memory.) 'Are you in pain?'—'Och! plase your honour, I'm tolerably asy; the Frinch daacter blid me, and to-morrow I shall see the old rigiment.' It is needless to say that we were deeply interested in this gallant fellow, who bore his dangerous wounds with so much composure; and it is a pleasing sequel to this anecdote to be able to state that he finally recovered."

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"Two singular cases of contusion of the brain were observed at this time in the hospitals: one man

† "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

did nothing but count, with a loud and deliberate voice, from forty to seventy, always beginning at one number and ending at the other, and this incessantly through the whole night. Another continually uttered the most extraordinary blasphemies and curses, exhausting the whole vocabulary of malediction, without any apparent emotion of anger. This case did not prove fatal, but the man was left in a state of helpless idiocy."

EL BODON, *page* 295.

"Nothing but the greatest discipline, the most undaunted bravery, and a firm reliance on their officers, could have saved those devoted soldiers from total annihilation. They were attacked with a fury unexampled on three sides of the square; the French horsemen rode upon their bayonets; but, unshaken by the desperate position in which they were placed, they poured in their fire with such quickness and precision, that the cavalry retired in disorder."

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"At the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon on the square formed by the 5th and 77th regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him, and both fell together. The officer, although not much hurt,

lay on the ground as if dead, and in this situation would, in all probability, have escaped, as the French infantry were fast advancing to the relief of their cavalry, had it not been for a German hussar, one squadron of whom were engaged in the conflict, who rode up to the spot, and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground; on which, he immediately sprang up, and, with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German hussars then galloped up, and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic: he stood without his cap; his head was bare, and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall, athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Canch, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and was proceeding rapidly to the place, in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars, finding they were baffled, and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol, with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about halfway between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were hovering

about, after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th regiments.

"We were informed by a prisoner taken at the time, that the officer who defended himself so gallantly against the two hussars, was an Irishman, and the major of his regiment." *

MARMONT'S MISTAKE, *page* 296.

"Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in our presence; and, it must be confessed, that a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were first drawn up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, echelons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the Imperial Guard came upon the ground in one solid mass; and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however,

" * Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

soon deployed into columns of battalions — a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the Guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the Guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than twenty-five thousand men. Nor did the muster cease to go on as long as daylight lasted. To the very latest moment we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition-waggons, flocking into the encampment; as if it were the design of the French General to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo."*

FALL OF TARRAGONA, *page* 304.

"The French batteries opened at daylight on the 28th June, and by ten o'clock a practicable breach was formed: the besiegers then appeared perfectly quiet, firing only an occasional round or two; but when the heat of the day was a little past, they suddenly rushed to the assault. The defenders made but a slight resistance, and in a

* Lord Londonderry.

few minutes the French columns were in the streets, and immediately gave loose to every species of licentiousness. Some thousands of the citizens perished by individual atrocity; whilst a continued fire from the batteries swept away crowds of trembling fugitives, who fled to the sea-side and sought refuge in the boats of the squadron. The British seamen gallantly rescued many within reach of the very sabres of the enemy's dragoons, who charged amongst the defenceless mass, cutting and slashing in every direction. In a word, it was a French army licensed to pursue its own inclinations; and scenes such as are read with distrust in the ancient historians, are attested by some thousand witnesses yet alive to have been acted here."*

General Suchet's own statement is as follows: "The rage of the soldiers was increased by the obstinacy of the garrison, who expected to be relieved, and who were prepared to sally out. The fiftieth assault made yesterday in the middle of the day to the inner works was followed by a frightful massacre, with little loss on our side. The terrible example, which I foresaw with regret in my last report to your Highness, has taken place, and will be long remembered in Spain. Four thousand men were killed in the streets; ten or twelve thousand attempted to save themselves by getting over the walls, a

* Jones's Account of the War.

thousand of whom were sabred or drowned: we have made 10,000 prisoners, including 500 officers, and in the hospitals remain 1500 wounded, whose lives have been spared."

SIEGE PRACTICE AND RANGE OF BATTERING GUNS, *page* 315.

The probability of hitting the same object at different ranges, with the same gun, may be considered to be in the inverse ratio of the distances respectively; the advantage, however, being always in favour of guns at or under the line of metal.

The probabilities of hitting objects of various size, the gun and range being the same, are somewhat in the ratio of the square roots of the surfaces fired at.

Of any given number of rounds, with 24-pounders of nine feet six inches, under favourable circumstances, the range being accurately ascertained, the object on, or nearly on, a level with the gun—the traverse or trunnion—axis of the gun—being horizontal, the following proportion of shot may be expected to hit without grazing:

Range in yards . .	600	900	1200	1500	1800
A six feet target, 36 square ft.	$\frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{4}{9}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{2}{9}$	$\frac{1}{7}$
A nine feet target, 81 square ft.	$\frac{7}{8}$	$\frac{6}{9}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{3}{14}$

Ranges of a 32-pounder long gun, 9½ feet, charge 10lbs. 11oz. powder, single shot, initial velocity 1600 feet..

Elevation in Degrees.

RL | ½ | 1 | 1½ | 2 | 2½ | 3 | 3½ | 4 | 4½ | 5 | 5½ | 6

Range in Yards.

100 | 390 | 670 | 900 | 1000 | 1250 | 1390 | 1515 | 1630 | 1740 | 1850 | 1955 | 2055

First Differences.

280 | 230 | 190 | 160 | 140 | 125 | 115 | 110 | 110 | 105 | 100

Second Differences.

50 | 40 | 30 | 20 | 15 | 10 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5

CHARACTER OF GENERAL CRAWFORD, *page* 319.

General Crawford entered the army at an early age, and had seen much and varied service. In the short interval of peace, he visited the Continent to improve himself in the scientific branches of his profession, and afterwards served in two Indian campaigns under Lord Cornwallis. After some unimportant employments on the Continent, he joined the disgraceful expedition against Buenos Ayres, and subsequently served with the army of Sir John Moore, in command of the light brigade. After the retreat, he joined Sir Arthur Wellesley the morning after Talavera, and became most deservedly a favourite of that commander.

Crawford's military talents are admitted to have been of the first order. An enthusiast regarding martial glory, he sought every oppor-

tunity to distinguish himself. In the affair of the Coa — at Busaco and Fuentes d'Onoro, he established an undying reputation. Wellington's despatch contained his well-earned eulogy—and the breach before which he fell, was fitly chosen as a last resting-place for the fearless leader of the gallant light brigade.

The following very able sketch of the respective dispositions and abilities of Crawford and Picton, places their characters in a striking light. We agree with Colonel Napier, in awarding to Crawford the possession of higher military talents than Picton ever exhibited — and we are convinced, had both lived, and both been employed in active service, that Crawford would have showed himself the abler officer. To compare either to Wellington, is nothing but egregious folly. Both undoubtedly were brave, ready, and intelligent — but to name them with the master-spirit of the age, is an act of very injudicious friendship.

"Picton and Crawford were, however, not formed by nature to act cordially together. The stern countenance, robust frame, saturnine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour of the first, promised little sympathy with the short thick figure, dark flashing eyes, quick movements, and fiery temper of the second; nor, indeed, did they often meet without a quarrel. Nevertheless, they had many points of resem-

blance in their characters and fortunes. Both were inclined to harshness, and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; and they were alike ambitious and craving of glory. They both possessed decided military talents — were enterprising, and intrepid; yet neither were remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. This, also, they had in common, they both, after distinguished services, perished in arms fighting gallantly, and being celebrated as generals of division while living, have since their death been injudiciously spoken of as rivalling their great leader in war. That they were officers of mark and pretension is unquestionable, and Crawford more so than Picton, because the latter never had a separate command, and his opportunities were necessarily more circumscribed; but to compare either to the Duke of Wellington, displays ignorance of the men, and of the art they professed. If they had even comprehended the profound military and political combinations he was conducting, the one would carefully have avoided fighting on the Coa, and the other, far from refusing, would have eagerly proffered his support." *

* Napier.

CHARACTER OF GENERAL MACKINNON, *page* 319.

General Mackinnon was the younger son of the chieftain of Clan Mackinnon. He was born near Winchester, and commenced his military education in France. At fifteen he entered the army, served three years as lieutenant in the 43rd, raised an independent company, and exchanged into the Coldstream Guards. In Ireland he was brigade-major to General Nugent, and served at the Helder, in Egypt, and at Copenhagen. In 1809, he joined Sir Arthur Wellesley, was present at the passage of the Douro, and had two horses killed at Talavera. At Busaco he received thanks upon the field — and after some sharp affairs with the French rear-guard during Massena's retreat, led the last charge in person at Fuentes d'Onoro, which left the British in undisputed possession of the field.

In Mackinnon's character there was no trait wanting to form the perfect soldier. To the highest intellectual endowments, he united, "a gentle manner, with a dauntless soul." Married to a woman worthy of a brave man's love, his passion for military glory had allowed him little space to enjoy that quiet happiness that generally waits on wedded life. His selected profession demanded the sacrifice — a command was offered — he accepted it, and left a happy home. At last his

health declined—a change of air was recommended—he reluctantly consented to leave the Peninsula for a season—and, for the last time, revisited England.

Walking one evening in the garden, his lady led him to a spot where, with all a woman's pride, she had planted a laurel to commemorate every action in which her beloved one had been victorious. Mackinnon, deeply affected, turned away, whispering, "Alas! love, the cypress will be the next!"

No leader was ever more deeply regretted. The brigade immediately under his command adored him; and those who survived the explosion, dug a grave inside the breach, and there hastily entombed the body of their gallant general. After the confusion ceased, the officers of the Coldstream Guards raised his honoured remains, and interred them at Espeja with military honours.

But this lamented chief found a mourner even in an enemy. During Mackinnon's earlier residence in France, Napoleon, then a military student in Dauphine, formed an intimacy with the family of the deceased. Consequently, he became a regular visiter at their chateau, and it would appear, that in after days of pride and power, he never forgot the hospitality offered to him, when he was but a nameless cadet. At the peace of Amiens he invited the family to visit France—

and when he heard Mackinnon named among those who had fallen at Ciudad Rodrigo, it is said that Napoleon betrayed unwonted regret at the decease of a youthful friend, who seemed to hold a place in earlier affections, before war and conquest had "steeled his heart, and seared his brow."

MARMONT'S CONFIDENTIAL DESPATCH TO BERTHIER, *page* 320.

"THE letter in question was dated from Merida, at a period posterior to the relief of Badajoz, and the consequent retrogression of our divisions. It began by informing his Excellency the Prince of Neufchatel, that having succeeded, in conjunction with the Duke of Dalmatia, in raising the siege of Badajoz, the writer had since directed his undivided attention to the reorganisation and re-establishment of discipline in the army of Portugal. The system of requisitions, and the irregularity of supply, had been carried, it was continued, to so great a height, that the army was become little better than a rabble of banditti; nor could anything be attempted, with the slightest prospect of success, till the method should be entirely changed, and the troops provided and paid in such a manner as to render them both contented and manageable. To accomplish this

the Marshal was then devising plans; and he earnestly pressed for instructions and assistance from the Emperor in carrying them into execution.

"In addition to this despatch from Marmont, a letter from General Tresion, chief of the staff, was likewise intercepted; but it contained little calculated to interest, except an explicit declaration that the French troops were unable to cope with the English, and that their best chance of success lay in manœuvring."*

ANECDOTES OF THE STORM OF CIUDAD RODRIGO, *page* 321.

"The first men that surmounted the difficultics the breach presented, were a sergeant and two privates of the 88th. The French, who still remained beside the gun, whose sweeping fire had hitherto been so fatal to those who led the storm, attacked these brave men furiously — a desperate hand-to-hand encounter succeeded. The Irishmen, undaunted by the superior number of their assailants, laid five or six of the gunners at their feet. The struggle was observed— and some soldiers of the 5th regiment scrambled up to the assistance of their gallant comrades— and the remnant of the French gunners perished by their bayonets.

* Lord Londonderry.

* * * * *

"Lieutenant Mackie, who led the forlorn-hope, had miraculously escaped without a wound—and pressing 'over the dying and the dead,' he reached the further bank of the retrenchment, and found himself in solitary possession of the street beyond the breach, while the battle still raged behind him."*

The following anecdote is descriptive of those personal affairs that the *mêlée* attendant on the first entrance of a defended town so frequently produces. The actor, since dead, was a personal and an attached friend of the author.

"Each affray in the streets was conducted in the best manner the moment would admit of, and decided more by personal valour than discipline, and in some instances officers as well as privates had to combat with the imperial troops. In one of those encounters, Lieutenant George Faris, of the 88th, by an accident so likely to occur in an affair of this kind, separated a little too far from a dozen or so of his regiment, found himself opposed to a French soldier, who apparently was similarly placed: it was a curious coincidence,

* The selection of anecdotes connected with an Irish regiment might appear a national partiality: but at this period of the campaign the Rangers had been heavily engaged. Their casualties, from the investment of Rodrigo to the fall of Badajoz—six-and-twenty days—amounted to twenty-five officers and five hundred and fifty-six men!

and it would seem as if each felt that *he* individually was the representative of the country to which he belonged; and had the fate of the two nations hung upon the issue of the combat I am about to describe, it could not have been more heroically contested. The Frenchman fired at, and wounded Faris in the thigh, and made a desperate push with his bayonet at his body, but Faris parried the thrust, and the bayonet only lodged in his leg; he saw at a glance the peril of his situation, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him; the odds against him were too great, and if he continued a scientific fight, he must inevitably be vanquished; he sprang forward, and seizing hold of the Frenchman by the collar, a struggle of a most nervous kind took place; in their mutual efforts to gain an advantage, they lost their caps, and as they were men of nearly equal strength, it was doubtful what the issue would be. They were so entangled with each other, their weapons were of no avail, but Faris at length disengaged himself from the grasp which held him, and he was able to use his sabre; he pushed the Frenchman from him, and ere he could recover himself he laid his head open nearly to the chin: his sword-blade, a heavy, soft, ill-made Portuguese one, was doubled up with the force of the blow, and retained some pieces of skull and clotted hair! At this moment I reached the spot with about twenty men, com-

posed of different regiments, all being by this time mixed pell-mell with each other. I ran up to Faris—he was nearly exhausted, but he was safe. The French grenadier lay upon the pavement, while Faris, though tottering from fatigue, held his sword firmly in his grasp, and it was crimsoned to the very hilt."*

It is strange how the lighter occurrences of human life ridiculously intermingle with its graver concerns. An officer with a shattered leg crawled into the corner of a traverse to avoid the rush of friends and foes, each equally fatal. Presently the contest changed from his neighbourhood, and the adjacent streets were deserted.

An hour passed — none disturbed his melancholy rest — when a footstep was heard, and an 88th man staggered round the corner with a bundle of sundry articles he had managed to collect. Unable to get further he placed it beneath his head—fixed his bayonet—and lay down to sleep in peace. In a few moments a Portuguese-camp follower peeped round the corner, looked suspiciously about, substituted a truss of straw for the bundle, and absconded with the plunder the drunken Ranger had, as he imagined, so carefully secured.

* Grattan.

MARCH FROM RODRIGO, *page* 321.

"Ill as I was, in common with many others, who, like myself, lay wounded, and were unable to accompany our friends, I arose from my truss of straw to take a parting look at the remnant of my regiment as it mustered on the parade; but, in place of upwards of seven hundred gallant soldiers, and six-and-twenty officers, of the former there were not three hundred, and of the latter but five!

* * * * *

"The drums of the division beat a ruffle; the officers took their stations; the bands played; the soldiers cheered; and, in less than half an hour, the spot which, since the 17th of the preceding month, had been a scene of the greatest excitement, was now a lone and deserted waste, having no other occupants than disabled or dying officers and soldiers, or the corpses of those that had fallen in the strife. The contrast was indeed great, and of that cast that made the most unreflecting think, and the reflecting feel. The sound of the drums died away; the division was no longer visible, except by the glittering of their firelocks: at length we lost sight of even this; and we were left alone, like so many outcasts, to make the best of our way to the hospitals in Badajoz."*

* "Grattan. Reminiscences," &c.

SUMMARY OF THE SIEGES, *page* 325.

"The town of Badajoz contains a population of about 16,000, and, within the space of thirteen months, experienced the miseries attendant upon a state of siege three several times. The first was undertaken by Lord Beresford, towards the end of April 1811, who was obliged to abandon operations by Soult advancing to its relief, and which led to the battle of Albuera on the 16th of May.

"The second siege was by Lord Wellington in person, who, after the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, directed his steps towards the south with a portion of the allied army. Operations commenced on the 30th of May, and continued till the 10th of June, when the siege was again abandoned; Soult having a second time advanced in combined operation with the army of Marmont from the north. The allies continued the blockade of the town till the 17th, when they recrossed the Guadiana, and took up a position on the Caya.

"The third siege, again undertaken by Lord Wellington in person, was begun on the 17th of March 1812, and continued without interruption till the 6th of April, when it fell by assault, after a most determined and gallant resistance on the part of the French."*

* Mackie.

" G. O.—*page* 342.

" Camp before Badajoz, 7th April 1812.

1. " It is now full time that the plunder of Badajoz should cease.

" G. O.

2. " The Commander of the Forces has ordered the provost-marshal into the town; he has orders to execute any men he may find in the act of plunder after he shall arrive there."

" G. O.

" Camp before Badajoz, 8th April 1812.

3. " The Commander of the Forces is sorry to learn, that the brigade in Badajoz, instead of being a protection to the people, plunder them *more* than those who stormed the town.

6. " The Commander of the Forces calls upon the staff-officers of the army, and the commanding and other officers of regiments, to assist him in putting an end to the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and plunder, which are going on in Badajoz."

" G. O.

" Fuente Guinaldo, 10th June 1812.

7. " The Commander of the Forces is sorry to observe, that the outrages so frequently committed by soldiers when absent from their regiments, and the disgraceful scenes which have

occurred upon the storming of Badajoz, have had the effect of rendering the people of the country enemies instead of friends to the army."

REMARKS ON THE FALL OF BADAJOZ, *page* 343.

"Description, however, conveys but a faint idea of the imposing nature of such mode of defence. The doors of success were certainly thrown open; but they were so vigilantly guarded, the approach to them so strewn with difficulties, and the scene altogether so appalling, that, instead of its being a disparagement to the troops to have failed in forcing through them, is it not rather a subject for pride and exultation that they had firmness to persevere in the attempt till recalled?"*

NAPOLEON'S POLITICAL AND MILITARY STATE, *page* 346.

"At the period of the re-capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, Buonaparte stood on the pinnacle of fame and power: his empire stretched from the Elbe to the Pyrenées, and from the shores of the northern to those of the Adriatic Sea: whilst throughout all continental Europe

* Jones's Account of the War.

his military supremacy was admitted and feared. As proof of the latter assertion, it need only be recalled to memory, that the various arbitrary decrees which, in the arrogance of uncontrolled authority, he from time to time issued, to cramp and confine the industry of the world, were obeyed without a hostile movement. The powerful and the weak equally yielded them a full though reluctant compliance: even Russia, doubly secured against his interference by her immense extent and distant situation, deemed it prudent to submit; till at length the prosperity of her empire being threatened by a long adhesion, she endeavoured, by friendly representations, to obtain an exemption. These failing in effect, the discussion had, at this time, assumed the character of angry remonstrance, the usual precursor of war; but, as a long series of overbearing conduct and insulting replies had failed to drive her into open resistance, it cannot be doubted that it depended on Buonaparte, by conciliatory and friendly attention, to preserve her as an ally. No external interference, or the apprehension of it, therefore, existed, to divert his attention from the affairs of Spain; and the impartial historian, of whatever country he may be, is bound to record, that those brilliant triumphs over the French armies were obtained by the Portuguese and British, when Buonaparte was in amity with all the rest of the world, and his

military empire in the zenith of its strength and glory."*

BIVOUACS, *page* 352.

"Our bivouac, as may be supposed, presented an animated appearance; groups of soldiers cooking in one place; in another, some dozens collected together, listening to accounts brought from the works by some of their companions whom curiosity had led thither; others relating their past battles to any of the young soldiers who had not as yet come hand-to-hand with a Frenchman; others dancing and singing; officers' servants preparing dinner for their masters, and officers themselves, dressed in whatever way best suited their taste or convenience, mixed with the men, without any distinguishing mark of uniform to denote their rank."

* * * * *

"The whole appearance of what had been a French bivouac for a fortnight was perfectly characteristic of that nation. Some clever contrivances for cooking, rude arm-racks, a rough table, and benches to sit round it, still remained; while one gentleman had amused himself by drawing likenesses of British officers with a burnt stick, in which face, figure, and costume,

* Jones's Account of the War.

were most ridiculously caricatured; while another, a votary of the gentle art of poesy, had immortalized the charms of his mistress in doggrel verses, scratched upon the boards with the point of a bayonet."†

* * * * *

"In bivouacs, the squabble for quarters is extended and transferred to a choice and dispute for the possession of trees; and I have heard of officers being, sorely against their will, flushed like owls, and made to decamp from an evergreen oak, or other umbrageous tree.

"Nothing more exemplifies the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, than the different roofs that cover our heads within a week: one day we have all the advantages of a palace, and the next the dirt and misery of the worst *chaumiere*, sometimes even in the same day. A fortnight ago, just after the battle of Orthez, opposite Aire, our regiment being in the advance, we established ourselves in a magnificent chateau, certainly the best-furnished house I have seen since I left England, decorated with a profusion of fine ormolu clocks. Just as we had congratulated ourselves on our good luck, and prospect of comfort, and I had chosen for myself a red damask bed, an awful bustle was heard, indicative of no good, as was speedily proved to our discomfiture. Whether it was a judgment upon us for looking

† "The Bivouac."

so high as a chateau, on the principle of those who exalt themselves being abased, I leave to divines to decide; but we quickly learned, that in consequence of the fourth division treading on our heels, and Sir Lowry Cole having as sharp an eye for an eligible chateau as ourselves, he had ordered his aide-de-camp to oust all its inmates under the rank of a major-general.

"Though possession, in civil matters, is said to be nine points of the law, it does not hold good in military affairs; and as the articles of war, as well as the gospel, teach us to avoid kicking against the pricks, like the *well-bred dog*, (I dare say you have heard of,) we walked out to prevent being more forcibly ejected.

"This highly satisfactory incident took place in a shower of rain; and the only building near the manor-house was a mill, belonging to the estate, and into this we crept, and were doomed, instead of splendour, quiet, and cleanliness, and the harmonious chiming of the or-molu clocks, to put up (certainly not to be satisfied) with the bare walls, the eternal clack of the mill, and a considerable loss of good English blood, from the attacks of thousands of hostile French fleas."*

* "Hussar's Life on Service."

TE DEUM AT SALAMANCA, *page* 361.

"The scene was grand and impressive, the spacious, noble building crowded to excess, and the ceremony performed with all the pomp and splendour of Catholic worship. The pealing organ never poured its tones over a more brilliant, varied, or chivalrous audience. To describe the variety of groups would be endless: the eye, wandering through the expanse of building, could seldom rest twice on objects of similarity. All the pomp of a great episcopal seat was displayed on the occasion. Contrasted with the sombre dresses of the numerous officiating clergy, the scarlet uniforms of the British were held in relief by the dark Spanish or Portuguese costume. The Spanish peasant, in all the simplicity and cleanliness of his dress, appeared by the mustached and fierce-looking Guerilla; while the numerous mantillas and waving fans of the Spanish ladies attracted attention to the dark voluptuous beauties of Castile." *

OFFICIAL RETURNS, *page* 306.

Allied casualties in the sieges of San Vincente, Las Cayetanos, La Merced, and on the heights

* Leith Hay.

of Villares, from the 16th to the 27th June, inclusive.

Killed 115; wounded 412; missing 13; total 540.*

AFFAIR AT CASTREJON, *page* 364.

Casualties of the allies on the 18th July 1812.

Killed 95; wounded 393; missing 54; total 542.†

SALAMANCA, *page* 374.

" An error of one of their generals gave him the opportunity he desired, availing himself of which, he fell upon them like a thunderbolt; and the issue of the attack was as decided a rout upon the part of the French, as was, perhaps, ever experienced by any army. Their broken and discomfited masses, swept away before our victorious troops, were precipitated upon the Tormes, in crossing which many were drowned. Had it not been for the protection afforded them by the night immediately coming on — for it was four in the evening before the action commenced — few of them could have escaped. As it was, although prevented following up the victory to the full

* Wellington's Despatches. † Ibid.

extent, the trophies of the day were two eagles, twelve pieces of cannon, and 10,000 prisoners.

"It has been said, how far with truth the Editor is not aware, that the Duke of Wellington has been heard to express himself to this effect,—'that if required to particularise any of the battles in which he commanded for the purpose, that Salamanca is the one on which he would be best contented to rest his reputation as a general.' When we consider the infinite skill with which, during the previous operations, he out-manœuvred his opponents, rendering their superiority of numbers of no avail, the eagle-eyed sagacity that saw the error of the French commander, and the promptness and decision with which he turned it to his purpose, ending, as it did, in the total discomfiture and rout of the enemy, it is by no means improbable that such is his opinion, although it may never have been so openly expressed. On comparing it even with the most brilliant of his other victories, such, no doubt, will be the opinion of most military men.

"The allied loss in the battle of the 22nd, and previous operations, was nearly 6,000; the Spanish proportion being *two men killed and four wounded.*"*

* Mackie.

ANECDOTES OF SALAMANCA, *page 376.*

" Capt. Brotherton, of the 14th dragoons, fighting on the 18th at Guarena, amongst the foremost, as he was always wont to do, had a sword thrust quite through his side; yet, on the 22nd, he was again on horseback, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack's Portuguese in an undress, and was again hurt in the unfortunate charge at the Arapiles. Such were the officers. A man of the 43rd, one by no means distinguished above his comrades, was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing the marshy stream; but, refusing to quit the fight, he limped under fire in rear of his regiment, and, with naked feet, and streaming of blood from his wound, he marched for several miles over a country covered with sharp stones! Such were the the soldiers; and the devotion of a woman was not wanting to the illustration of this great day.

" The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition, and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers and endured the privations of two campaigns, with the patient fortitude which belongs only to her sex; and in this battle, forgetful of everything but that strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire; trembling, yet

irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings more imperious than horror, more piercing than the fear of death."†

* * * * *

"At the sale of some deceased officer's effects at Salamanca, the man who officiated as auctioneer on one occasion, on producing a prayer-book as the next lot for competition, remarked, that "*he* must indeed be a brave man who purchased it, as that was the *fourth* time during a month he had submitted it for sale."

† Napier.

DETAILS AND ANECDOTES. (Vol. II.)

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA, *page 2.*

"The soldiers endured much during the first two or three days after the battle, and the inferior officers' sufferings were still more heavy and protracted. They had no money, and many sold their horses and other property to sustain life; some actually died of want; and though Wellington, hearing of this, gave orders that they should be supplied from the purveyor's stores in the same manner as the soldiers, the relief came too late."

Casualties, British, Portuguese, and Spanish.

	British.	Portuguese.	Spanish.
Killed	694	304	2
Wounded	4270	1552	4
Missing	256	182	0
Total	5220	2038	6
Grand total			7264.

CASUALTIES OF SALAMANCA, *page 3.*

Lord Wellington was contused on the thigh by a spent ball, which passed through his holster.

Throughout most of the day, himself and staff were constantly exposed to the fire of the enemy. General Cotton's misfortune was still more annoying, as he was wounded in the dark by the mistake of a Potuguese sentinel.

WELLINGTON'S PRIVATE LETTERS, *page 5.*

The following passages are extracted from two letters addressed by Lord Wellington to Earl Bathurst and Sir Thomas Graham, dated from Flores de Avila, on the 24th and 25th July 1812. The light and playful manner in which he alludes to the glorious victory just achieved is extremely characteristic of "the great Captain."

"I hope that you will be pleased with our battle, of which the despatch contains as accurate an account as I can give you. There was no mistake; everything went on as it ought; and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time. If we had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes; and, as it was, they would all have been taken if —— ——— had left the garrison in Alba de Tormes, as I wished and desired; or having taken it away, as I believe, before he was aware of my wishes, he had informed me that it was not there. If he had, I should have marched in the night

upon Alba, where I should have caught them all, instead of upon the fords of the Tormes."

* * * * *

"I took up the ground which you were to have taken during the siege of Salamanca, only the left was thrown back on the heights; it being unnecessary, under the circumstances, to cover the ford of Saint Martha. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached heights which you will recollect on the right of your position: this race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action. I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the army of the North on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the army of the Centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But, instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank; and I never saw an army receive such a beating. I had desired the Spaniards to continue to occupy the castle of Alba de Tormes; ——— had evacuated it, I

believe, before he knew my wishes; and he was afraid to let me know that he had done so; and I did not know it till I found no enemy at the fords of the Tormes. When I lost sight of them in the dark, I marched upon Huerta and Encinas, and they went by Alba. If I had known there had been no garrison in Alba, I should have marched there, and should probably have had the whole. Marmont, Clausel, Foy, Ferrey, and Bonet, are wounded badly. Ferrey, it is supposed, will die. Thomière is killed. Many generals of brigade killed or wounded. I need not express how much I regret the disorder in your eyes since this action. I am in great hopes that our loss has not been great. In two divisions, the third and fifth, it is about twelve hundred men, including Portuguese. There are more in the fourth and sixth; but there are many men who left the ranks with wounded officers and soldiers, who are eating and drinking, and engaged in *regocijos* with the inhabitants of Salamanca; I have sent, however, to have them all turned out of the town. I hope that you receive benefit from the advice of the oculists in London.

"Believe me, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

"Lieut.-gen. Sir, T. Graham, K.B."

"P. S.—Beresford's wound is not dangerous. Leith's arm is broken, and, his wound painful.

Cole's wound is through the body, and it is apprehended will be tedious. Cotton's is through the fleshy part, and the two bones of his arm. It may be a bad wound if there should be hæmorrhage." *

FRENCH AND ALLIED CASUALTIES, *page* 8.

"On the 18th of July, the army of Portugal passed the Douro in advance. On the 30th it repassed that river in retreat, having in twelve days marched two hundred miles, fought three combats and a general battle. One field-marshal, seven generals, twelve thousand five hundred men and officers had been killed, wounded, or taken; and two eagles, besides those taken in the Retiro, several standards, twelve guns and eight carriages, exclusive of the artillery and stores captured at Valladolid, fell into the victor's hands. In the same period the allies marched one hundred and sixty miles, and had one field-marshal, four generals, and somewhat less than six thousand officers and soldiers killed or wounded."

* Wellington's Despatches.

SEGOVIA, *page* 9.

Segovia, a celebrated town of Old Castile, where are many remains of Moorish and Roman antiquity. Among the former is the Alcazar, once the palace of the Moorish kings, and afterwards of Ferdinand and Isabella, but which since their days has been used as a state prison. This building stands on a rock, rising some hundred feet above the river, which winds round nearly three-fourths of its base, and is cut off from the town on the remaining portion by a deep ditch and defences. The aqueduct, said to have been built by Trajan, is to be seen at different points between the town and Ildefonso, where the water is obtained; but the most remarkable feature of this structure is the portion in the suburb of the town, consisting of two rows of arches one above the other, nearly two hundred in number, the whole being formed of large blocks of stone, fitted into and supporting each other without cement, having thus withstood the ravages of time for eighteen centuries.

SAN ILDEFONSO.

San Ildefonso is a village fifty miles north of Madrid. Here is situated the palace of La Granja, a favourite summer residence of the

royal family. The building and gardens, with the numerous *jets d'eau*, were formed after the model of the palace and gardens of Versailles, by the Bourbon dynasty on their accession to the throne of Spain. The palace is situate at the bottom of the Sierra Nevada, an attached ridge of the Guaderama, in a recess on the north side of the mountain, which rises to a considerable height, covered with trees to its summit, and to the east and west; thus sheltering it at all times from the scorching heats of summer. The front of the building looks to the gardens, which rise before it, till they terminate in the craggy, pine-covered summit, adding much to the picturesque beauty of this delightful residence. The whole presents a scene, certainly, much more calculated to remind the beholder of the verdure and freshness of a more northern clime than of the burning fields and sultry sun of Spain.

ALLIED BIVOUAC, *page* 9.

"From our bivouac in the woods of Ildefonso, at daybreak on the 10th of August, we began to ascend the mountain; the road winding among stately pines and rugged precipices, at every point presenting behind us a prospect in every way worthy to arrest the attention. From the summit we commanded a boundless view of the

country we had lately traversed, interesting from being the scene of our past toils and victories; while in our front lay one not less so from its novelty, from the many striking objects that presented themselves to the eye; but, above all, awaking feelings the most intensely interesting, from our near approach upon the capital of Spain, a flying and dispirited enemy in our front; with exhilarated spirits we descended the wooded skirts of the mountain, the palace of the Escurial to our right, while more distant lay Madrid, with its hundred globe-topped spires, the indications of former Moorish sway. Encamping in the neighbourhood upon the 12th, we moved into the city the following day."*

SURRENDER OF THE RETIRO, *page* 9.

"We invested the place completely on the evening of the 13th; and in the night, detachments of the seventh division of infantry, under the command of Major-general Hope, and of the third division of infantry, under the command of Major-general the Hon. E. Pakenham, drove in the enemy's posts from the Prado, and the Botanical Garden, and the works which they had constructed outside of the park-wall; and having broken through the wall in different places, they were established in the palace of the Retiro, and

* Mackie.

close to the line of the enemy's works enclosing the building called La China. The troops were preparing in the morning to attack these works, preparatory to the arrangements to be adopted for the attack of the interior line and building, when the governor sent out an officer to desire to capitulate, and I granted him the honours of war."*

CAVALRY SURPRISE, *page* 10.

"We had a devil of an affair on the evening of the 11th. The French, two thousand cavalry, moved upon the Portuguese cavalry; D'Urban ordered them to charge the advanced squadrons, which charge they did not execute as they ought, and they ran off, leaving our guns (Captain M'Donald's troop). They ran in upon the German cavalry, half a mile or more in their rear, where they were brought up; but they would not charge upon the left of the Germans. These charged and stopped the enemy; but Colonel de Jonquiers was taken, and we have lost a good many of these fine fellows. There are twenty killed, and about as many wounded and prisoners. We likewise lost three guns of M'Donald's troop in the Portuguese flight, but the French left them behind."†

* Wellington to Lord Bathurst, Madrid, 15th Aug. 1812.

† Wellington's Despatches.

PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF BURGOS, *page* 24.

The complete success of this bold manœuvre offers many reflections on the futility of attempting to stop the march of troops by the fire of artillery in the night. In this instance, the good order and silence with which the allied army filed under the walls of the castle, was rendered of no avail to them by the conduct of a party of guerilla cavalry, who, unused to such coolness, put their horses to their speed, and made such a clatter that the garrison took the alarm, and opened a fire from the artillery directed on the bridge: the first discharge was, as might have been expected, very effectual; but the gunners immediately afterwards lost their range and direction, and their fire only served to make the carriages file over the bridge with more speed than usual.

THE RETREAT FROM BURGOS, *page* 32.

"It is scarcely possible to imagine what powerful effect the excitement consequent on active warfare produces upon those who under different circumstances would evince apathy or irritability. Men nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed from childhood to all the elegances of upper life,

submitted to every privation without a murmur; while others, whose constitutional indolence was proverbial, seemed actuated by some secret impulse that spurred them to exertion, and roused a latent energy that was surprising even to themselves. Persons who at home would have dreaded injurious circumstances from a damp shoe, were too happy, on service in the Peninsula, to find the shelter of a roof and luxury of wet litter after a ten hours' march over muddy roads in rain, and storm, and darkness; and those whose Apician tastes were not unfrequently outraged by the culinary offendings of the most gifted mess-cook, cheerfully discussed the ration cut from the reeking carcass of an over-driven ox, and exchanged claret and champaign for *aqua ardiente* and *vin du pays*, flavouring more strongly of the goat-skin than the grape."

It is true, that when cantoned the army were spared from these annoyances. The strict eye kept by Lord Wellington over the commissariat at these times, secured a plentiful supply of necessaries for the troops, and under huts or canvass they were tolerably protected from the weather; but at the sieges, the retreats, and the rapid advances in bad weather, nothing could surpass the misery endured through cold and heat, hunger and thirst, continued fatigue, and all the ills the soldier's life is heir to.

Bright as the hour of triumph appears to the

conqueror — brilliant as the foughten field that ends in victory — "the tale of war still bears a painful sound," and many a heart-rending story of distress might be narrated attendant on the storms of Badajoz and Rodrigo; and the retreats to Corunna and the Lines. The state of the sick, the worn-out, and the wounded, were pitiable. Unable to extricate themselves, numbers, "with vulnerable wounds," perished of cold and hunger in the ditches of the captured fortresses—or, after struggling to the last, died on the line of march, abandoned of necessity by their comrades, and ridden over or cut down by merciless pursuers, who had neither leisure nor inclination to extend succour to these deserted sufferers.

In speaking of the retreat from Burgos, an infantry officer says,—"The privations which the army suffered were unusually severe: I saw many a brave fellow lying on the road, dying from fatigue, famine, and the inclemency of the weather. On one spot, about one hundred English and Portuguese soldiers lay extended after the retreat. One miserable instance, was a soldier of the Ninety-fifth; having marched as far as he was able, at last he sunk from exhaustion, and crawled upon his hands and knees, until he expired."

Another thus describes his misadventure. "We travelled the whole of that night, our army in full retreat, and the French in close pursuit; the weather wet and miserably cold, and the roads so

drenched, it was up to the middle in mud; the animals were knocked up, and I unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, a French hussar regiment, who treated me vilely,

"They knocked the cart from under me, sabred the men, and dragged me into the middle of the road; stripped me, tearing my clothes into shreds, and turning me over with their sabres, plundered me of what little I had remaining; tore a gold ring from my finger, and then left me naked, to perish with cold and hunger.

"I lay in this miserable state two days and nights, with no mortal near me, except dead ones; one of which lay with his head upon my legs, having died in that position during the night preceding, and I was too weak to remove his body; I could not raise myself, I was so reduced.

"In this suffering state I continued to exist, which I attributed to some rum, of which I drank a considerable quantity from a Frenchman's canteen, who was humane enough to let me do so, when I explained to him that I was a British officer: the rum soon laid me to sleep. The Frenchman was a hussar, and appeared to belong to the regiment who had treated me so inhumanly in the morning (it was now past dusk). I begged him to take me up behind him. He shook his head; but kindly took an old blanket from under his saddle, covered me with it, and then rode off."

In this wretched state the narrator was discovered by an Irish soldier, who turned out a true Samaritan.

"The poor fellow found me literally in a state of starvation, and took me upon his back (for I was quite helpless), to the village; begged food for me from door to door; but the inhuman Spaniards shut them in our faces, refusing me both shelter and food, at the same time they were actually baking bread for the French. However, my fellow-sufferer, by good chance, found a dead horse, and he supplied me with raw flesh and acorns; which, at the time, I thought a luxury, believe me, and devoured, when first given me, in such quantities, as nearly put an end to my sufferings."

A very creditable exception must be made in favour of the Spanish women, who, during the Peninsular campaign, exhibited the greatest kindness towards the British, and afforded to the sick or wounded soldiery the most disinterested and devoted attention. In the higher classes this feeling was frequently indulged, even at the risk of family or personal proscription; and it would appear that among the humbler grade a warm sympathy existed towards their deliverers. "Two girls, daughters of the baker of the village, notwithstanding the threat of punishment to those who should relieve me, absolutely did, two or three

times, bring me a little food saved from their own meals."*

SPANISH OUTRAGES, *page* 33.

"The Spaniards, civil and military, began to evince hatred of the British. Daily did they attempt or perpetrate murder; and one act of peculiar atrocity merits notice. A horse, led by an English soldier, being frightened, backed against a Spanish officer commanding at a gate; he caused the soldier to be dragged into his guard-house and there bayoneted him in cold blood; and no redress could be had for this or other crimes save by counter violence, which was not long withheld. A Spanish officer, while wantonly stabbing at a rifleman, was shot dead by the latter; and a British volunteer slew a Spanish officer at the head of his own regiment in a sword fight, the troops of both nations looking on; but here there was nothing dishonourable on either side." †

"Two of the handsomest men of the light company, M'Cann and Ludley, were billeted in a house containing a mother and her daughter, when one evening a Spaniard came in and invited them to take some wine with him, during

* "Military Recollections of Four Brothers." † Napier.

which, it is supposed, in a fit of jealousy, he took the opportunity of stabbing them both to the heart. The assassin made his escape before the alarm could be given, as also did the mother and daughter; but our men were so exasperated, that they attacked the house, and in twenty minutes there was not one stone left upon another." *

LETTER ADDRESSED BY LORD WELLINGTON TO COMMANDING OFFICERS OF REGIMENTS, DATED FREYNADA, THE 28TH OF NOVEMBER 1812, *page* 34.

" Sir,—I have ordered the army into cantonments, in which I hope that circumstances will enable me to keep them for some time, during which the troops will receive their clothing, necessaries, &c. which are already in progress, by different lines of communication, to the several divisions and brigades. But, besides these objects, I must draw your attention, in a very particular manner, to the state of discipline of the troops. The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service; but I am concerned to have to observe, that the army under my command has

* Cadell.

fallen off, in this respect, in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disaster; it has suffered no privations, which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could not have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships, excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at a moment when they were most severe. It must be obvious, however, to every officer, that from the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over the men. Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were committed with impunity; and losses have been sustained which ought never to have occurred. Yet the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made in which the troops made such short marches; none on which they made such long and repeated halts; and none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. We must look, therefore, for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army, to some cause besides those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged. I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to

the habitual inattention of the officers of regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the order of this army. I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit of the officers of the army: and I am quite certain, that as their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will, in future, give their attention to these points. Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to conceive, that the period during which an army is not on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldiers, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field-equipments, and his horse and horse-appointments, for the receipt and issue and care of his provisions, and the regulation of all that belongs to his food, and the forage for his horse, must be most strictly attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army—a British army in particular—shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of

efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial. These are the points, then, to which I most earnestly entreat you to turn your attention, and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command, Portuguese as well as English, during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant inspection and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments; and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to do their duty, by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means, the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts-martial, will be prevented; and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages, of which there are too many complaints, when they know that their officers and their non-commissioned officers have their eyes and attention turned towards them. The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant real inspection of the soldiers' arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries, in order to prevent,

at all times, the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article, and of the soldiers' necesssaries. With this view, both should be inspected daily. In regard to the food of soldiers, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked, in comparison with our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description,—the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and to the conduct of their men; and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood, others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c. to be cooked; and it would soon be found, if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners, and for the men dining, named, as it ought to be, equally as for the parade, that cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time it has lately been found to take, and that the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their food, at the moment at which the army may be engaged in operations with the enemy. You will, of course, give your attention to the field-exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habit of marching; and the division should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the

weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the divisions should be dry. But I repeat, that the great object of the attention of the general and field-officers must be, to get the captains and subalterns of the regiments to understand and to perform the duties required from them, as the only mode by which the discipline and efficiency of the army can be restored and maintained during the next campaign.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

"To ——, or the Officer commanding the ——."

BLOWING UP OF THE CASTLE OF BURGOS, *page* 43.

"But the hurry, and fear, and confusion, with which their preparations were made, defeated this malignant purpose. Several mines failed; some which were primed did not explode; others were so ill managed that they blew the earth inwards; and as the explosion took place some hours sooner than was intended, the destruction which was intended for their enemies, fell in part upon themselves. Many of their men, who were lingering to plunder, perished as they were loading their horses with booty in the streets and squares, and three or four hundred were blown

up in the fort. Above one thousand shells had been placed in the mines: the explosion was distinctly heard at the distance of fifty miles; and the pavement of the cathedral was covered with the dust into which its windows had been shivered by the shock. The town escaped destruction owing to the failure of so many of the mines, but the castle was totally destroyed, — gates, beams, masses of masonry, guns, carriages, and arms lying in one heap of ruins;—some of the mines had laid open the breaches, and exposed the remains of those who had fallen during the siege."

VITORIA, *page* 47.

"The city of Vitoria is said to have obtained its present name from a victory gained by Leuvigildus XVI, King of the Goths, over the Swevians, whose kingdom he conquered and added to his own, so early as towards the end of the sixth century. Its vicinity, however, having been the scene of the successful operations of Edward the Black Prince, in restoring to his dominions Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, this will, it is hoped, be sufficient to justify the allusion to the name as twice associated with the glory of the English arms.

"The battle which overthrew Henry and restored Pedro to his kingdom, was fought be-

twixt Navarette and Nejara, on the right bank of the Ebro; but Froissart, in his Chronicles, mentions that before the Prince had crossed that river, he occupied for six days a position in front of Vitoria, probably near the scene of Wellington's victory. He further mentions, that while in this position, Don Telo, Henry's brother, having advanced to reconnoitre the Prince's army, fell in with a body of English under Sir Thomas Felton, who, being much inferior in numbers, in the proportion of one hundred and sixty lances and three hundred archers to six thousand of the enemy, took possession of a height, where they defended themselves till the whole of the English knights, after performing prodigies of valour, were killed or made prisoners, none escaping, except a few boys by the fleetness of their horses.

"It may be mentioned as a curious incident, that during the battle, when Lord Wellington was giving directions for the third division to attack a height in possession of the enemy, the Spanish General Alava, who during the war was personally attached to Lord Wellington's staff, remarked that the hill in question was, by the tradition of the country, known as the *Altura de los Ingleses*, or Hill of the English: this is supposed to be the hill alluded to in the Chronicles."*

* Mackie.

ANECDOTES OF VITORIA, *page* 58.

"A squadron of the German hussars, however, overtook and engaged their rear-guard, near Pamplona: the enemy employed against the hussars the only long gun he had remaining; the hussars forced back the enemy; and as the gun was retiring on the high-road, a carbine shot struck one of the horses, which becoming unruly, the gun was dragged from the causeway and upset. The hussars immediately took possession of it."

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"The country was too much intersected with ditches for cavalry to act with effect in a pursuit; and infantry, who moved in military order, could not at their utmost speed keep up with a rout of fugitives. Yet, precipitate as their flight was, they took great pains to bear off their wounded, and dismounted a regiment of cavalry to carry them on. And they carefully endeavoured to conceal their dead, stopping occasionally to collect them and throw them into ditches, where they covered them with bushes. Many such receptacles were found containing from ten to twenty bodies."

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"At one period of the pursuit, an officer of Lord Wellington's personal staff, having carried an

order towards the left of the army, on returning, brought with him a long Spanish blade, about a third of which from the point was covered with blood. This had been found on the field, and was, from its singularity of shape, recognised as the sword of Lord Tweeddale. During the confusion, and in the eagerness of pursuit, he had, at the head of some heavy dragoons, penetrated into a lane filled with the enemy's cavalry, and became outnumbered and overmatched at a time when extrication was impracticable. With that determination which marked his conduct on every emergency, he charged the French dragoons, and was overwhelmed in the *mêlée*. Insensible, and trampled under foot, a considerable time elapsed before he was discovered, when, bruised and wounded, he was withdrawn from among the heaps of dead men and horses that encumbered the narrow road."

SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN, *page* 64.

"Here a battery was erected; the covered-way to it passed through the convent, and the battery itself was constructed in a thickly-peopled burial-ground.

"A more ghastly circumstance can seldom have occurred in war, for coffins and corpses, in all stages of decay, were exposed when the soil was

thrown up to form a defence against the fire from the town, and were used, indeed, in the defences; and when a shell burst there it brought down the living and the dead together.

"An officer was giving his orders when a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him; two coffins slipped down upon him with the sand, the coffins broke in their fall, the bodies rolled with him for some distance, and when he recovered he saw that they had been women of some rank, for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and their livid faces.

"The soldiers, in the scarcity of firewood, being nothing nice, broke up coffins for fuel with which to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and, till the hot sun had dried up these poor insulted remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight."

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"Well do I remember the evening of that sultry day in July 1813, when the last fascine was secured to the parapet, the last traverse completed, and the last twenty-four pounder was wound with toilsome march through the deep sands, and placed on its platform. The next morning's dawn beheld us moving in dark line, like a centipede, threading the crooked labyrinth of the trenches, to take post in the left of the grand breaching battery, where it lay crouched

on the low, sandy beach, and ready with its breath to crush the proud battlements of this ill-fated city."

PURSUIT OF SOULT, *page* 72.

"On the 31st of July, Soult continued retreating, while five British divisions pressed the pursuit vigorously by Roncesvalles, Mayo, and Donna Maria. Nothing could equal the distress of the enemy,—they were completely worn down; and, fatigued and disheartened as they were, the only wonder is, that multitudes did not perish in the wild and rugged passes through which they were obliged to retire. Although rather in the rear of some of the columns, the British light brigades were ordered forward to overtake the enemy; and, wherever they came up, bring them to immediate action. At midnight the bivouacs were abandoned,—the division marched,—and, after nineteen hours' continued exertions, during which time a distance of nearly forty miles was traversed, over Alpine heights and roads rugged and difficult beyond description, the enemy were overtaken and attacked. A short, but smart affair, ensued. To extricate the tail of the column, and enable the wounded to get away, the French threw a portion of their rear-guard across the river. The Rifles instantly attacked the rein-

forcement,—a general fusilade commenced, and continued until night put an end to the affair, when the enemy retreated over the bridge of Yanzi, and the British pickets took possession of it. Both sides lost many men, and a large portion of French baggage fell into the hands of the pursuing force, who had moved by St. Estevan.

"That night the British light troops lay upon the ground; and next morning moved forward at daybreak. Debouching through the pass at Vera, the hill of Santa Barbara was crossed by the second brigade, while the Rifles carried the heights of Echalar, which the French voltigeurs seemed determined to maintain. As the mountain was obscured by a thick fog, the firing had a strange appearance to those who witnessed it from the valley, occasional flashes only being seen, while every shot was repeated by a hundred echoes. At twilight the enemy's light infantry were diven in; but long after darkness fell, the report of musketry continued; until, after a few spattering shots, a death-like silence succeeded, and told that the last of the enemy had followed their companions, and abandoned the heights to their assailants."*

* "The Bivouac."

THE WOUNDED REMOVING TO THE REAR, *page* 75.

"The peculiarity of the prospect was heightened by a long train of Spaniards, carrying officers and soldiers to the rear, who had been wounded in the late engagements, and who were always removed to proper hospitals as soon as it could be done with safety.

"The care of the sick and wounded necessarily employed a number of men; and they could nowhere receive such able attention as in the general hospitals established within the Spanish frontiers.

"The ragged mountain-road was not passable for spring-waggons, on which the wounded are usually conveyed to the rear, and they were therefore carried in blankets fastened at the sides to a couple of poles, and thus borne on the shoulders of the peasantry.

"This mode of conveyance on bad roads is far preferable to that of spring-waggons; but, as it required four men to carry one sick person, the transport of the small number of them gave the train a formidable appearance when seen extended for so great a length along the windings of the mountain track."*

* Batty.

ANECDOTES OF THE SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN, *page* 77.

"The 17th was Buonaparte's birthday; three salutes were fired from the castle of St. Sebastian on the eve preceding, as many at four in the morning, and again at noon; and at night the words, *Vive Napoleon le Grand!* were displayed in letters of light upon the castle;—it was the last of his birthdays that was commemorated by any public celebration."

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"Sailors were employed in constructing batteries, and never did men more thoroughly enjoy their occupation.

"They had double allowance of grog, as their work required; and at their own cost they had a fiddler; they who had worked their spell in the battery, went to relieve their comrades in the dance; and at every shot which fell upon the castle they gave three cheers."

ANECDOTES OF THE STORM, *page* 80.

"The enemy still held the convent of St. Teresa, the garden of which, enclosed as usual in such establishments with a high wall, reached a good way up the hill toward their upper defences, and from thence they marked any who approached

within reach of fire, so that when a man fell, there was no other means of bringing him off than by sending the French prisoners upon this service of humanity."

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"The town presented a dreadful spectacle both of the work of war and of the wickedness which in war is let loose.

"It had caught fire during the assault owing to the quantity of combustibles of all kinds which were scattered about. The French rolled their shells into it from the castle, and while it was in flames the troops were plundering, and the people of the surrounding country flocking to profit by the spoils of their countrymen.

"The few inhabitants who were to be seen seemed stupified with horror;—they had suffered so much, that they looked with apathy at all around them, and when the crash of a falling house made the captors run, they scarcely moved.

"Heaps of dead were lying everywhere, English, Portuguese, and French, one upon another; with such determination had the one side attacked and the other maintained its ground.

"Very many of the assailants lay dead on the roofs of the houses which adjoined the breach. The bodies were thrown into the mines and other excavations, and there covered over so as to be out of sight, but so hastily and slightly, that the air far and near was tainted, and fires were

kindled in the breaches to consume those which could not be otherwise disposed of."

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"The hospital presented a more dreadful scene, for it was a scene of human suffering: friend and enemy had been indiscriminately carried thither, and were there alike neglected. On the third day after the assault, many of them had received neither surgical assistance nor food of any kind, and it became necessary to remóve them on the fifth, when the flames approached the building. Much of this neglect would have been unavoidable, even if that humane and conscientious diligence which can be hoped for from so few, had been found in every individual belonging to the medical department, the number of the wounded being so great; and little help could be received from the other part of the army; because it had been engaged in action on the same day."

WELLINGTON'S AVERSION TO BOMBARDING A TOWN, *page* 84.

"I am quite certain that the use of mortars and howitzers in a siege, for the purpose of what ——— calls *general annoyance*, answers no purpose whatever against a Spanish place occupied by French troops, excepting against the inhabitants of the place; and eventually, when we

shall get the place, against ourselves, and the convenience we should derive from having the houses of the place in a perfect state of repair. If ——— intended to use his mortars and howitzers against any particular work occupied by the enemy, such as the cavalier, their use would answer his purpose. If he knew exactly where the enemy's intrenchment was situated, their use *might* answer his purpose. I say *might*, because I recollect that, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, our trenches were bombarded by eleven or thirteen large mortars and howitzers for ten days, in which time thirteen thousand shells were thrown, which occasioned us but little loss, notwithstanding that our trenches were always full, and, I may safely say, did not impede our progress for one moment." *

SURRENDER OF THE CASTLE OF SAN SEBASTIAN, *page* 84.

"On the 10th, the Portuguese were formed in the streets of the ruined city, the British on the ramparts. The day was fine, after a night of heavy rain. About noon the garrison marched out at the Mirador gate. The bands of two or three Portuguese regiments played occasionally, but altogether it was a dismal scene, amid ruins

* Wellington's Despatches.

and vestiges of fire and slaughter,—a few inhabitants were present, and only a few."

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"Many of the French soldiers wept bitterly; there was a marked sadness in the countenance of all, and they laid down their arms in silence. The commandant of the place had been uniformly attentive to the officers who had been prisoners. When this kindness was now acknowledged, he said that he had been twice a prisoner in England; that he had been fifty years in the service, and on the 15th of the passing month he should have received his dismission; he was now sixty-six, he said, an old man, and should never serve again; and if he might be permitted to retire into France, instead of being sent into England, he should be the happiest of men. Sir Thomas Graham wrote to Lord Wellington in favour of the kind-hearted old man, and it may be believed that the application was not made in vain."

* * * * *

"Captain Saugeon was recognised at this time, who, on the day of the first assault, had descended the breach to assist our wounded. These, said he, pointing, 'are the remains of the brave 22nd; —we were two hundred and fifty the other day, now no more than fifty are left.' Lord Wellington, upon being informed of his conduct, sent him to France. Eighty officers and one

thousand seven hundred and fifty-six men were all the remains of the garrison, and of these twenty-five officers and five hundred and twelve men were in the hospital."

SINGULAR ANECDOTE, *page* 86.

"The best of the story is, that all parties ran away. Maurice Mathieu ran away; Sir John Murray ran away; and so did Suchet. He was afraid to strike at Sir John Murray without his artillery, and knew nothing of Maurice Mathieu; and he returned into Valencia either to strike at the Duque del Parque, or to get the assistance of Harispe, whom he had left opposed to the Duque del Parque. I know that in his first proclamation to his army on their success, he knew so little what had passed at Tarragona, that he mentioned the English General having raised the siege, but not his having left his artillery. He could therefore have had no communication with the place when he marched; and he must have known of the raising of the siege afterwards only by the reports of the country." *

* Wellington's Despatches.

PYRENEAN SCENERY, ETC., *page* 89.

" Mont La Rhune is a remarkable spot, and its possession had been obstinately contested in the campaign of 1794, because its summit served as a watch-tower, from whence the whole country between Bayonne and the Pyrenées might be observed.

" The mountain itself is within the French territory, but there is a chapel, or, in Romish language, a hermitage on its summit, which used to be supported at the joint expense of the village of Vera in Spain, and of Sarré, Ascain, and Urogne, in France; people of different nations and hostile feelings being there drawn up together by the bond of their common faith."

* * * * *

" Mont La Rhune was obstinately contested by the two nations in the revolutionary war; and it was now a subject of congratulation, as well as surprise, to all the officers of the army, that this formidable position of the enemy had been gained with such comparatively small loss."

* * * * *

" In so great an extent of country as the army now occupied, and especially in one so divided by ranges of lofty mountains, the events which took place, even in continuous divisions of the army, were scarcely known to each other, until

the arrival of Gazettes from England brought the details of the various operations, with lists of the killed and wounded."

* * * * *

"The mortality was considerable, but not to be compared with that which, in 1512, carried off the greatest part of the army of Francis the First, nor to that which, in the revolutionary war in 1794, compelled the left wing of the French army to retreat to St. Jean Pied-de-Port, being unable to withstand the inclement weather of the passes of the Pyrenées."

* * * * *

"The valley through which this boundary river passes, may justly be considered as affording some of the most romantic and beautiful scenery, perhaps, in all Europe, uniting, in a remarkable degree, the various characters of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque. At every bend of the river, the road along its banks brings us suddenly on some new and striking feature. The pleasing combination of wood and rock, overhanging the beautifully winding stream, contrasted with the barren grandeur of the mountain summits which tower above them, present an infinite number of delightful prospects. The oak, the chestnut, and the walnut are the most conspicuous trees along the valley and the slopes of the inferior hills; whilst among the crevices of the rocks, the evergreen box-tree grows with sur-

prising luxuriance, and by its deep verdure relieves, while it contrasts in a very beautiful manner, the bright silver tints of the surrounding rocks, clothed with lichens.

"A small chapel stands on this hill, and the French fortified it, and continued the line of intrenchments from thence to the sea. The most vulnerable points of the enemy's position, if any might be called so on this part of his line, were strengthened by abbatis; and as the country was well wooded, and had numerous orchards, these defences were multiplied upon every part of his line. The cutting down of whole rows of orchard-trees was a serious evil to the unfortunate inhabitants, who, however, had almost to a man fled the country.

"The buildings, though thinly scattered over the country, are picturesque, and, like most of the Spanish houses, have large projecting roofs. Glazed windows are rarely seen, shutters being almost everywhere the substitute. There are but few vineyards in this vicinity, excepting on the slopes of Jaysquibel, near Fontarabia, but about the houses the vine is everywhere reared. The inhabitants are a strong and well-proportioned race, having jet-black hair, black eyes, and deep brown complexions. The women, many of them tall and with handsome features, wear their hair in a huge plait, which hangs down the back below the waist; but neither sex were observed to have

those "ears of uncommon size" which Buffon says Nature has given to the inhabitants of the banks of the Bidassoa.

"The evenings generally were remarkably beautiful: the splendid colouring of the immense amphitheatre of mountains in the glowing rays of sunset, is beyond description." *

ARTILLERY IN THE PYRENÉES, *page* 92.

"The successful result of the battle was owing in no inconsiderable degree to the able direction of the artillery under Colonel Dickson. Guns were brought to bear on the French fortifications from situations which they considered totally inaccessible to that arm.

"Mountain guns on swivel carriages, harnessed on the backs of mules purposely trained for that service, ascended the rugged ridges of the mountains, and showered destruction on the intrenchments below. The foot and horse-artillery displayed a facility of movement which must have astonished the French, the artillerymen dragging the guns with ropes up steep precipices, or lowering them down to positions from whence they could with more certain aim pour forth their fatal volleys against the enemy."

* Batty.

ACTION BETWEEN A FRENCH AND ENGLISH CRUISER, *page* 97.

" Whilst the left wing remained encamped on the heights in front of Urogue, an event occurred which, though trifling in importance, excited considerable interest in the troops who were witnesses of it. A French gun-brig was discovered by one of our cruisers coasting the bay between the mouth of the Adour and St. Jean de Luz; it was a beautiful morning, the plains of France were visible to a great extent, and the Bay of Biscay was gently ruffled by a light breeze; the English squadron could be discerned in the offing, but a schooner had contrived to beat up within gun-shot of the enemy, and a brisk cannonade was kept up for a considerable time from both vessels. All eyes were turned eagerly to witness the result of this little combat, which took place within view of both the hostile armies; the result was cheering to the allied troops, for after the firing had been kept up for some time, the French took to their boats and set fire to the vessel to prevent its falling into the hands of the English. As the flames continued to spread, the guns, which had been left loaded, got heated, and fired off from time to time; at length she blew up, scattering masts and spars to a great distance around. The smoke caused by the explosion assumed the singular ap-

pearance of a large tree with roots, stems, and umbrageous branches: it was so dense that the light breezes were a long time in dispersing it. The disparity of force between the two vessels, and the disgraceful results of this little exploit, must have proved highly mortifying to the French army."*

SUNDAY AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ, *page* 98.

"The Marquis of Wellington, accompanied by all his staff, was in the constant habit of attending divine service, which was regularly performed every Sunday, in a square formed by the brigade of Guards, on the sandy beach of the beautiful bay of St. Jean de Luz. The circumstance attracted the notice of the inhabitants, who, on many occasions, were struck with admiration at the perfect order with which every custom and regulation in use in our well-disciplined army was observed."†

DEFECTION OF THE GERMANS, *page* 108.

"A Frankfort officer now made his way to the outposts of our fourth division in the centre of the allies, and announced the intended defection,

* Batty. † Batty.

requiring a general officer's word of honour that they should be well received and sent to Germany: no general being on the spot, Colonel Bradford gave his word; means were immediately taken to apprize the three battalions, and they came over in a body, thirteen hundred men, the French not discovering their intentions till just when it was too late to frustrate it."

FRIENDLY RELATIONS EXISTING BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE SOUTH, *page* 108.

"The French officers and ours soon became intimate: we used to meet at a narrow part of the river, and talk over the campaign. They would never believe (or pretended not to believe) the reverse of Napoleon in Germany; and when we received the news of the Orange Boven affair in Holland, they said that it was impossible to convince them. One of our officers took "The Star" newspaper, rolled a stone up in it, and attempted to throw it across the river; unfortunately the stone went through it, and it fell into the water: the French officer very quietly said, in tolerably good English, "Your good news is very soon damped!"†

* * * * *

"During the campaign we had often experienced

† Batty.

the most gentleman-like conduct from the French officers. A day or two before the battle, when we were upon our alarm-post, at break of day, a fine hare was seen playing in a corn-field between the outposts; a brace of greyhounds were very soon unslipped, when, after an excellent course, poor puss was killed within the French lines. The officer to whom the dogs belonged, bowing to the French officer, called off the dogs, but the Frenchman politely sent the hare, with a message and his compliments, saying, that we required it more than they did."

* * * * *

"They used to get us such things as we wanted from Bayonne, particularly brandy, which was cheap and plentiful; and we in return gave them occasionally a little tea, of which some of them had learned to be fond. Some of them also, who had been prisoners of war in England, sent letters through our army-posts to their sweethearts in England, our people receiving the letters and forwarding them." †

* * * * *

"A daring fellow, an Irishman, named Tom Patten, performed a singular feat. At the barrier there was a rivulet, along which our lines of sentries were posted. To the right was a thick low wood, and during the cessation of hostilities our officers had again become intimate with

† Surtees.

those of the French, and the soldiers had actually established a traffic in tobacco and brandy in the following ingenious manner. A large stone was placed in that part of the rivulet skreened by the wood, opposite to a French sentry, on which our people used to put a canteen with a quarter dollar, for which it was very soon filled with brandy. One afternoon about dusk, Patten had put down his canteen with the usual money in it, and retired, but, though he returned several times, no canteen was there. He waited till the moon rose, but still he found nothing on the stone. When it was near morning, Tom thought he saw the same sentry who was there when he put his canteen down, so he sprang across the stream, seized the unfortunate Frenchman, wrested his firelock from him, and actually shaking him out of his accoutrements, recrossed, vowing he would keep them until he got his canteen of brandy, and brought them to the picket-house. Two or three hours afterwards, just as we were about to fall in, an hour before daybreak, the sergeant came to say, that a flag of truce was at the barrier: I instantly went down, when I found the officer of the French picket in a state of great alarm, saying, that a most extraordinary circumstance had occurred (relating the adventure), and stating, that if the sentry's arms and accoutrements were not given back, his own commission

would be forfeited, as well as the life of the poor sentry. A sergeant was instantly sent to see if they were in the picket-house; when Patten came up scratching his head, saying "He had them in pawn for a canteen of brandy and a quarter dollar;" and told us the story in his way; whereupon the things were immediately given over to the French captain, who, stepping behind, put two five-franc pieces into Patten's hand. Tom, however, was not to be bribed by an enemy, but generously handed the money to his officer, requesting that he would insist on the French captain taking the money back.

"The Frenchman was delighted to get the firelock and accoutrements back, and the joy of the poor fellow who was stripped of them may be conceived, as, if it had been reported, he would certainly have been shot, by sentence of court-martial, in less than forty-eight hours."*

FLOTILLA ENTERING THE ADOUR, *page* 112.

"A halberd was set up, with a handkerchief fixed to it, and upon this point the chasse-marées boldly stood in for the river. Mr. Bloye, the master's mate of the Lyra, led the passage. His boat was lost, and the whole of the crew drowned: several others shared the same fate. Captain

* Cadell.

Elliot, of the Martial, with the surgeon of that vessel and four seamen, and two belonging to the Porcupine, were amongst those who perished. Three transport-boats, with their crews, were also lost. All eyes were turned to witness the vessels plunging through the huge waves that rolled over the bar. A Spanish chasse-marée had nearly struggled through the surf, when an enormous wave was seen gradually nearing the vessel; and, just before it reached it, raising its curling ridge high above the deck, with one fatal sweep bore it down to the bottom. A moment after parts of the shattered vessel rose to the surface, and exhibited the wretched mariners clinging to its fragments: some were drifted till they actually got footing on the shore, and, as it was flood-tide, hopes were entertained of saving them by means of ropes thrown to them; but another tremendous wave rolling majestically on to the beach, in a moment bore them away for ever." *

EFFECT OF FIELD ROCKETS, *page* 112.

" A few rocket men were hastily sent across the river, and posted on the sand-hills to aid in repelling the enemy; and two guns of the troops of horse-artillery were so placed on the left bank of the river, as to be able to flank by their fire

* Batty.

the troops coming on to attack the front of the Guards.

"The enemy came on a little before dusk of evening with drums beating the *pas-de-charge*, and driving before him the pickets sent out by General Stopford to reconnoitre. The Guards awaited the approach of the French columns till within a short distance of their front, and then commenced a well-directed fire; the guns on the left bank began to cannonade them, and the rockets on the sand-hills were discharged with terrific effect, piercing the enemy's column, killing several men, and blazing through it with the greatest violence. The result was the almost immediate rout of the French, who, terror-struck at the unusual appearance, and at the effect of the rockets, and the immovable firmness of the little corps, made the best of their retreat back towards the citadel, leaving a number of killed and wounded on the ground. This gallant little combat closed the events of the day."*

ROCKETS, *page* 113.

A twelve-pounder rocket laid on the ground, and discharged without a tube, by simply applying a match to the vent, will run along the ground four or five hundred yards, seldom rising higher than a man's head; and then, alternately

* Batty.

rising and falling, will continue its course with such effect, as, after ranging 1200 yards, to pierce through twenty feet of turf, and explode on the other side, scattering the seventy-two carbine balls, with which it was loaded, in all directions. No barricade could for an instant retard its force; and should it by any accident strike against a stone, or any obstacle which it cannot pierce or overturn, it will bound off, and continue its terrible course.

They are of various dimensions, as well in length as in calibre, and are differently armed, according as they are intended for the field or for bombardment, — carrying, in the first instance, either shells or case-shot, which may be exploded at any part of their flight, spreading death and destruction among the columns of the enemy; and in the second, where they are intended for the destruction of buildings, shipping, stores, &c. they are armed with a peculiar species of composition which never fails of destroying every combustible material with which it comes in contact: the latter are called carcass-rockets.

The powers of this weapon are now established upon the best of all testimonies, that of the enemy; a striking instance of which occurred at the siege of Flushing, where General Monnet, the French commandant, made a formal remonstrance to Lord Chatham respecting the use of them in that bombardment.

The form of all the different kinds of these rockets is cylindrical, and they are composed of strong metallic cases, armed, as before stated, either with carcass composition for bombardment and conflagration, or with shells and case-shot for field-service. They are, however, of various weights and dimensions, from the eight-inch carcass, or explosion-rocket, weighing nearly three hundred weight, to the six-pound shell-rocket, which is the smallest size used in the field. The sticks which are employed for regulating their flight are also of different lengths, according to the size and service of the rocket, and which, for the convenience of carriage, are stowed apart from the rocket, and so contrived as to consist of two or more parts, which are connected to it, and to each other when requisite, with the utmost expedition.

They are divided into three classes, heavy, medium, and light, — the former including all those of above forty-two pounds, which are denominated according to their calibre, as eight-inch, seven-inch, six-inch, &c. rockets; the medium include all those from the forty-two pound to the twenty-four pound rocket; and the light, from the eighteen-pounder to the six-pounder, inclusive. The carcass-rockets are armed with strong iron conical heads, containing a composition as hard and solid as iron itself, and which, when once inflamed, bids defiance to any human effort to

extinguish it, and, consequently, involves in an inextinguishable flame every combustible material with which it comes in contact. The forty-two pounder and thirty-two pounder carcass-rockets are those which have hitherto been chiefly employed in bombardments. The penetration of the thirty-two pound carcass-rocket, in common ground, is nine feet,—and in some instances where they have been employed, have been known to pierce through several floors, and through the sides of houses: this is the smallest rocket used in bombardment, and the largest employed in the field, — the more usual size for the latter service being the twenty-four, eighteen, twelve, and six-pounders. The ranges of the eight-inch, seven-inch, and six-inch rockets, are from 2,000 to 2,500 yards; and the quantity of combustible matter, or bursting powder, from twenty-five to fifty pounds; and from their weight, combined with less diameter, they possess a greater power of penetration than the heaviest shells, and are therefore equally efficient for the destruction of bomb-proofs, or the demolition of strong buildings.

The largest rocket that has yet been constructed has not, we believe, weighed more than three hundred weight.

The forty-two and thirty-two pounders are those which have hitherto been principally used in bombardment, and which, for the general

purposes of that service, are found quite sufficient, as they will convey from seven pounds to ten pounds of combustible matter each, and have a range of upwards of three thousand yards. The thirty-two pounder rocket may be considered as the medium rocket, being the smallest used in bombardment as a carcass or explosion rocket, and the largest used with shot or shell in the field; but as the twenty-four pounder is very nearly equal to it in all its applications in the latter service, being quite equal to the propelling of the Cohorn shell, or twelve-pounder shot, it is, from the saving in weight, generally preferred to the thirty-two pounder. The eighteen pounder, which is the first of the light nature of rockets, is armed with a nine-pound shot or shell; the twelve-pounder with a six-pound ditto; the nine-pounder with a grenade; and the six-pounder with a three-pound shot or shell. From the twenty-four pounder to the nine-pounder rocket, inclusive, a description of case-shot rocket is formed of each nature, armed with a quantity of musket or carbine balls put into the top of the cylinder of the rocket.

CITADEL OF BAYONNE, *page* 113.

The citadel of Bayonne is a truly formidable work, standing on a commanding hill upon the right bank of the Adour, and greatly elevated

above all the other defences of the city, nearly fronting the mouth of the Nive. It is almost a perfect square, with strongly-built oreillon bastions at the four angles. A double range of barracks and magazines enclose a quadrangular space in the centre called the *place d'armes*, the sides of which are parallel with the curtains of the citadel.

The north-east, north-west, and south-west bastions, are surmounted by cavaliers which appear to be well armed with cannon mounted *en barbette*.

BATTLE OF TOULOUSE, *page* 124.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, of the army under the command of Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, K. B., at the battle of Toulouse, April 10, 1814.

	Officers.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.	Total Loss.
Killed	31	21	543	595
Wounded	248	123	3675	4046
Missing	3	0	15	18

The above loss as under:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
British	312	1795	17
Spanish	205	1722	1
Portuguese	78	539	0
Horses	62	59	2.*

* Wellington's Despatches.

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE, *page* 126.

"The left wing had but just established itself in its position surrounding Bayonne, when the attention of the whole corps was directed to a singular appearance, which Buonaparte, in his imitation of the Romans, would not have failed to convert into an omen of good success. It was an immense flight of large eagles, which kept hovering in the air and continued in sight for several days. Occasionally they were seen to alight on the low sandy beach between the Adour and the rocky coast about Biarits; at length the assembled multitudes rose high in the air and flew off in a direct line towards Orthes. It is not improbable that they were the same flight of birds which for months after the battle of Vitoria were seen constantly frequenting that scene of action, sometimes in such numbers as to make it alarming, if not dangerous, to roam singly over the field."

ANECDOTE, *page* 126.

"The enemy erected a tall mast on the cavalier of the south-west bastion, supporting a sort of round top, boarded at the sides, for the purpose of placing there a sentinel, who was thus enabled

to overlook the positions of the allies all round. This was a subject of great jealousy to our soldiers, who were anxious to see the first cannon directed against so dangerous an overseer, whom they always designated by the name of 'Jack in the box.' Many of them amused themselves in drawing rude sketches on the garden walls and sides of the houses with burnt sticks, apparently consoling themselves by representing 'Jack in his box,' with outstretched arms, in the moment of expiring from a cannon-shot, which was duly depicted: their animosity was, in fact, very particularly directed against this, as they called it, unfair advantage."*

FRENCH ARTILLERY PRACTICE, *page* 127.

"Occasional instances occurred which showed the extreme accuracy of the French artillery-men in pointing their cannon, and afforded the most convincing proofs of the absolute necessity of keeping our sentinels in places where they could not be discovered, and where, through holes pierced for that purpose in the garden walls, or through the hedges, they could observe the enemy's movements without necessary exposure. A soldier of the German Legion had been posted at the angle of a large house, with directions to look round the corner from time to time, but on

* Batty.

no account to remain exposed. Unfortunately he placed one leg beyond the angle of the building, and in a moment afterwards it was carried off by a cannon-shot. This might have been accidental, but a second and third instance immediately following served to convince us it was not so. A soldier of the light infantry, belonging to those stationed at St. Bernard under the command of Lord Saltoun, was posted behind a breastwork dug across the road, which leads from the suburb of St. Etienne towards Bouraut, not far from the bank of the Adour. This road was looked down upon from the citadel, and was guarded with extreme jealousy by the enemy. The soldier was desired occasionally to look over the breastwork, but always to conceal himself again as quickly as possible; he, however, had the rashness to stand boldly upright on it, and was instantaneously killed by a cannon-ball, which literally cut him in two.

"A similar instance of their accuracy in firing occurred on the 23rd of February, when Colonel Maitland's brigade took shelter behind the sand hills on the borders of the marsh in front of the intrenched camp. A drummer in the 3rd battalion of the First Guards had got upon the summit of the sand hill, but had not been there many moments before a cannon-shot, fired from a battery of the intrenched camp nearest to the Adour, pierced the ground directly underneath

his feet, and brought down the frightened drummer headlong amongst his comrades below, who were much amused on discovering that he had not sustained the slightest injury."

CASUALTIES, *page* 131.

"At the close of the action, the dead and wounded, along the high road and on the ground adjoining it, were lying thicker than perhaps, in an equal extent, on any field of battle which took place during the war, not excepting Waterloo, although the latter continued eight hours, whilst this was over in three. Lord Wellington, in riding over the ground, remarked, that he had never observed so large a number of killed in so small a compass."

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in the operation of the army, under the command of Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, K. G., in a sortie made by the garrison of Bayonne, on the morning of the 14th of April 1814.

	Officers.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.	Total.	Horses.
Killed	8	3	139	150	0
Wounded	36	28	393	457	1
Missing	6	7	223	236	0.*

* Wellington's Despatches.

MILITARY CONVENTION OF THE 18TH APRIL, 1814, *page* 132.

Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington and the Marshals the Duke of Dalmatia and the Duke of Albufera being desirous of concluding a suspension of hostilities between the armies under their respective orders, and of agreeing upon a line of demarcation, have named the undermentioned officers for that purpose; viz. on the part of the Marquis of Wellington, Major-General Sir George Murray, and Major-General Don Luis Wimpffen; and, on the part of the Duke of Dalmatia and of the Duke of Albufera, the General of Division, Count Gazin.

These officers having exchanged their full powers have agreed upon the following articles.

ART. I.

From the date of the present convention there shall be a suspension of hostilities between the allied armies under the orders of Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, and the armies of France under the orders of Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia and of Marshal the Duke of Albufera.

ART. II.

Hostilities shall not be recommenced on either part without a previous notice being given of five days.

ART. III.

The limits of the department of the Haute Garonne, with the departments of Arriege, Aude, and Tarn, shall be the line of demarcation between the armies as far as the town of Buzet, on the river Tarn. The line will then follow the course of the Tarn to its junction with the Garonne, making a circuit, however, on the left bank of the Tarn opposite Montauban, to the distance of three quarters of a league from the bridge of Montauban. From the mouth of the river Tarn, the line of demarcation will follow the right bank of the Garonne, as far as the limits of the department of the Lot and Garonne, with the department of La Gironde. It will then pass by La Reole, Sanveterre, and Rauzan, to the Dordogne, and will follow the right bank of that river, and of the Gironde, to the sea. In the event, however, of a different line of demarcation having been already determined by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie and General Decden, the line fixed upon by those officers shall be adhered to.

ART. IV.

Hostilities shall cease also on both sides in regard to the places of Bayonne, St. Jean de Pied de Port, Navarreins, Blaye, and the castle of Lourdes.

The Governors of these places shall be allowed to provide for the daily subsistence of the garri-

sons in the adjacent country, the garrison of Bayonne with a circuit of eight leagues from Bayonne, and the garrisons of the other places named within a circuit of three leagues round each place.

Officers shall be sent to the garrisons of the above places to communicate to them the terms of the present convention.

ART. V.

The town and forts of Santona shall be evacuated by the French troops, and made over to the Spanish forces. The French garrison will remove with it all that properly belongs to it; together with such arms, artillery, and other military effects as have not been the property originally of the Spanish government.

The Marquis of Wellington will determine whether the French garrison of Santona shall return to France by land or by sea, and, in either case, the passage of the garrison shall be secured, and it will be directed upon one of the places or ports most contiguous to the army of the Duke of Dalmatia.

The ships of war or other vessels now in the harbour of Santona, belonging to France, shall be allowed to proceed to Rochfort with passports for that purpose.

The Duke of Dalmatia will send an officer to communicate to the French General commanding in Santona the terms of the present convention, and cause them to be complied with.

ART. VI.

The fort of Venasque shall be made over as soon as possible to the Spanish troops, and the French garrison shall proceed by the most direct route to the headquarters of the French army: The garrison will remove with it the arms and ammunition which are originally French.

ART. VII.

The line of demarcation between the allied armies and the army of Marshal Suchet, shall be the line of the frontier of Spain and France, from the Mediterranean to the limits of the department of the Haute Garonne.

ART. VIII.

The garrison of all the places which are occupied by the troops of the army of the Duke of Albufera shall be allowed to return without delay into France. These garrisons shall remove with them all that properly belongs to them, as also the arms and artillery which are originally French.

The garrison of Murniedro and of Peniscola shall join the garrison of Tortosa, and these troops will then proceed together by the great road, and enter France by Perpignan. The day of the arrival of these garrisons at Gerona, the fortresses of Figueras and of Rosas shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons of these places shall proceed to Perpignan.

As soon as information is received of the French garrisons of Murviedro, Peniscola, and Tortosa, having passed the French frontier, the place and forts of Barcelona shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons shall march immediately for Perpignan. The Spanish authorities will provide for the necessary means of transport being supplied to the French garrisons on their march to the frontier.

The sick or wounded of any of the French garrisons who are not in a state to move with the troops, shall remain and be cured in the hospitals where they are, and will be sent into France as soon as they have recovered.

ART. IX.

From the date of the ratifications of the present convention, there shall not be removed from Peniscola, Murviedro, Tortosa, Barcelona, or any of the other places, any artillery, arms, ammunition, or any other military effects belonging to the Spanish government. And the provisions remaining at the evacuation of these places shall be made over to the Spanish authorities.

ART. X.

The roads shall be free for the passage of couriers through the cantonments of both armies, provided they are furnished with regular passports.

ART. XI.

During the continuance of the present conven-

tion, deserters from either army shall be arrested, and shall be delivered up if demanded.

ART. XII.

The navigation of the Garonne shall be free from Toulouse to the sea, and all boats in the service of either army, employed in the river, shall be allowed to pass unmolested.

ART. XIII.

The cantonments of the troops shall be arranged so as to leave a space of two leagues at least between the quarters of the different armies.

ART. XIV.

The movements of the troops for the establishment of their cantonments, shall commence immediately after the ratification of the present convention.

The ratification is to take place within twenty-four hours for the army of the Duke of Dalmatia, and within forty-eight hours for the army of the Duke of Albufera.

Done in triplicate at Toulouse on the 18th of April, 1814.*

(Signed)	(Signed)	(Signed)
G. MURRAY,	LUIS WIMPFFEN,	DE GAZAN,
M. G. & Q. M. G.	Gefe de E. M. G. De Campaña de los Exercitos Espãnoles.	Le Lieut. General.

(Approuvé)	(Confirmed)	(Approuvé)
Le M. DUC D'ALBUFERA.	WELLINGTON.	M. Duc De DALMATIA.

* Appendix F, Account of the War in Spain and Portugal, page 433.

LAST GENERAL ORDER TO THE PENINSULAR ARMY, *page* 136.

"Adjutant-General's Office,
Bordeaux, 14th June, 1814.

"The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"The share which the British army has had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces, and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour; and that he will at all times be happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted."

(Signed) "E. M. Packenham, A. G."

* Wellington's Despatches.

A LIST OF REGIMENTS WHICH SERVED IN THE PENINSULA that were not present at Waterloo, with the number of honorary distinctions they are permitted to bear on their colours for their services in that country and the South of France.

3rd Dragoon Guards	4	7th Foot	9
5th do.	4	9th „	9
3rd Light Dragoons	4	10th „	1
4th „ „	6	11th „	7
14th „ „	6	20th „	5
9th Lancers	1	24th „	8
2nd Foot	8	26th „	7
3rd „	7	29th „	5
5th „	12	31st „	7
6th „	8	34th „	7
36th „	10	62nd „	1
37th „	1	66th „	9
38th „	10	67th „	2
39th „	7	68th „	6
43rd „	12	74th „	11
45th „	14	76th „	3
47th „	4	81st „	2
48th „	11	82nd „	7
50th „	8	83rd „	11
53rd „	7	84th „	2
57th „	6	85th „	3
58th „	6	87th „	7
59th „	5	88th „	11
60th „	16	91st „	9
61st „	8		

To the above may be added the 94th and 97th regiments, with others disbanded before permission to assume the badges was conceded, but equally deserving of distinction with those on whom they were conferred.

NAPOLEON'S PLAN OF ATTACK, *page* 145.

"'I had,' resumed the Emperor, 'combined a bold manœuvre, with a view of preventing the junction of the hostile armies. I had combined my cavalry into a single corps of twenty thousand men, and appointed it to rush into the midst of the Prussian cantonments. This bold attack, which was to be executed on the 14th with the rapidity of lightning, seemed likely to decide the fate of the campaign. French troops never calculate the number of an enemy's force: they care not how they shed their blood in success; they are invincible in prosperity. But I was compelled to change my plan. Instead of making an unexpected attack, I found myself obliged to engage in a regular battle, having opposed to me two combined armies, supported by immense reserves. The enemy's forces quadrupled the number of ours. I had calculated all the disadvantages of a regular battle. The infamous desertion of Bourmont forced me to change all my arrangements. To pass over to the enemy on the eve of a battle!—atrocious! The blood of his fellow-countrymen be on his head! The malediction of France will pursue him!'"*

* Voice from St. Helena.

BATTLE OF LIGNY, *page* 159.

From its immediate connexion with the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, a brief sketch of the sanguinary engagement at Ligny will be given.

Although burning to commence his attack upon his old and formidable antagonist, the bad roads and inclement weather that delayed Bulow's march, prevented the completion of Napoleon's dispositions until the day was far advanced. Blucher's* position embraced the heights between Bry and Sombref, with the villages of Ligny and St. Amand in front. The ground was well adapted for defence,† the surface being undulated and broken, and covered with farm-yards and orchards. The villages were naturally strong, standing on the crest of a ravine, skirted by trees and copse-wood.

At three o'clock Napoleon's order of battle was completed, and Vandamme's corps commenced

* Blucher's earlier career was in the service of the Prussian monarch. He left it on his own solicitation, and his discharge is curious and characteristic. Frederick wrote the following note, and addressed it to the commandant of his regiment:

"Captain Von Blucher has leave to resign, and may go to the devil as soon as he pleases. "FREDERICK."

† The entire position measured about four miles from right to left, and was occupied by nearly 70,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry, with 252 pieces of artillery: of nearly similar strength were the forces of the assailants.

the engagement by attacking the village of St. Amand.

The French leader's judgment was correct in selecting the right of the Prussians for his first effort. It was the more assailable, because Blucher, anxious to secure his centre at Ligny, had concentrated his best troops there; and from the Prussian position being considerably in advance of Quatre-Bras, had Napoleon effected his object, and turned the right flank, he must certainly have succeeded in cutting off the communication between the allied commanders, as he would have possessed the great road from Namur to Nivelles. Napoleon's calculations were just; and the Prussian centre was materially weakened by sending succours to the right.

At first the impetuosity of the French attack was successful, and Petit Amand was carried by Lefol's brigade with the bayonet. Blucher in person re-attacked the village, and in turn the French were expelled. These varying successes led to a murderous conflict. Girard's * division came to Vandamme's support, and succeeded in gaining the churchyard, while Blucher held the

* From the similarity of sound, the names of Gerard and Girard have been frequently confused. The latter commanded a division of the reserve (2nd corps) under Vandamme; Gerard had the 4th corps, or army of the Moselle. Girard was killed in the attack on St. Amand; Gerard survived the campaign, and subsequently was General *en chef* at the siege of Antwerp.

heights above the village in such force as rendered any forward movement of the French impracticable.

From this conflict on the right the battle gradually extended, until the opposing armies were generally engaged: Ligny was furiously assaulted, while Grouchy endeavoured to turn the Prussian left at Sombref.

Nothing could equal the fury with which every part of the position was assailed but the obstinacy with which it was defended. Every orchard and enclosure was only to be carried after a sanguinary encounter. The villages were furiously contested; the combatants fought hand-to-hand; regiment met regiment with the bayonet; and Ligny, within the space of five hours, was six times won and lost. This seemed the chosen field of slaughter; the streets were heaped with dead; reserves, coming from either armies as battalions, one after another were annihilated. Two hundred pieces of cannon poured their torrents of round and grape upon the village. The French columns at last gained ground: the Prussian charge of cavalry failed in repulsing them; and in attempting to repel the cuirassiers, Blucher was dismounted, and escaped death or captivity by a miracle.*

* The French cavalry followed up their success, and then it was that Blucher so narrowly escaped captivity, — a fate that, to him, would have been worse than death itself. His horse, a

Evening came, — the battle raged with unabated fury—both armies fighting with desperate fierceness, and as yet no decisive advantage gained. The French were masters of the burning village; the mill of Bussey and heights commanding Ligny were still occupied by the Prussians.

These Napoleon determined to carry by a grand effort, and the Imperial Guard, the reserve of the fourth corps, and a brigade of cuirassiers, under a storm of artillery, traversed the village and assailed the mill and heights; a desperate encounter ensued. The Imperial Guard attacked the Prussian squares with the bayonet, while at

beautiful grey charger, the gift of the Prince Regent of England, had been wounded: it broke down, and fell just as the lancers turned to fly from the pursuing enemy. "Now, Nostitz, I am lost!" said the gallant rider to his aide-de-camp, at the moment that he sunk beneath the dying steed. Count Nostitz, who, in the confusion, had alone remained by his side, instantly leaped to the ground, and, sword in hand, stood over his fallen chief, while the whole body of the French cavalry passed on, totally unmindful of the group. Before, however, the Count could take advantage of the calm, and extricate the General from beneath the dead charger, the Prussians had turned upon their pursuers, and forced the cuirassiers to retrograde as fast as they had come; so that the whole of the broken rout again rushed by the fallen marshal. As soon as the Prussians (who knew nothing of what had happened to their leader) arrived, Nostitz seized the bridle of a non-commissioned officer's horse, and, with the aid of the soldier, placed the bruised and almost insensible commander in the saddle, and hurried him from the field.

the same moment the rival cavalry were charging. Neither party would yield ground; the ground was heaped with corpses, blood flowed in torrents, and still the battle raged. Darkness, however, favoured the advance of a French division, which had made a circuitous movement from the village, the Prussians found their flank turned and the enemy on the point of attacking their rear. Without a reserve, for that had been already detached to strengthen the right, and having ascertained that Wellington could hardly maintain himself at Quatre Bras, and that Bulow could not get up in time, Blucher determined to retreat on Tilly and unite himself with the fourth corps. At ten o'clock the order to fall back was given, and the centre and right retrograded in perfect order. Forming again within a quarter of a league of the field of battle, they recommenced their retreat; and, unmolested by the enemy, retired upon Wavre, while the French occupied the ground the Prussians had abandoned, and bivouacked on the heights.

Zeithen, who commanded the right of the Prussians, evaded Vandamme's attempts to detain him and fell back, keeping his communications with the centre unbroken, while Theilman repulsed Grouchy's attack upon Sombref, and after holding the village of Bire during the night, retreated at daylight and formed a junction with Bulow at Gemblaux.

"Blucher's retreat was most judicious. He calculated that the English commander must fall back from Quatre Bras, and accordingly by retiring upon Wavre, his line of retreat was parallel with that of Wellington upon Waterloo.

"It may be anticipated that the loss sustained in this long and desperate conflict was on both sides tremendous. Buonaparte stated his killed and wounded at three thousand men; but it has been clearly ascertained that it amounted to double that number. The Prussians suffered dreadfully. They left fifteen thousand men upon the field—and they may be stated as having perished;* for the unrelenting ferocity with which both sides fought, prevented quarter from being asked or given. Fifteen pieces of cannon, which Blucher had abandoned, comprised the trophies of the victory, if a battle gained under such circumstances, and unattended with a single important result, deserves that title."

ANECDOTES OF THE WOUNDED AND MISSING, *page* 160.

"Went to the hospitals, and saw at the doors prodigious crowds of females, waiting to admi-

* Each army had lost about twelve thousand men in killed and wounded; few or no prisoners were taken by either party: the field of battle, with about thirty dismounted guns, were the only trophies that remained in the hands of the French.

nister succour to the wounded: officers and privates were found lying indiscriminately together, but very clean; females of rank attending them with surprising zeal. Saw soldiers slightly wounded, in the field, using the French cuirasses as frying-pans to dress their victuals. In one place saw thirty-six out of seventy-three who had lost either a leg or an arm, besides flesh wounds. Visited another hospital, containing four hundred and twenty wounded, half English and half French; all well taken care of, and very clean. They had all Port wine and strong soups; but many were in a dying state; others, the sight quite gone. Returning, witnessed a shocking sight, *i. e.* the dead drawn along by fish-hooks. They were going to be buried in the fields by peasants.

* * * * *

"Met waggons full of wounded, crying out from extreme suffering. The water everywhere quite red. There were twenty thousand wounded at one time in Brussels. All the wells at Waterloo spoiled by throwing men into them. Churches still full of wounded. No inhabitants round Waterloo. We took a large quantity of camphor with us as a preventive against infection. Were much annoyed by the incalculable swarms of carrion flies, preying on the carcasses of the horses which still lie unburied. Owing to the dry weather, the ground cracks or opens, and as the bodies of the men buried are not above a foot

below the surface, they may still be seen in many places. The Prussians obliged the peasants to bury the dead at the point of the bayonet; many were put to death for refusing. Since, horses and men have been burnt together.

* * * * *

"Coming from Waterloo passed forty waggons of wounded crying out; the men had been in cottages, and not able to be moved before; many died instantaneously; others were in a putrid state—a kind of living death!"

* * * * *

"On the field among the wounded, we discovered a French soldier, most dreadfully cut down the face, and one of his legs broken by a musket ball; common humanity induced me to offer him assistance; he eagerly requested some drink; having a flask of weak gin and water I had taken purposely for the wounded, I gave it him, and could not help remarking how many thousand had suffered for the ambition of one man. He returned me the flask, and looking with a savage pride on the dead bodies that lay in heaps around him, he cried, as strong as his weakness would allow him, '*Vive Napoleon! la gloire de la France!*'"

* * * * *

"An officer of the 2nd Life Guards was amongst the number missing after the battle; more than three weeks passed away without bringing any

tidings of him, and he was supposed to be dead; but, to the astonishment of everybody, he walked one day into Brussels in a most deplorable condition. His beard, the growth of a month, swept his breast; his face was burnt a bright mahogany colour; he had never been washed, and he was clothed in the most miserable rags. He had been taken prisoner by the French, and had been hurried away with them in their flight. For three or four days they had compelled him to accompany them; when he had fortunately made his escape in some lonely part of France, he did not know where, and had literally begged his way back to Brussels."

* * * * *

"An officer of the Enniskillen dragoons, who had fallen from his horse in consequence of a severe wound, found himself, on recovering his senses, placed between the wheels of a French gun which was blazing away over his head."

* * * * *

The following noble trait of British humanity deserves to be recorded:—

"At the conclusion of the battle, there was not a drop of water to be had upon the field, and the poor wounded men were dreadfully tormented with thirst. Fatigued as our officers must have been with the incessant toil of this glorious day, numbers of those who were wounded, mounted their horses, galloped to Waterloo, a distance of

at least two miles, and returned to the field with as many canteens as they could carry full of water, for the relief of the wounded."

HOUGOMONT, *page* 170.

"Hougomont* is comprised of an old tower, and chapel, and a number of offices, partly surrounded by a farm-yard. It had also a garden, inclosed by a high strong brick-wall; and round the garden, a wood of beech, an orchard, and a hedge, by which the wall was concealed; in another part, there was a pond, serving as a moat. Steps were taken to strengthen these means of defence by loop-holing, or perforating the walls, for the fire of musketry; and erecting scaffolding, to give the troops within an opportunity of firing from the top of the wall. The enemy's cannon could only be brought to bear upon the upper part of the walls and buildings, and the great damage it received was by shells."

* Its name, according to ancient tradition, comes from the circumstance, that the hill on which is at present the neighbouring plantation, was covered with large pines, the rosin of which was in great request. The place was hence called Gomont, for Gomme Mont, or Mont de Gomme. This château has existed for ages, and belonged to the family of Arrazola Deonate.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY DRAGOONS, *page* 176.

" At this critical and awful moment, Lord Uxbridge galloped up; the three regiments of cavalry were in the most masterly style wheeled into line, and presented a most beautiful front of about thirteen hundred men: as his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. After having taken a short survey of the force and threatening attitude of the enemy, and finding the Highland brigade, although still presenting an unbroken front, upon the point of being on both sides outflanked by an immense superiority of numbers, his lordship determined upon a charge, which, for the wonderful intrepidity of its execution, and its complete success, has rarely been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. The Royals appeared to take the lead, while the Greys preserved a beautiful line at speed; more to the left over the cross-road, near which spot their brave chief, Colonel Hamilton, fell. The charge was splendid. The French completely broken, the eagles of the 45th, and 105th taken, and near three thousand prisoners swept away to the rear by the Inniskilleners."

INFANTRY AT WATERLOO, *page* 180.

"The declination of ground was most favourable to the infantry who, under a tremendous cannonade, were thus, in a great measure, sheltered by their lying down by order. On the approach—the majestic approach—of the French column, the squares rose, and with a steadiness almost inconceivable, awaited, without firing, the rush of the cavalry; who, after making fruitless efforts, sweeping the whole artillery of the line, and receiving the fires of the squares as they passed, retired, followed by, and pell-mell with, our own cavalry, who formed behind our squares, and advanced on the first appearance (which was unexpected) of the enemy's squadrons."

FIELD OF WATERLOO AT NOON ON THE 19TH, *page* 187.

"On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relict of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shat-

tered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles;—but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of 'a foughten field?'— each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle."

* * * * *

"Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and, in some cases, impossible."

* * * * *

"In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered.

Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with 'green Erin's' badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer."

* * * * *

"On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up;—and here the bayonet closed the contest.

EFFECTIVE STRENGTH of the BRITISH, KING'S GERMAN, and HANOVERIAN ARTILLERY, previous to the 16th, 17th, and 18th June 1815.

Troops and Brigades.	Ordnance.	N. C. Officers & Men.	To what attached.
		About	
Major Bull's troop	6 hy. 5½ in. how.	175	To the cavalry.
Lieut.-Col. Smith's ditto	5 do. 6 pr. 1 hy. do.	175	
Lieut.-Col. Sir R. Gardiner's	5 do. 6 pr. 1 do ..	175	
Captain Whinyate's	6 do. 6 pr. & rock	175	
Captain Mercer's	5 nine pr. 1 hy. how.	175	
Major Ramsay's	5 do. ... do. ...	175	
Capt. Sandham's brigade, R. B. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	1st division infantry.
Major Kuhlman's troop, K. G. H. A. ..	5 do. ... do. ...	175	
Capt. Bolton's brigade, R. B. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	2d do.
Major Symphen's troop, K. G. H. A. ..	5 do. ... do. ...	175	
Major Lloyd's brigade, R. B. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	3d do.
Major Cleeve's do. K. G. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	
Major Brome's do. R. B. A.	6 do. ... do. ...	200	4th do.
Capt. de Rettberg do. H. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	
Major Rogers do. R. B. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	5th do.
Capt. Braun do. H A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	
Major Anett's do. R. B. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	200	6th do.
Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Ross's troop, R. B. H. A.	5 do. ... do. ...	175	In reserve.
Major Beane's .. do. do. ..	5 light six pr. 1 do.	175	
Capt. Sinclair's brigade, R. B. A.	5 nine pr. 1 do.	200	
		3,750	

RECAPITULATION OF ORDNANCE.		9 Pounder.	Lt. 6-Pounder	Hy. Howitzer	Total.
B. Horse Artillery	3 nine pounders trps..	15	...	3	18
	4 six do. light troops	...	20	4	24
	1 howitzer, troops	...	...	6	6
K. G. H. Artillery	2 nine pounders, do.	10	...	2	12
British Artillery..	7 do. brigades ..	35	...	7	42
K. German Artillery	1 do. do.	5	...	1	6
Hanoverian ditto ..	2 do. do.	10	...	2	12
	Total ..	75	20	25	120

AMMUNITION expended on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June.

TROOPS AND BRIGADES.	NUMBER OF ROUNDS EXPENDED.								
	16th June.			17th June.			18th June.		
	9 Pounder.	6 Pounder.	Heavy 5½ In. How.	9 Pounder.	6 Pounder.	Heavy 5½ In. How.	9 Pounder.	6 Pounder.	Heavy 5½ In. How.
Troops of Royal British Horse Artillery.									
Lt.-Col. Sir R. Gardiner's	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	113	5
——— Sir Wm. Smith's	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	588	82
Major Bull's	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	266
Captain Mercer's	...	...	...	113	...	15	566	...	84
——— Whinyate's ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	560*	...
Late Major Ramsay's ...	...	...	...	37	...	...	584	...	83
Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Ross's	...	...	...	...	...	...	328	...	30
Late Major Beans's ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	436	44
King's German Horse Artillery.									
Major Kulhman's	130	...	31	...	...	...	314	...	54
——— Sympher's	...	...	...	...	...	...	335	...	58
Brigades of British Artillery.									
Captain Sandham's ...	8	...	...	...	...	11	1,049	...	78
Late Captain Bolton's ...	...	...	...	...	...	..	467	...	...
Late Major Lloyd's ...	94	...	30	97	...	23	641	...	115
Major Brome's at Halle with the 4th division.						...	...	...	...
——— Rogers's	90	...	11	23	...	4	259	...	..
——— Unett's joined day after battle.				...	...	...	..	...	...
Captain Sinclair's... ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	411	...	25
Brigade of King's German Artillery.									
Captain Cleeves's	205	...	17	...	...	...	605	...	59
Hanoverian Brigades.									
Captain De Rettberg's ...	270	...	24	...	...	...	438	...	39
——— Braun's	157	...	7	...	...	...	315	...	13
TOTAL ...	954	...	120	270	...	53	6,312	1,697	1,035†

* On the 17th, 21 rockets, and on the 18th, 52 ditto, were expended.
† Total rounds expended, 10,441.

RETURN OF FRENCH ARTILLERY TAKEN AT WATERLOO, *page* 192.

12-pounder guns	35	12-pounder waggons	74
6-pounder ditto	57	6-pounder ditto	71
6-inch howitzers	13	Howitzers ditto	50
24-pounder ditto	17		
Total cannons	122	Total	195
Spare gun carriages.			
12-pounder	6	Forage waggons	20
Howitzer	6	Waggons of Imp. Guard	52
6-pounders	8		
	20	Total	72
		Grand total	409

ANECDOTE OF VANDAMME, *page* 194.

"After being informed of the loss of the battle of Waterloo, Vandamme remained constantly with the rear-guard: it was under these circumstances that he was severely wounded in the belly by a ball; notwithstanding his pain and loss of blood, he still remained on horseback. When he reached the village, where the army had just halted, he dismounted from his horse; his breeches were full of blood. A surgeon offered to dress his wound — 'Let me alone,' said he; 'I have something else to do.' He immediately began to examine the map, and to write his orders."

WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

An army hastily drawn together, composed of the troops of various nations, amongst which were counted several brigades of inexperienced militia, was the force the Duke of Wellington had to oppose to one of the most formidable and best-appointed armies which France ever produced.

Every officer and soldier, I am persuaded, did his duty; but the Duke of Wellington alone was capable of giving union to such a force. No other man living could have rendered the service which he performed with an army so composed.

The British cavalry and artillery of this army were superb and magnificent; superior, perhaps, to any force of the kind which the world had ever seen; and Marshal Blucher, who reviewed the former a short time before the opening of the campaign, declared that he had not given the world credit for containing so many fine men. The infantry, who, after all, carried away the foremost honours of the day, were inferior in point of men; there were many second battalions, composed entirely of lads and recruits that had never seen a shot fired.

ANECDOTE OF COLONEL PONSONBY.

Colonel Hon. F. C. Ponsonby, in gallantly heading the first charge of the 12th dragoons, about eleven on the 18th, was disabled successively in both arms by sabre wounds. The reins dropped from one hand and his sword from the other. While in this situation he was knocked off his horse by a violent blow on the head which stunned him; he there lay for some time in a state of insensibility. On recovering his senses, he found himself with his face to the ground, literally biting the dust. Raising himself to look about him, he was observed by a French lancer, who exclaimed—"*Ah! brigand, tu n'es pas mort donc!*" and thrusting his lance twice through his body, left him for dead. The weapon having passed through his lungs, he was immediately deprived of speech; so that, on two foreign soldiers coming in succession to plunder him, he could only make a faint noise, to prove that he was still alive. They, however, pursued their object, and took even his segars, and left him to his fate. A French officer of tirailleurs with his men halting where he lay, stooped down and addressed him feelingly on the state of his wounds; the Colonel expressing a wish in the best manner he could to be removed to the rear, said he could not then, but that he should soon be back, when he would assist him, as the Duke

of Wellington was dead, and that six English battalions had surrendered. The Colonel complaining of thirst, he put a bottle of brandy to his mouth; to this act of humanity he attributes his strength to go through his sufferings. A tirailleur, however, made a breast-work of his body and fired over him several times, gaily speaking to him all the while.

NAPOLEON'S TACTICS IN THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

Buonaparte has been severely censured for daring to attack Wellington and Blucher* simultaneously. Had different results attended the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny, probably military criticism on Napoleon's bold plans would have been more favourable. Ney seems certainly to have pointed out a safer course, and his idea of first overwhelming the British, and afterwards taking the Prussians in detail, might have been more successful had it been adopted. But even admitting, in part, that Napoleon's "arrangements" were erroneous, they still were worthy of the vigorous and martial spirit that planned them. His great mistake may be traced to a mind that refused to be controlled by cold calculation. He aimed at more than he could accomplish. With limited means he acted upon a

* General Berton, in what he calls his "Précis Historique militaire et critique des Batailles de Fleurus et de Waterloo," says, that the French dispositions for the battle of Ligny evinced "le chef-d'œuvre du coup-d'œil militaire," which he afterwards calls "le génie de la guerre."

great and comprehensive scheme; and, disdaining to recognise his weakness, he pursued an object demanding ampler resources than he possessed. This was sufficiently proved by the result; for he was unable to gather the fruits of his triumph over the Prussians, whom he permitted to retreat without the slightest interruption. His army contented itself with remaining upon the ground it won so hardly, without even an attempt to harass the slowly retiring columns of the enemy.

There have been conflicting statements as to whether Buonaparte did or did not know that Bulow was in force in the rear of his right. Ney says, that Labedoyère brought him a message from the Emperor, that Grouchy, at seven o'clock, had attacked the extreme left of the Anglo-Prussian army, while Girard states that at nine in the morning Napoleon knew that a Prussian column, which had escaped the Marshal (Grouchy) was advancing in his rear. Gneisenau affirms, that the fourth Prussian corps (Bulow's) moved from Dion-le-Mont by Wavre on Saint Lambert at day-break. Certainly Buonaparte might have been acquainted with its advance, in the day; whether he was or was not, its arrival at Waterloo in the evening decided that day and his destiny.

THE END.

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